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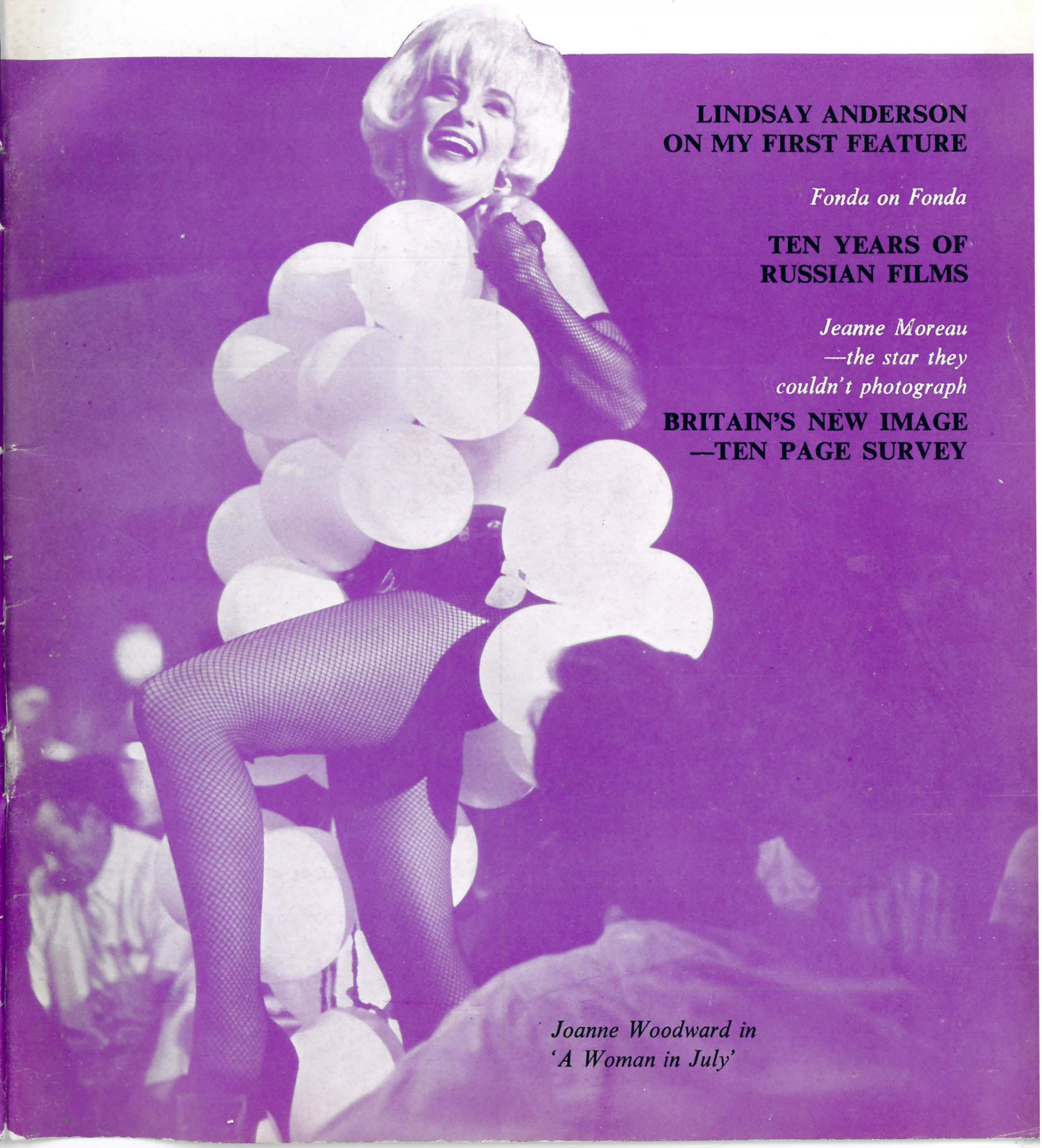

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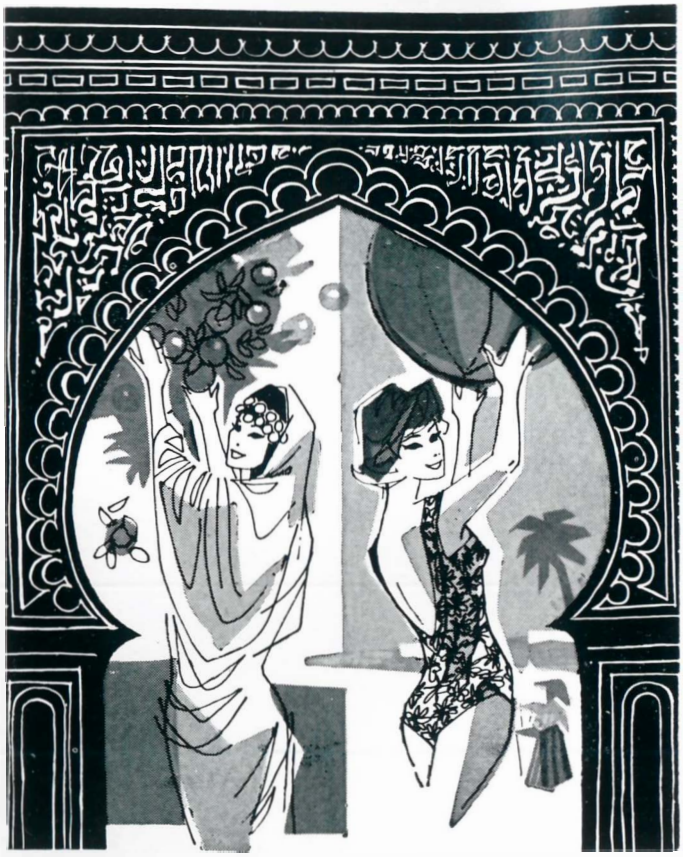

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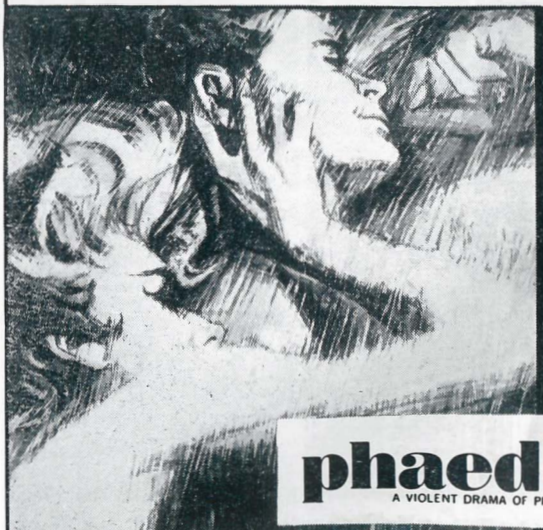

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Guy Green

While the critics and the enthusiasts busily divide British directors into so-called old and new schools (an overworked theme) or try to create cults over the work of directors whose films had previously been considered as of little significance, they have in the main overlooked one director whose work does not fall into any easily distinguishable category. This is Guy Green, one of the few lighting cameramen to successfully turn to direction. His recent work has become steadily more impressive with each film; persuasive, stylistically well-balanced, shown at its best in his treatment of human relationships under stress.

Born in Somerset, Guy Green started his career in the studio by working at every job around the camera until becoming camera operator on David Lean's *In Which We Serve*. Carol Reed made Green first cameraman on *The Way Ahead*, then during the next few years he photographed four films for David Lean (whom Green regards as the greatest influence on his work) including *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist* at Cine Guild. When the company was dissolved Green continued as cameraman until he had his first opportunity to direct, in 1954, when he made *River Beat*. Green considers his early pictures were merely routine, until *House of Secrets* which was the first film to really draw attention to his work. Then came a war story in the desert, *Sea of Sand*. But his first major success came with *The Angry Silence*, a film which he cites as an excellent example of teamwork between actors, writer and director. *The Mark*, generally cold-shouldered by the distributorsin England but a success in America, was a more delicate subject, involving a man who seeks to re-establish himself in the world after a conviction for assaulting a young girl, where Green interpreted the story mainly in terms of the psychiatrist/patient relationship. The story of his next film, *The Light in the Piazza*, seemed anything but promising, but by concentrating on developing a unity of style, avoiding contrived sensationalism, and concentrating the audience's interest on character he created a particularly worthwhile film, achieving from Yvette Mimieux and George Hamilton impressive performances.

These last three films each contain an element of prejudice, which is to be found again in his latest film, *Diamond Head*. This has Charlton Heston as a powerful landowner in Hawaii who tries to dominate the lives of everyone around him, and attempts to stop his younger sister marrying a Hawaiian youth.

What makes a cameraman want to become a director? It is often said about actors and to some extent writers that they turn director to satisfy their own egoistic ideas. But with cameramen who have had a great deal of experience of working on the floor there is much more to it. Guy Green says that his desire to direct came because he felt that he had exhausted in his work as cameraman all the creative possibilities, whereas the scope of direction has no limit to it. His main interest is in character, which he feels must come from instinctive writing and not from dramatic contrivance (ie having a plot and then trying to fit a number of characters into it). When it comes to the inevitability of portraying certain situations which have been seen before, he always tries to find a new way of portraying them, but at the same time avoiding making the audience conscious of his technique, although he has found that the front office is not always appreciative of adventuresome ideas !

films and filming

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FONDA ON FONDA

Henry Fonda in his latest film, Delmer Daves' 'Spencer's Mountain'

★ The star of 'The Grapes of Wrath', 'The Ox Bow Incident' and 'Twelve Angry Men' tells how Hollywood changed him into the star of 'Advise and Consent', 'The Longest Day' and 'How the West Was Won': and why he prefers the theatre to even the best in cinema

In some ways I have been 'typed' as a western star. When one goes through the list of films I have made, a list of fifty to sixty pictures, only about seven are westerns; yet probably because some of them were the good westerns the image is left that I am a western star. And I am not ashamed of it.

I am not looking in scripts for anything especially; I never have. I don't have any goal in the sense that some actors say 'I want to play Schweitzer'. I don't. I take parts as they come.

I have always been very careful in selecting scripts when I have been given the opportunity. Up to *The Grapes of Wrath* (1940) for the most part I was freelancing after I got through with my Wanger contract. 20th Century-Fox wanted me on contract and *The Grapes of Wrath* was the bait: and following it, nothing, nothing, nothing. I made several pictures on loan out; that was when I shouted hard enough to Darryl F Zanuck and he would let me go to Paramount, for instance, to do *The Lady Eve* or Columbia for *You Belong to Me* or Warners for *The Male Animal*. But the ones at the Fox studios were nothing to brag about.

The only one I was proud of at Fox after *The Grapes of Wrath* was *The Ox Bow Incident*, which William Wellman directed in 1943. Zanuck didn't want to make that picture at all, I suppose rightly as head of a major studio, because it was not a 'box-office picture'. Finally Zanuck said to Wellman that he could do it if he did a flying picture, *Thunder Birds*, afterwards. We did *Ox Bow* with all hands off, which is unusual for a major studio. It was released without any fanfare and it got great reviews; and two or three years later it became a minor classic and Zanuck is proud of it today, but he shouldn't take any credit for it.

After the war I still owed 20th Century-Fox three pictures (one of them was *My Darling Clementine*, which was a good one because that was John Ford); but the rest of my films I would take the blame for if they were not good because I was free-lancing again.

I read everything that is submitted to me and I either catch fire or don't. You can tell after ten to twenty pages of a script if it is going to be something; you know if it is well written for one thing, and if it is well written you discover if the part has three dimensions and that is what I am looking for—a character than can really come alive. There are not that many good writers; too many characters come out one dimensional. An actor's main tools are not his looks and his voice; his main tools are the words the author has given him. There is not much an actor can do to put two dimensions into a one dimensional character on paper.

I wouldn't care if Hitchcock were directing it; if the character has not sufficient dimension for me to say 'I know what I could do with that' then I would not play the part. After being satisfied with the script, then the director becomes important to me. I do not have director approval in the sense that once I have committed myself to do a picture I can't say 'No, I won't work with him'. But usually I have known in advance who the director will be for such and such a subject.

I have done more films than I have plays in the theatre; but I have spent more time in the theatre than in the studios. In 1947 (after I did *Fort Apache*) I came back to the theatre to do *Mr Roberts* which ran four years, then *Point of No Return* (two years) and *Caine Mutiny Court Martial* (one year). There are seven years there when I did not make any films: but there were only three plays, only three titles were involved in those seven years.

Mr Roberts was one of the best parts I have ever played. I never thought for one minute in those four years of being stuck, of having to go to the theatre every evening. I like to do a long run if the part is right. But I think Robert Ryan is going to feel that he is in jail for two years now that his show *Mr President* has opened in New York. On paper and in theory that sounded like one of the most exciting musicals ever (Berlin score, Logan directing and so on) and it's turned out to be a big fat bore. It didn't develop as everybody dreamed it would. But it is a big financial success with a two and a half million dollar advance. It has to play for two years and Ryan will have to go to the theatre every night for two years. So, it depends on the part and the play. I loved every performance of *Mr Roberts*, all 1,670.

If you find you are not revealing more in a character with every performance, then you should get out of the show. If it becomes stale, automatic, less than exciting then you should quit. I prefer the theatre because of this time for the development of character. It is not possible to develop a character in a film as much as you can in the theatre. The one chance I had in the cinema was with Sydney Lumet making *Twelve Angry Men* because the nature of the picture was such. We got the artists together, most of them theatre actors, and we rehearsed for two weeks like a play. We could have opened in a theatre after those two weeks; but instead of going to a theatre we went onto the sound stages, and photographed it, out of continuity as you have to because of the economics of filming. But those actors had already had for two weeks the benefit, and the thrill, of building their parts from the beginning to the end like a graph. This you never have in films, although you might have a director who appreciates rehearsal.

But with a film like *Stage Struck*, which I did with Sydney Lumet, there were so many sets and the structure was so complicated, it was impossible to rehearse it like *Twelve Angry Men*. We rehearsed the key scenes for about ten days; but that is not the same thing.

Normally you do not have a film director who appreciates rehearsal, or who is allowed to rehearse. They may rehearse a key scene for a day or two; but generally you are called to work Monday morning at nine o'clock and you go over to the set and start the scenes 92, 93 and 94 which are a long way from the beginning of the picture. You have read the script as many times as you think necessary and you have learnt those particular scenes the night before, so you have come prepared so far as knowing the lines are concerned. Then you rehearse with the other actors and directors, the cameraman watching for his set-ups; and usually before lunch on the first day you have filmed those scenes 92, 93, and 94 and the film goes to the laboratory and that is your performance. You don't have another chance. What you have done on that first day

is the key to what you have to do subsequently.

On the other hand filming is easy; because nobody seems to care about your performance. If you get through the scene, if you say your dialogue well enough to please the director and nobody drops a hammer, they're satisfied. What more can you do anyway? Maybe one director will work all day long on scenes 92, 93 and 94, maybe three days: but your performance still cannot compare with the results of four weeks rehearsal or four years of playing the part in the theatre. You're faced with it; that is the medium; that is the best you can do. If you care, you try as hard as you can. But it gets so easy in films that it is hard to care.

Even when you are filming with a director who cares very much, he is limited; because he has to keep to a time limit and a budget. He has daily schedules, and if he is behind there is front office pressure unless he is a producer-director when he has to self-discipline himself.

I can feel more satisfaction from the theatre because there has been more chance to prepare and build up a part. With a film, you are glad if people like it when you're through; but you never have any real satisfaction of having created something, because you didn't.

I haven't seen over half of my films, but in the ones that I have seen, even those received well critically and those that have won awards, there are things I wish I had had more chance to rehearse. It is the building of the part that matters; you don't know what you could have done had you done it eighteen more times, or eighteen hundred more times. In the theatre in *Mr Roberts* I was finding little subtleties after the fourth year that hadn't occurred to me in the fourth week.

Cameo parts in the big spectacular films are even more hazardous. Take for instance *Advise and Consent*. Leffingwell wasn't a big enough part for an actor to develop anything; it was a little sectional character in the middle of the picture. If you don't have the tools, if you don't have the words and the scenes to do it with, you cannot fully establish a character. Similarly in *The Longest Day*, the cameo of Roosevelt, there wasn't much chance to convey much to an audience about the man. All any actor could do with that part, or any of the parts, was to take the part he was given and be as good as he could; try to think out as much as he could; suggest as much as he could. But there is a great deal you can't do when you just don't have the tools with which to do it.

I had more of a chance in the spectacular *How the West Was Won*. No one thought oc casting me because right away the publif would have an image of Henry Fonda, and identify with a character; in fact, ninety-nine per cent of the public is not going to know that it is Henry Fonda, that real ranchy character with hair down to the neck and a big moustache. It is not good for a film if an audience is taken out of a scene and is led to exclaim 'Ah, I know who he is'. If an actor fails to subliminate himself, then he has failed.

I have done very little live TV—two only. A short segment of *Arrowsmith* and a prestige colour transmission of *The Petrified Forest* with Bogart and Bacall. It was a great experience. We rehearsed it for three weeks just like a theatre. But the other play was the opposite—five days rehearsal and getting on the camera only on the day of transmission. One dress rehearsal when everything goes wrong and immediately after that on the air, and the actor can only feel insecure because he is thinking if the property man is, or is not, going to be there with that chair!

For too many years I was concentrating on the theatre, and my manager persuaded me that there can be an inbalance and that it is important to work in as many media as possible if you are career minded (which I am not, but an actor has be made to be). Film producers tend to take it for granted you are not available or not interested, and a part which might have been good for you goes to somebody else without you having been considered. So in order to try to correct this inbalance those parts in *How the West Was Won*, *Advise and Consent* and *The Longest Day* were the ones submitted to me in one year. I had not made a film since *The Man Who Understood Women* in 1959, except the TV film series *The Deputy*. Now I am beginning to re-establish the situation where producers realise that I am available and that I am interested. I am being offered some better ones now. I really took those parts because they were going to be 'big' pictures; and from a career point of view it is good to be related to a 'box-office picture', even more than to be related to *The Ox Bow Incident* and *Twelve Angry Men* which are critical successes and win awards. Producers check your last picture by its gross receipts. So this has been a calculated thing, with my manager doing it.

I set up my own company for *Twelve Angry Men* only for the reason most actors do it. If a picture is profitable, the profits go to a corporation and it pays corporate taxes rather than income taxes. I didn't produce any more films after *Twelve Angry Men* because it didn't take much money, and it took three years for me to get my deferred salary back; and the profits that went into the company were so small that one would hardly call them profits any more. I still have the company. All I have to do is activate it by finding something for it to do, but I doubt if I ever will. I might; but it wouldn't be for any particular reason except my finding something that would make some money. But I am not likely to try to make a *Spartacus*, I haven't that kind of ambition. I would have to find something exciting enough for me to want to do it, like *Twelve Angry Men*. I'm afraid I am good at picking good parts but not necessarily profitable ones. You can't just make pictures that lose money; yet most of the ones that attract me aren't really 'box-office'.

Studios are only excited about a picture that starts to gross right away and gets its return within the first several months of its bookings. If their investment is not returned with a profit within a year, it is not good for them. *The Ox Bow Incident* didn't cost very much to make, but it took over three years to show any profit; and that is not good business.

I am not really close to films as an industry. I live in New York City and I go west to Hollywood only when work takes me there. When I do go to Hollywood to work, I am aware that there is a great change in creative climate and geography. I spent most of my years before the war at 20th-Fox. It was one of the biggest studies in geography, hundreds of acres, with the biggest back lot with permanent sets of every kind—it was a visitors' tour just to drive round the back lot and go through a Chinese village and turn a corner into Times Square. It had about thirty sound stages which in the old days were shooting 15 to 20 feature films at the same time. Today it is a ghost town. The back lot is transformed into 20th Century Village, a supermarket and apartment houses. The sound stages are still there; but nobody is shooting on any of them. At Warner Brothers, which has many stages, when I was there last summer ours was the only picture shooting for several weeks. There was a time recently at MGM when nothing was going on. It just doesn't make sense to make a picture at a studio with such overheads as they would now have to charge for a single picture. More and more there are 'runaway' productions to Europe; more and more films are being made by independent companies. Nobody knows what will happen to the big studios. 20th Century appears to have dreams of getting back into big production now that Zanuck has returned; I hope so; everybody in Hollywood hopes so.

I have not been associated with many films outside of the States. There was *Wings of the Morning* in Britain in 1937, and I did not work out of the States again until *The Fugitive* in 1947, then *War and Peace* in Italy and a little piece in *The Longest Day*.

Producers should not compromise with material in order to take an actor who has a box-office name and re-write the part, or mis-cast him. A picture that is set in Ireland, for instance, will be better shot in Ireland—with Irish actors.

The 'new wave' pictures now reaching the States are in art theatres and they don't make any money for the producer. The few art films, or new wave type pictures that are made in the States (and they haven't been as good as the European ones) haven't done well. For instance, John Frankenheimer's first picture, *Young Stranger*, which I thought was a very good picture, did not do well. *Birdman of Alcatraz* has been well received; but I don't think it will make much money.

I wish I knew the answer to this problem of quality films. *Twelve Angry Men* cost 340,000 dollars and you cannot make them cheaper than that, so there is something wrong with the economics or audiences are not yet ready to accept that kind of a picture. I think United Artists goofed with the release of *Twelve Angry Men*. They were excited about it when we delivered it to them, but they elected to open it in the Capitol Theatre in New York, which is a huge movie palace; and that film did have its audience, but its audience got lost in the Capitol Theatre. It could have opened at the Fine Arts or other little theatres and played for a long run and developed a reputation, then win the award as it did in Berlin, and maybe go on from there. That is what happened with *Marty*.

I don't think *Long Day's Journey Into Night* is going to make any money, yet it didn't cost much to make. I like it, and it is exciting; but I doubt if it can find a large enough audience. I hope I am wrong. I am afraid people stay at home and watch their 21-inch screen and get drugged, and it takes *Ben-Hur* and *Cleopatra* and the big ones to get them out.

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THE STAR THEY

by Alan Stanbrook

'She will never do anything: she is not even photogenic'. It was Julien Duvivier who made this singular misprophecy over ten years ago and he would undoubtedly be the first to admit his error today. Jeanne Moreau's prestige currently stands higher than that of any other French actress and with rôles in Welles' *The Trial*, Carl Foreman's *The Victors* and Joseph Losey's *Eva* her career is now opening out to international prospects.

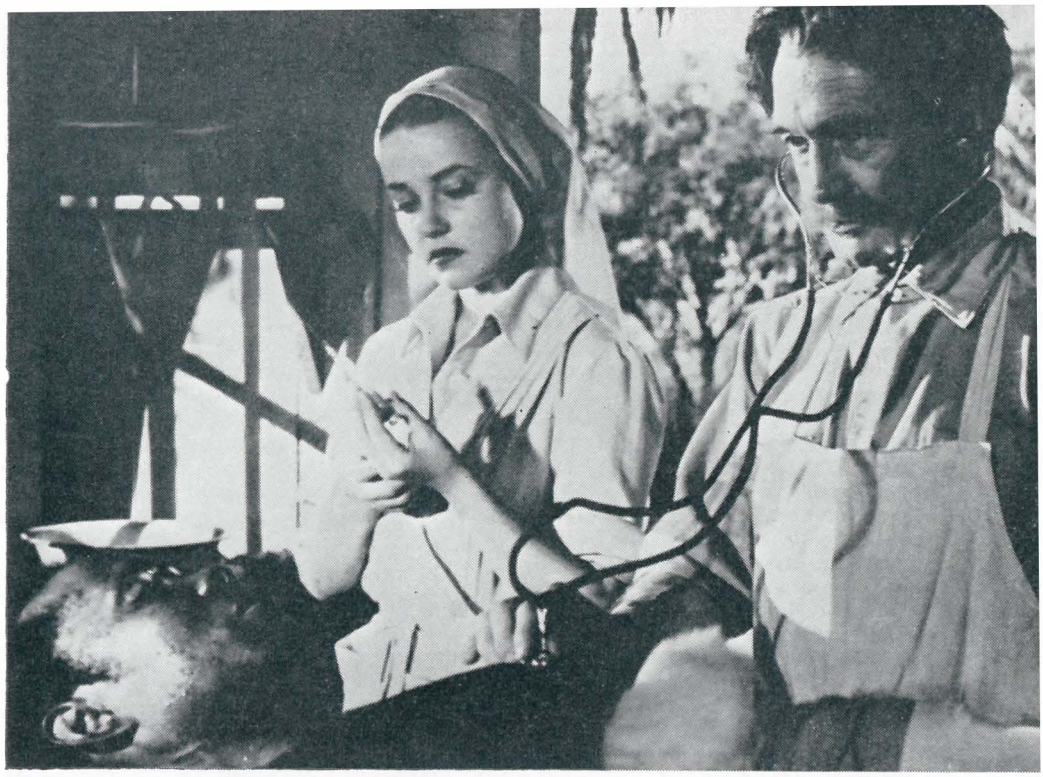
But a director as practised as Duvivier does not make remarks like this without cause. Though Jeanne Moreau did not attract critical attention until her performance in *Les Amants*, her career extends back much farther than this to 1948, when she made her first film, *Dernier Amour*. Unlike many actresses, she was not born a star but, after many years of application, reached maturity in a subject ideally suited to her. In England we have become aware of her only since 1958, when she made *Le Dos Au Mur*, *Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud* and *Les Amants*, yet she had made nineteen films before that year. Many were never imported and most were inconsiderable. Only once did she play under a major director and who remembers her beside Jean Gabin in Jacques Becker's *Touchez Pas Au Grisbi*? If we think very hard we may recall her as a rather plain, sombre and forbidding nurse, armed with a hypodermic syringe in *Il Est Minuit, Dr Schweitzer*, made in 1952. But here again Pierre Fresnay eclipsed her. Something has clearly happened to transform this unremarkable featured-player into the extremely gifted *belle-laide* that we know today.

Jeanne Moreau is now thirty-four and becoming the talk of the town at a time when most actresses are beginning to wonder whether they can take on the Susan Hayward parts gracefully. This problem does not arise in Jeanne Moreau's case. She has built her reputation in the major league. She was born in Paris on January 3 1928 of a French father and an English mother. Her acting career was launched when she became a pupil of Denis d'Ines and studied at the Conservatoire. She graduated to become the youngest member of the Comédie Française in 1948 and then pursued a policy of working by day in the film studios and by night in the theatre. After four years with the Comédie Française she joined the Théâtre National Populaire where she achieved her first success in *L'Heure Eblouissante* with Suzanne Flon and Pierre Blanchar. The play was so constructed that she and Suzanne were never on stage together, and when the latter fell ill Jeanne undertook both parts. Her subsequent plays have included such disparate works as Cocteau's *La Machine Infernale*, *Pygmalion*, *La Bonne Soupe* and Tennessee Williams' *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*.

It was her performance in this last play which made possible her rapid rise to critical acclaim. She says: 'I think there was a coincidence. The maturing of my personality coincided with a slow physical transformation and a meeting with a director who was interested in the person I was at that time'. The director was Peter Brook, who was later to guide her in one of her greatest rôles, *Moderato Cantabile*. She admits that she always needs a strong director but one who is in sympathy with her viewpoint. Hitherto she had not found one and she confesses that a reading of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* had left her with no inclination to play the rôle of Maggie The Cat. 'Then,' she says, 'Peter Brook told me why he wanted me for the rôle and the way in which he saw it. Talking with him I felt that I would like to do the play with him and this for me is the most important thing. Always it is the way a director explains a work to me which tells me if I want to play the rôle or not'.

Tennessee Williams' sex-starved heroine was a new line of country for Jeanne Moreau and the prototype of many of her later film triumphs. Until this time she had regarded the cinema as a secondary occupation. She enjoyed film work but paid scant attention to the choice of rôles. She had appeared as a waitress in *Dortoir des Grandes*, as a prostitute in *Monsieur La Caille*, as a schoolteacher in *Gas Oil* and as a nurse in *Les Hommes en Blanc* and *Il Est Minuit, Dr Schweitzer*. But this variety reflected complacency rather than a determined versatility. She did not care what parts she played.

● *Jeanne Moreau with Raymond Pellegrin in Ralph Habib's 'Les hommes en blanc' (1955). She appeared again as a nurse; but her constant change of style 'reflected complacency rather than a determined versatility'*



● *Jeanne Moreau, as a victim of the Second World War, (far left) in Carl Foreman's 'The Victors'. It is her first 'international' film and she came to Britain to make it*

● *The 'camp' of Jeanne Moreau (left), who proved her gift as a comedienne in François Truffaut's 'Jules and Jim', for which Truffaut won the direction award at the 1962 Mar del Plata festival*

● *Jeanne Moreau had a rôle as a nurse in Andre Haguet's 'Il est minuit, Dr Schweitzer' (right), with Pierre Fresnay (1952)*

COULDN'T PHOTOGRAPH

Following her success in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, Jeanne Moreau made three films in 1958 of increasing importance in the development of her career. The first of these, Edouard Molinaro's *Le Dos Au Mur*, shown in this country as *Evidence in Concrete*, was the least remarkable but it was the first film in which she took a star rôle. She played a mistress, as she had done before in *Juliette* and *Les Louves*. But a new assurance was discernible in her playing and a new beauty too. The inexperienced Molinaro (this was his first film) may not have been the strong influence that she requires, but her ice-cold performance as a vain and self-indulgent female gave promise of unexpected depths and ability.

Amongst the audience one night for *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, however, was Louis Malle who, after working with Cousteau on *Le Monde du Silence* and Bresson on *Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé*, was preparing to direct his own first film, *Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud*. He was at once impressed by Jeanne's performance and offered her the star rôle in the film. Malle proved to be the strong director she was seeking and had so far found only in the theatre with Peter Brook. As a result of her happy association with Malle on *Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud* he retained her for his second film, *Les Amants*, and provided her with her first great part.

Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud was not yet the kind of film or part to make her famous. Its best scene—an all night attempt to escape from a jammed lift shaft—takes place without reference to Jeanne Moreau at all. It was filmed before the new wave broke and Malle perhaps wisely chose to launch his directorial career in the thriller *genre* that had already gained useful kudos for many young Hollywood talents. As a result, the film offered Moreau little more than she had obtained in *Le Dos Au Mur*. In both films she played an adulterous wife, who conspires with her lover to murder an unwelcome husband. She was therefore in a very real danger of being type-cast. But whereas *Le Dos Au Mur* was conceived and budgeted as a second feature, Malle's ambitions and talent succeeded in elevating similar material to feature status. From Jeanne Moreau's point of view this was perhaps the film's most positive advantage, as it brought her to the notice of regular film columnists. Malle opens and closes his film with giant close-ups of his actress, and it is the measure of her physical maturity that her face can now stand the searching probe of such an emphasis.

Limited though the film is in both style and content, it contains in embryo the seeds of two of the actress's principal lines of development. The awe-inspiring close-up that closes the film, of a woman caught for the murder of her husband but unrepentent and unafraid, announces already the perverse insolence and

● *Below: With Jean-Paul Belmondo in Peter Brook's 'Moderato Cantabile' (1960), for which she won the best actress award at the Cannes festival*

● *Antonioni's 'La Notte' was Jeanne Moreau's first important film made out of France (bottom picture). She played opposite the Italian actor, Marcello Mastroianni. 'The starkest statement she has yet made.' Antonioni's film won the* films and filming *award as the best picture of 1962*

independence of spirit to be found in the heroine of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. At the same time the shots of the actress listlessly strolling through the night streets of Paris and mechanically sipping coffee in a pavement cafe prefigure the restless frustration she was to epitomise so consummately in *Les Amants*, *La Notte* and *Moderato Cantabile*.

These three films are essentially variations on a theme. The dominant, tough-as-nails heroines of *Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud* and *Le Dos Au Mur* are left behind and replaced by something softer and more feminine, while the weak and incompetent lovers give place to romantic figures like Jean-Marc Bory and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Where Bory takes her gliding on a moonlit lake to an accompaniment of Brahms, Maurice Ronet of *Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud* gets stuck in a lift. Each of these heroines is a married woman, frustrated by the diminishing returns of conjugal life and frantic to break the monotony. They all reach different conclusions but none is satisfactory, none is a solution to the problem. Needless to say, they all know their Simone de Beauvoir like the backs of their hands. In recent communications to the press Jeanne Moreau has assumed the rôle of spokesman for the twentieth century woman and the evidence of these three films indicates that no one is more qualified to fill the post. Certainly no one has presented her case with a more penetrating and intuitive intelligence.

It is tempting to consider the 'trilogy' in conjunction as a dialectical expression of the modern wife's predicament in a certain level of society. *Les Amants* sets the thesis (elopement with the handsome stranger), *Moderato Cantabile* presents the antithesis (rejection of the escape route) and *La Notte* the rather glum synthesis of acceptance. Significantly Antonioni removes the crucial factor, the existence of a child, which gives an added moral complication to the conduct of the heroines in the first two films.

But no less important is the question of social status. If one overlooks the special case of *Jules et Jim*, it is true to say that all of Moreau's important rôles are placed fairly exactly on the borderline between the upper and middle class. They are all women who do not need to work for a living and, in many cases, one suspects, neither do their husbands. Alain Cuny's portrait of near aristocracy in *Les Amants* and *Moderato Cantabile* is as depressing a prospect as a woman could ever hope to avoid. Moreau's screen problems are the direct result of infinite leisure, and it is in this atmosphere that she is emotionally at ease.

She has a remarkable talent for simulating boredom and it is a recognition of this ability that has enabled her to create such definitive interpretations. It is at once a limitation and a source of strength: within this stratum she is unparalleled, but when called upon to portray a working class heroine she is noticeably less comfortable. The relative failure of most of her early parts stems from this miscalculation, and one would find it hard today to imagine Jeanne Moreau scouring the saucepans or changing the nappies. Such mundane events simply do not correspond with the screen image she has carefully established. One has only to think of the cropped, sub-machine-gun swinging character she played in Martin Ritt's

● *In Louis Malle's first feature, 'Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud' (1958) she found the strong direction in the cinema which, until then, she had found only in the theatre*

bizarre *Five Branded Women* to realise how cruelly miscast she can be. Action in a true Moreau rôle is confined to the mental and emotional level and should never express itself with a spitting tommy-gun.

Louis Malle recognised this when he cast her in *Les Amants*. Here was the initial breakthrough in Jeanne Moreau's career with her sure intellectual grasp of an extremely difficult rôle. Her withdrawn smiles and the impression given of infinite feminine depths are as much responsible for the overall achievement as Malle's sensitive direction, and the final point of the film rests entirely in the actress's hands. Earlier in the story a friend remarks that the supreme proof of a woman's love is the expression on her face; driving away with her new lover at the close, having abandoned husband, child and means, Moreau casts a trembling glance at her image in the car mirror and the sullen reply reflects an awful failure to meet the test. *Les Amants* is Jeanne Moreau's film in a way that no previous picture had ever been. No actress has ever expressed physical needs in such a poetic and unself conscious manner. The censor saw fit to abridge the ecstasies of *Les Amants*, but enough survives to verify her performance as the definitive portrait of the act of love in all its physical, emotional and spiritual meanings.

In all her performances it is the addition of small but precisely judged details that constitutes the effect of the whole. Thus one of the truest, most compelling scenes in Peter Brook's *Moderato Cantabile* comes when Belmondo is caressing the nape of her neck and, in a frenzy of tension and tactile excitement, she strikes her head against the tree on which she is leaning. Moreau's acting technique is essentially visual and therefore inherently cinematic in conception. What she says is always of less importance than her gestures and the expression on her face, and she possesses the extraordinary gift of being able to convey an idea by apparently doing nothing. In the dinner party scene of *Moderato Cantabile* we know from a study of her face that her thoughts are miles away with her lover, even before the director's dissolve to a racing tracking shot underlines the point. The passion of *Les Amants* has become in this film a death wish, and the conclusion to the story when she wills Belmondo to strangle her is implicit from the very beginning. The film opens with a *crime passionel* and we know from the actress's expression, mingling terror and fascination, that she has already begun to think of this as 'a consummation devoutly to be wished'. We have barely seen Belmondo at this stage, yet the *Liebestod* analogy has been fully prepared. Chabrol needed Wagner to ram the point home in *Les Cousins;* Peter Brook and Jeanne Moreau are self-sufficient.

La Notte is undoubtedly the starkest statement she has yet made on the state of marriage, and this is perfectly attuned to Michelangelo Antonioni's sober and ruthlessly unsentimental view of human relations. The director has purposely deprived his heroine of both the safety valves of *Les Amants* and *Moderato Cantabile*. She has no child and she will not take a lover. In the remarkable car drive sequence, in which she finally dismisses the possibility of an affair, Antonioni transfers the whole responsibility to his actress. We hear nothing on the sound-track except the relentless drumming of the rain on the windscreen, but the entire moral decision is mirrored in Jeanne Moreau's bleak, despairing face. Similarly, though no explicit reference is made in the script to the fact that Lidia Pontano is childless, we are suddenly made aware of it by her instinctive gesture in running to comfort a child crying in the street. And perhaps the most revealing detail in the film lies in the scene where Lidia and her husband are dressing to attend a party. He bends to kiss her neck and she turns expectantly to find that he is already adjusting his tie. The gesture was mechanical, habitual and devoid of meaning. Here again Moreau, Antonioni and Marcello Mastroianni find a perfect visual representation of a relationship turned stale, and Moreau's performance as a whole is the apotheosis of her concept of the second sex.

Choderlos de Laclos' Mme de Merteuil is in a sense the logical extension of the characters played by Jeanne Moreau in the films of Malle, Antonioni and Peter Brook. Each of these characters fails to find fulfilment in a marital relationship because their husbands' concepts of matrimony are rooted in 19th century patterns. To them the wife is an elegant decoration who can add grace to a dinner table or sparkle to a cocktail party but no attention is paid to her as a person with a character and aspirations of her own. A possible, if scarcely admirable solution is offered by Roger Vadim and Roger Vailland in their judiciously updated version of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. They have recognised that Mme de Merteuil

● *Jeanne Moreau in the title rôle in Joseph Losey's 'Eva'. Released on the Continent; but to date denied a release in Britain. 'Eva is the opposite of the characters I have portrayed to date'*

is not a unique 18th century exception but a product of any society in which woman is denied adequate self-expression. (And indeed the point is further exemplified in the proud and indomitable Mother Marie of The Incarnation, whom Jeanne Moreau played in *Le Dialogue des Carmélites*, her only important film which has so far failed to secure an English distributor.) Accordingly Vailland has made Laclos' heroine Mme Valmont and we witness in the diabolical machinations of this terrifying couple a perverse antidote to the emotional sterility of *Les Amants* and *Moderato Cantabile*.

Jeanne Moreau, impeccably *chic* and sophisticated and never without her martini and cigarette, is the personification of the emancipated woman. There is defiance and a supreme intelligence in her every stance and gesture—her confident use of the cigarette as an adjunct of conversation, her wicked laughter as she plots the seating arrangements at dinner to extract the maximum piquancy from the situation and her sly smirk of complicity as Valmont yawns at breakfast after seducing Cécile. She makes the best villainess since the abdication of Joan Crawford, yet, withal, she has a proper sense of the ludicrous and makes full comic use of the prospect of Mme Valmont hopping over to New York to seduce the Scandinavians at the United Nations.

The script tells us nothing of Mme Valmont's origins yet the actress contrives to hint at them by a single piece of business towards the end of the film. Rapidly seeking to burn incriminating documents, she wrenches the cork from the paraffin bottle with her teeth in a manner quite alien to the image she has hitherto built of the character. This is less an incongruity than a revealing interpolation and it tells us more about Mme Valmont than Roger Vailland ever reveals. The script presents only a flat picture of her but Moreau supplies the missing dimension.

An element of Jeanne Moreau's talent which had been completely ignored and which few had suspected was her sense of humour. *Jules et Jim* took most Moreau enthusiasts by surprise. Accustomed to the species of agony she has made peculiarly her own, critics were amazed at the seeming *volte-face* of François Truffaut's film. But if their memories had served them better they would have recalled an extremely amusing little guest appearance she made in *Les Quatre Cents Coups*. Superbly clad in a monstrous mink, clopping down the boulevard in come-hither heels in pursuit of a diminutive pet, with Jean-Claude Brialy lechingafter her as fast as his legs would carry him, she portrayed the most outrageously blatant and expensive pick-up poor Brialy was ever landed with. Truffaut spotted her comic potentialities at a time when most directors were intent on deepening her frown, and it is appropriate that this generous and endearing director should have cast her against type in such an astonishingly successful way in *Jules et Jim*.

Truffaut's Catherine is the most exasperating heroine Jeanne Moreau has played to date. She is egocentric, unreliable and for the most part completely unaware of the torment she occasions Jules and Jim. She uses Jules as a back-scratcher, keeps Jim waiting an hour for a date and, after spending the night with Albert, raps on the window in the morning to be let in as if nothing has transpired. Objectively there is nothing to recommend her, and the little song she sings so delightfully characterises her as a *femme fatale* in every sense of the phrase. Yet Moreau makes her a real spellbinder and we are as helpless to condemn her as Jules and Jim themselves. Catherine, with her ever-ready bottle of vitriol 'for lying eyes', is as adorable cremating her love letters in a cinematic echo of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* as when she counterfeits the village idiot or parades the Left Bank, grotesquely attired in jockey cap and sweater with a Groucho moustache and cigar.

It is her smile that first attracts the heroes—even before they have met her—and Jeanne Moreau rings the changes with astonishing versatility. It is smug when they dive into the Seine to rescue her after her preposterous leap from the bridge, and enigmatic as she systematically packs her pyjamas preparatory to sleeping with Albert. But it operates with a Circe-like fascination on all who encounter it. As played by Jeanne Moreau, Catherine is thoroughly wayward and unpredictable. Now we discover her knitting like any housewife, now she is fiddling with her necklace in an access of boredom and now she is packing a pistol with lethal incompetence. She is a creature of whims and the actress plays her as if she knew them all. As Jules remarks: 'Catherine is not especially beautiful or sincere but she is a real woman'.

At the time of writing two of the actress's most potentially interesting films have yet to be shown. These are Orson Welles' *The Trial* and Losey's *Eva*. Of the latter she says: 'Eva is the opposite of the characters I have portrayed to date. Generally my characters are trying to escape from society. But Eva is on the perimeter. She is completely alone. If she seems greedy it is because money is for her synonymous with independence. Unfortunately for him a man encounters her who has stolen his dead brother's novel and who, by virtue of this, occupies a place in society which does not belong to him. His passion for her puts him at her mercy and she ends by casting him out of society'.

Her rôle in *The Trial*, on the other hand, appears to be more of a guest appearance than a full characterisation. She discloses: 'It is a completely episodic character—a taxi girl, who has no existence of her own but is merely an event in the life of the hero, Mr K. I accepted it out of admiration for Orson Welles'.

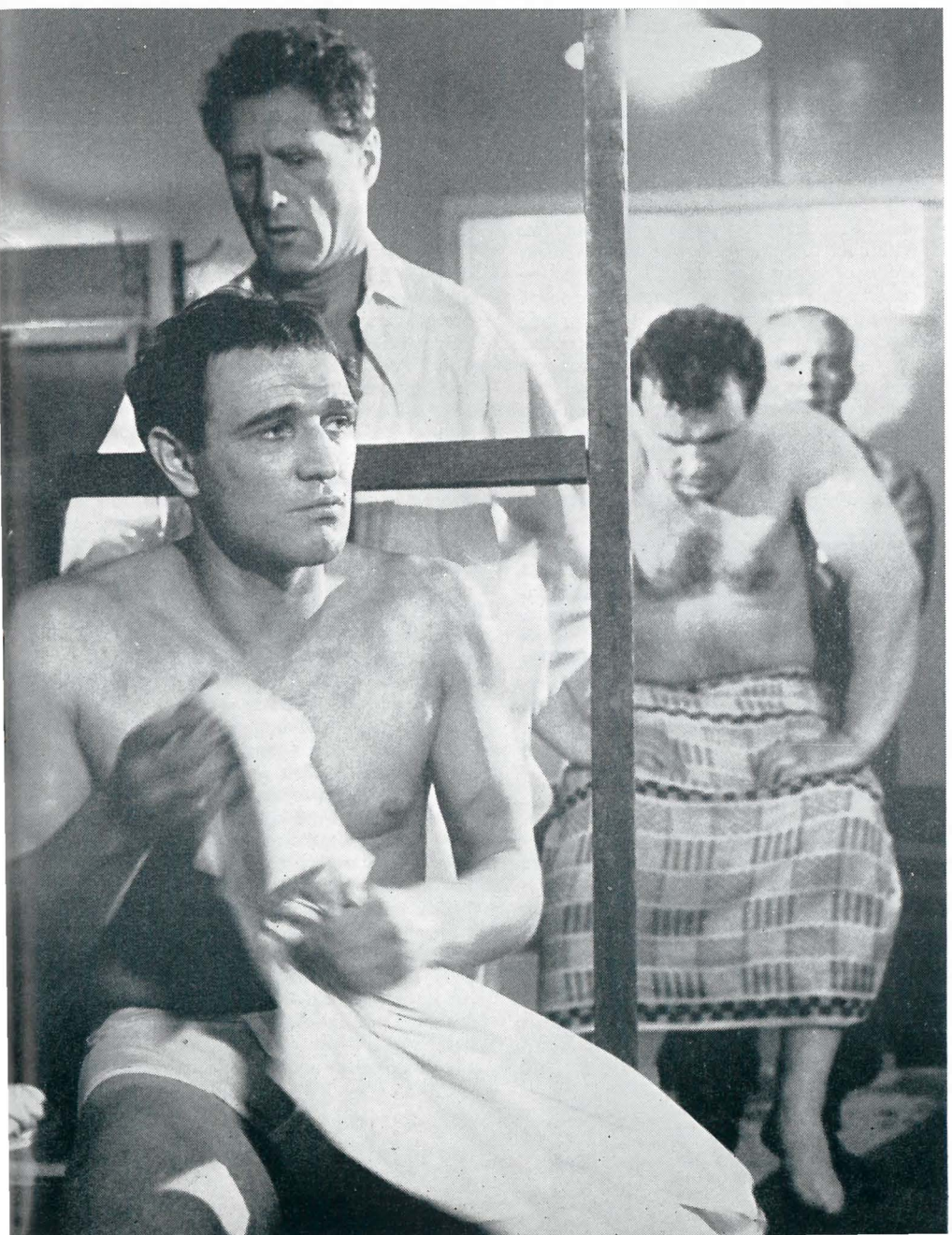
What she will make of these two parts, which are so widely different from anything she has done in the last few years, is impossible to say. But her quality as an actress lies in her total identification with whatever part she plays. If there is calculation in her performances one is not aware of it and there is never a hint of mannerism. She has created an indelible image of the modern woman, and her own artistic credo augurs well for anything she may undertake in the future: 'I believe that an actor should react like the character he is playing, not to it. That implies a distance. To act, it is not enough to be more or less good. You have to be or not to be'.

● *With Tony Perkins in Orson Welles' film of Kafka's 'The Trial', yet to be released. 'I accepted the part out of admiration for Orson Welles'*

sport, life and ART

by Lindsay Anderson

● The first feature film directed by the Left's most pungent critical writer, Lindsay Anderson, will be seen in Britain early in 1963. It is an adaptation of David Storey's novel about rugger players and the people who exploit them. The film has been produced by Karel Reisz, whose 'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning' established the modern renaissance of British cinema: and it stars Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. Anderson, approaching forty, established his critical reputation with the quarterly film review, 'Sequence', in the 'forties; he began making documentary films and won awards for 'Thursday's Children' (made with Guy Brenton) and 'Every Day Except Christmas'. Ignored by the major studios, he began a fruitful association with the theatre at the Royal Court, directing among other contemporary British plays, 'The Long and the Short and the Tall', 'The Lily White Boys' and 'Billy Liar'. His first feature is sponsored by Julian Wintle-Leslie Parkyn's Independent Artists

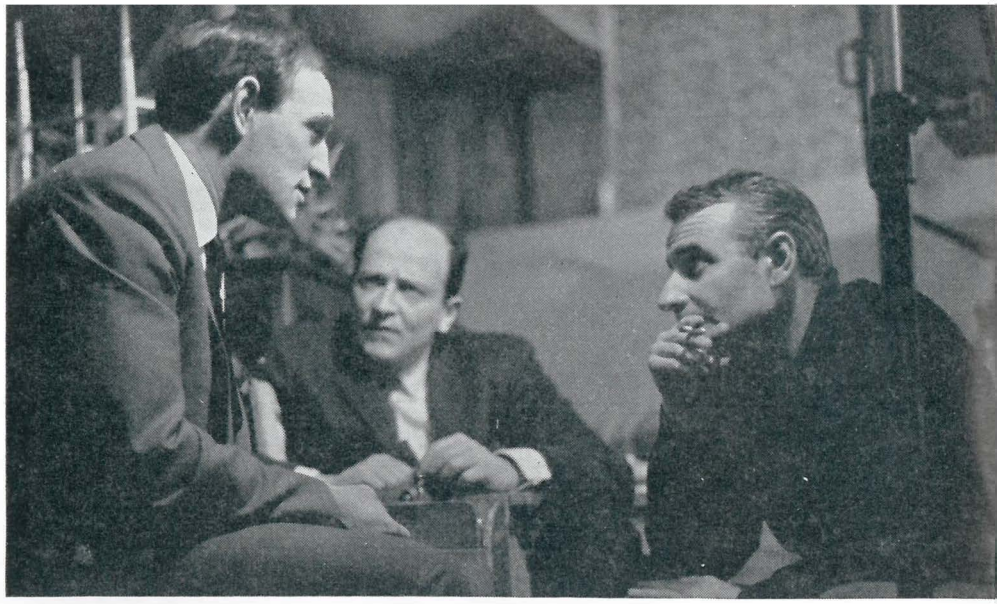


● *Richard Harris as rugger-player Frank Machin in 'This Sporting Life'*

In a strange way I have never quite felt that I chose to direct *This Sporting Life*. It seemed rather to choose me. Though, also strangely, I suppose I must have been one of the first people who ever thought about it as a film subject. This was as a result of reading a paragraph about the book in the *Sunday Times* before it was published. I was intrigued, and ordered a copy.

So much has happened since then that it is difficult to recall exactly what my first impressions were. Certainly I realised at once that this was something much more complex, and much more distinguished, than the story of a footballer's success and disillusion which the advance note had suggested. What struck me at first, I think, was the quality of the writing: vivid and immediate, yet also clearly the work of a writer with most subtle psychological perceptions, and a sense of poetry dark, passionate and wholly his own. The central character, Frank Machin, was immensely striking, with an ambiguity of nature, half overbearing, half acutely sensitive, that fascinated me, without my being fully aware that I understood him. The same was true of his tortured, impossible relationship with the woman in the story; a bleak, Northern affair, of powerful, inarticulate emotions frustrated or deformed by puritanism and inhibition. The background rough and hard: no room here for charm or sentimental proletarianism. It was an intimidating subject for a film. I was not sure I would be up to it.

In any case it soon seemed out of reach. There was brisk bidding for the film rights, and the price quickly rose too high for Woodfall, who seemed at that time the only company likely to back me as a director. In the end the subject went to Julian Wintle and Les-



● *Lindsay Anderson (right) discusses a scene for 'This Sporting Life' with his star, Richard Harris, while producer Karel Reisz (centre) gives advice*

lie Parkyn of Independent Artists, for distribution through the Rank Organisation. I thought that was goodbye. But then Independent Artists offered it to my friend Karel Reisz to direct; and Karel, who was anxious after *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* to get some experience of production, suggested to me that he should propose me as director instead, with himself producing. Rather impetuously, I agreed. So, to my astonishment, did Independent Artists.

From the start, the film was essentially a collaborative affair. The book was such a personal piece of work that Karel and I both felt that no-one but its author could write the script. We met David Storey and were as impressed by him as we had been by his novel. He had never written for the screen before; and he had some hestitation at the idea of trying to recreate for a strange medium a work which he had already achieved and put behind him. But he did not hesitate for long—for David, who started out originally to be a painter, has an immense appetite (and a gift) for artistic experience. And anyway, as he explained to me at the beginning, he considered the cinema to be the director's medium. I replied maybe so, but I had no wish to dictate the adaptation. What I wanted was a script that had his sanction, and an artistic authority equal to that of the book. I didn't realise how much I was asking.

So we set to work, first on a treatment, then, when that was accepted, on a first draft script. David did all the writing, in between frequent and exhaustive consultations with Karel and myself. We went North to Yorkshire and searched for locations together, through the district around Wakefield and Leeds where David had grown up, where he had imagined many of the scenes in the book—and where, incidentally, I had made my first documentaries some twelve years before.

But in spite of this harmony, and much hard work, our first script attempts were not very successful. The book proved difficult to condense without losing the subtlety and complexity which gave it such distinction. I felt that the authority I wanted was not there. And this was where we were joined by another collaborator whose contribution to the picture was to be an essential one. A year or so before I had seen Richard Harris in the play of *The Ginger Man*, in which he gave a superb performance, a much more striking thing than he had ever had a chance to do on the screen; and I had a strong feeling that here was exactly the actor to play Frank Machin in *This Sporting Life*. So we sent a copy of the novel off to Hollywood, where he was filming in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, and asked him if he'd be interested. He replied immediately, with a marvellous letter full of admiration for the book and enthusiasm for the project. Then we posted him the first draft script, and we heard no more.

I began to get anxious. I was still not happy about the script myself, without knowing quite what to do about it; and anyway I felt it would be wrong to go further without proper consultation with the actor who was going to play such a crucial leading rôle. So I put a 'phone call through to Tahiti (not as easy a thing as it sounds, by the way), where Richard was now marooned with *Bounty*, and suggested I should go and see him. He agreed it was essential, so off I flew.

There are many images connected with *This Sporting Life* which will not soon be erased from my memory. One of the most cherished is not from the film at all: it is of being met at five o'clock in the morning at Tahiti airport by Richard Harris, his 18th century seaman's hair down to his shoulders, bursting to tell me what he thought of the script we had sent him. Within ten minutes we were at it; and though neither of us had slept much the night before, we talked and argued right through the day. I quickly realised that he was right. For one reason or another, through all our speculations and discussions, we had lost what was most unique and brilliant in the novel. We were dangerously near, in fact, ending up with just a 'film script'. It was Richard who, with passionate intransigence, brought us back to the book. In the evenings, after his shooting on the *Bounty*, we sat in his bungalow going through the script and his own, heavily annotated copy of the novel, until either he or I would drop off to sleep while the other was talking. And slowly a conception emerged which began to satisfy us. So I came home, and went to see David with the notes which Richard and I had made. He agreed as quickly as I had done, and set to work again with renewed energy. And so in the end we managed between us to produce a script that gave us at least a chance of putting on to film the peculiarly intense, complex and poetic quality of the original.

It is dreadful to be asked what a film is *about*. The film is what it is about. I could turn myself into a critic and try to analyse what we've done; but in fact one discovers what one is doing when one does it. And you discover what you have done when you see it. This can be dangerous, of course, and it's certainly easier for a painter or a writer than for a film maker: it's probably one reason why I find scripting so difficult. But to some extent it is necessary. The process of making a film, like the process of making any work of art, should be a process of discovery.

It's easier to say what a film is *not* about. *This Sporting Life* is not a film about sport. Nor is it to be categorised as a 'North Country working-class story'. In fact I wouldn't really call it a story-picture at all. (This is where we went most wrong in our first attempts to script it—in attempting to remove the flash-back construction of the first two-thirds which alone made it possible to find the essentially subjective style.) I suppose that the film is primarily a study of temperament. It is a film about a man. A man of extraordinary power and aggressiveness, both temperamental and physical, but at the same time with a great innate sensitiveness and a need for love of which he is at first hardly aware. And this temperament is reflected in a very strange and complicated relationship with a woman—from this aspect you could call the film a love story. And this whole conflict and relationship is seen against a particular social setting. All these themes play their part in the picture. The world of Rugby League football, of the kind of people who make up the game, the exploiters and the exploited and the spectators who live vicariously off them, this is the significant background to an intense and tragic relationship between a man and a woman.

People are apt to say that tragedy is impossible today: that the age of Freudian psychology and atomic science has robbed the individual of the dignity and the significance which alone make tragedy possible. Well, flying in the face of fashion, we have tried to make a tragedy. Much as I admire many of the experiments made by the young French directors—and particularly their adventurous breaking away from the outmoded conventions of cinematic 'style'—I think that even in their best work there is apt to be a terrible lack of weight, of substance and human significance. Their very brilliance seems to trap them in facility and vogueishness. Maybe it's the political and social situation in France that has made it very difficult either for the people who make films to be serious, or for the serious people to make films at all. For all their scorn of artistic conventions, their films do not really *disturb*.

The case of the new British school is rather

different. These films have also loosened up in style in a very healthy way, but with a quite different emphasis from the French. Here the first achievement has been the opening up of new territories, both of subjects and of the social backgrounds in which they are set. This has been a great development—in fact an indispensable one. But it could also be restrictive. It certainly will be restrictive if we make films for too long with an eye on what is representative—films about 'working class people', looked at objectively, almost with a documentarist's vision. (Or a sociologist's, which is worse.) Of course, too, it must rule tragedy out; for tragedy is concerned with what is unique, not what is representative. Throughout *This Sporting Life* we were very aware that we were not making a film about anything representative: we were making a film about something unique. We were not making a film about a 'worker', but about an extraordinary (and therefore more deeply significant) man, and about an extraordinary relationship. We were not, in a word, making sociology.

In any conception as ambitious as this, the relationship between actor and director is of course of supreme importance; and fortunately for *This Sporting Life*, the collaboration between Richard Harris and myself which started when we met in Tahiti continued right the way through shooting. I have used the word 'subjective' about the film—naturally enough in relation to a novel written in the first person; and we were determined to capture this quality without recourse to any of the traditional devices of voice-over narration or subjective camera tricks. For me there was the additional difficulty of entering into a temperament very different from my own: for Frank Machin and I had very little in common, and as a result I found the leap into his heart and mind a hard one. This made me continually liable to slip into an *objective* view of scenes that needed to be presented through Machin's own temperament. This would certainly have happened more often, had it not been for Richard's studied understanding, not just of the psychology of the part, but also of its dramatic function (for he is an actor of intense method, as well as intuition). As a result we were able to achieve, working together, what I feel to be a remarkable integration of performance and overall style. Without this degree of collaboration, in fact, the film could not have been made.

If Frank Machin's whole being is the soul of *This Sporting Life*, its heart is in his tormented love story. And here luck was with us again, to give us Rachel Roberts to play the immensely difficult part of Mrs Hammond. This is a woman whose feelings, though fierce, are almost continually suppressed: the relationship deepens without self-explanation, without conventional avowals, through incessant conflict, with all the feelings between or under the lines. It called for an actress of exceptional 'interior' quality, with real wildness within, as well as the capacity for an iron restraint. Fortunately these are precisely the qualities that Rachel brought to the part—and to an extent that makes one marvel that she has done nothing on the screen since *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, except a modest co-feature recently released, *Girl on Approval*. (A familiar story, of course, in the British cinema, which has a special gift for passing over exceptional talent in favour of the safely second-rate.)

We approached the scenes between Frank and Mrs Hammond with theatrical rather than traditional film method—rehearsing them for ten days before we started, continuing during evenings and weekends during shooting, taking them as far as possible in continuity on the floor. (This self-evidently is the only way to achieve in a film characterisation of the depth and development that are taken for granted in the theatre.) The concentration paid off: I don't think any of us are likely to forget those gruelling, claustrophobic weeks on the tiny kitchen set at Beaconsfield, the whole atmosphere somehow infected with the tense, grinding emotionalism of the situation the actors had to play.

I am asked why I gave up making films five years ago to work in the theatre. The answer (as usually in such cases) is that I didn't give up films: they gave up me. After *Every Day Except Christmas*, which I also only made through the grace and the insistence of Karel Reisz, it seemed obvious that enlightened sponsorship of that kind was not going to recur. And a future in 'orthodox' documentary, making milk-and-water propaganda for the CoI, or prestige advertising featurettes for oil companies, was too dispiriting to face. Free Cinema failed—even the National Film Theatre became nervous of the programmes, fearing that their official position might be compromised by association with such red-hot socialism. I did a few commercials, half a dozen *Robin Hoods*, and an abortive treatment for a feature film for Ealing. Then, out of the blue, I was asked to do a play at the Royal Court—*The Long and the Short and the Tall*. It was a success, and I enjoyed doing it. I was asked to do more plays. So I stayed in the theatre.

I was not offered the film of *The Long and the Short and the Tall*. At that time in the British cinema no-one who was not already ex-

● *Above: William Hartnell (right) as Johnson, the little old man whose last joy in life is to help Frank become a professional player*

● *Below: Rachel Roberts, as the widowed Mrs Hammond, whose life is changed when she has a rugger-star for a lodger*

perienced in features could hope to be considered as a feature director. Richard Harris, who played in the film version of *The Long and the Short*, told me recently that he had suggested at the time that the best way to film it was to give it to the original cast and director; but ABPC had said 'Oh well, you know Anderson, he's very long haired.' But there really has been a revolution since then, starting I suppose with *Look Back in Anger* (which Tony Richardson only directed because John Osborne had the right to insist), but clinched finally by *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. Karel's immense success changed the mentality of the producers overnight. Now new directors and unknown actors seemed to be all they were looking for.

I don't think there was any prejudice against me for my disreputable background as a critic. It was just that people who had made documentaries or had directed in the theatre meant nothing to British film producers. They had never heard of them. I have never been aware of any hostility as a result of anything I wrote as a critic, which is surprising when I remember how rude we were to practically everybody in those carefree days.

I don't think anyone in the professional film industry is influenced by criticism; nor is this really surprising. One can imagine criticism so perceptive and illuminating that it can also illuminate for the artist, show him what he has been doing, and tell him truths about himself he did not see. But in practice one seems to know the faults and virtues of what one has done more clearly than the people who criticise it. Perhaps this is because critics judge too much, and interpret too little. When thinking about criticism I always recall the remark by Charlotte Brontë in her introduction to the edition of *Wuthering Heights* published after Emily's death. She talked of the critics who, when the book appeared, had immediately assumed that she had written it; and she mentioned one critic who did perceive the essentially original quality of the novel. A true critic, she says, who was able to interpret 'the *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin* of an original mind'. This, I think, conveys admirably the essential function of the critic. Judgments after all are not so very interesting: they usually tell us more about the judge than about the work. But a critic who can see something new and original (and maybe perplexing to most people as a result), and who has the intelligence and the culture to be able to interpret it, to reveal its true value—this is as valuable as it is rare.

I no longer have ambitions for myself in this direction. In fact I have to admit that the remnants of my critical and polemical past which still survive in people's memories often prove rather embarrassing. Not that I would disown anything I wrote: but after all conditions change, and we develope. And to be labelled for life on the strength of people's misinterpretation of an article five or six years old, seems unjust. That ardent piece, *Stand up! Stand up!*—which I must again stress I don't at all renounce—was anyway never intended as a final declaration on criticism. It was partly a personal statement, and partly an attempt to initiate a debate. I wished to affirm my belief in the dignity of criticism: for the critic should be more than a parasite. He should be a whole man just as much as anyone else; and so of course his moral and social beliefs must affect his judgments. To pretend that one can, or should, eliminate these aspects of oneself in assessing a work of art can only lead to an impoverishment of criticism.

The attempt to initiate a debate failed of course—largely because people always prefer to smack a label onto one and turn one into a cliché, rather than really to think about and discuss what one has said. The word 'commitment' has become a bore, not because the idea behind it is insignificant or unimportant, but because discussion of it, by Rightists and Leftists alike, has been so lazy and so shallow.

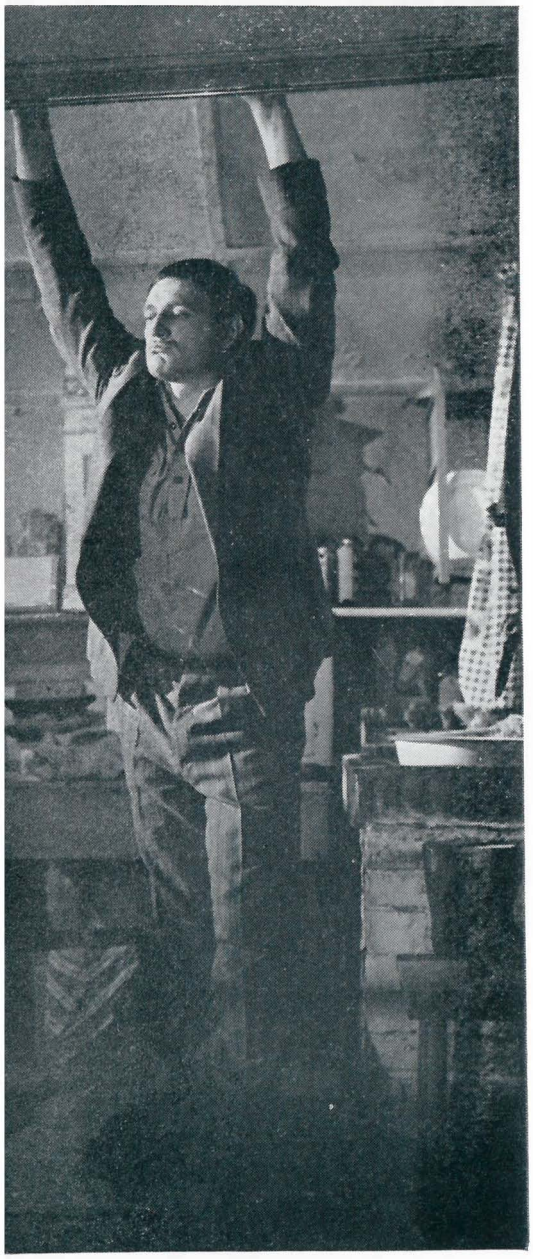
To return to *This Sporting Life*. No doubt I shall be accused, or congratulated, for having deserted the ranks of 'commitment'. Both accusations and congratulations will be misplaced. All works of art have political implications: but they have political implications because they are works of art, not *vice versa*. It is a mistake to wish this relationship to be an immediate one, except possibly in a time of revolution. And we in Britain are living far from a time of revolution. If an artist tries to link what may truly be radical about his work with a radical movement in politics, he will quickly come to grief. We do not have a radical movement in politics.

All the same, in spite of the many horrors of the British way of life, I think there are worse places in the world to try and be an artist. It is quite impossible of course, but at least they do not put you to death for it. You can bite the hand that feeds you, with some hope of getting away with it. The artist must always bite the hand that feeds him. He must always aim beyond the limits of tolerance. His duty is to be a monster.

The terrible vice of the English is reasonableness, the pernicious habit of compromise, the gift (and how self-appreciated!) of 'not taking things too seriously'. This is perhaps not a bad recipe for survival; but it is not too good for art. The real danger for the cinema in Britain is not the censor or even the system: it is the danger that people do not want to be challenged or disturbed.

On the other hand, aren't there signs that we are growing up? One cannot help hoping that if a work of art has sufficient charge to it, and emotional truth, people cannot help responding. In our present affluence, at least more good books are being read than ever before; and if D H Lawrence was a young writer today, I don't think he would be hounded out of the country. Perhaps art may win yet. In our case, those of us who have worked together to make *This Sporting Life* will shortly find out for ourselves.

Mr Anderson's contribution was adapted by him from a recorded interview—Editor



● *Frank (Richard Harris), in Mrs Hammond's kitchen, tells her there will be more spending money when the team signs him on*

● *'The dentist pulled out the bits —six bits, ten guineas. I'm in the wrong bloody business.' Richard Harris as rugger player Frank*

THE FACE OF '63

1—BRITAIN by Peter Cowie

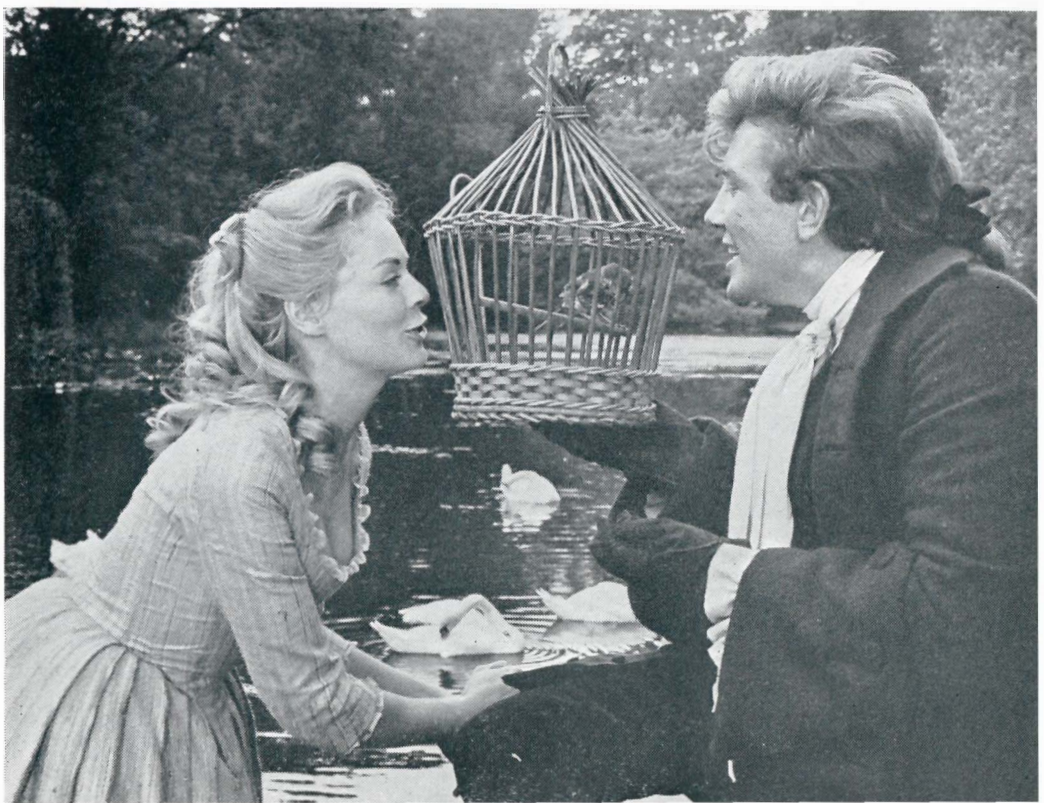
No art can progress without innovation: but the cinema, more than any other art, ignores its creators. Their commercial failures are ridiculed and their commercial successes quietly emulated by the hacks and exploited by the hucksters. Yet without them there could be no change: without them films would be creatively sterile, commercially moribund.

Who are the creators? What forces are at work in the cinema today? 'films and filming' sent its writers into the studios to come back with an on-the-spot report on the people who will make an impact in the cinema in 1963

With Britain hovering uneasily on the borders of the European Common Market, the time is ripe to assess the present 'face' of the British cinema. No one could pretend that this country's studios produce such a consistently *high percentage* of fine films as Italy, France, Russia, Poland or even Holland and Sweden (I stress this because foreign films are not all award-winners).

The basis of British cinemas' diet has long been the influx of American films. As a result, the second feature—British or foreign—is still an essential ingredient of most provincial programmes. Their standard is generally poor (*Brushfire!*, *New Orleans after Dark* and *Lost Battalion* in recent months) and yet the old family image of a 'night out' still persists, and many provincial houses in Britain would probably take less money if the second feature were subtracted from their programme. Thus the British market gives short shrift to such men as Richard Williams, George Dunning and John Halas, who produce excellent cartoons, often with serious overtones. Sponsored films of such firms as Shell and Ford rarely get shown outside film societies and art houses. The chances of a famous name being made in these fields are still slight.

Despite all this, how perceptive can the British audience be, or rather how perceptive is it *allowed* to be? Undoubtedly the public wants films like *Room at the Top*, *The Angry Silence*, *Tiger Bay*, *Look Back in Anger*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *A Kind of Loving*, *A Taste of Honey*, *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, and *The L-Shaped Room*. If released carefully and at the right time, such films as *The Innocents*, *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* or *Billy Budd* will also do good business as well as please the critics: but the



Albert Finney: Achieved overnight fame with 'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning'. At 25, perhaps the most popular of Britain's new generation of film stars. Now making 'Ned Kelly' for Karel Reisz and playing a Russian in Carl Foreman's 'The Victors'

Susannah York: Her performance as the adolescent girl in 'The Greengage Summer' brought her fame. Then she went to Germany to play one of the psychiatrist's first patients in John Huston's 'Freud'. Now she plays opposite Albert Finney in 'Tom Jones'. Still only 20. Illustrated: Finney and York in a scene from 'Tom Jones'

Peter Sellers: Born in Southsea in 1925. Early career in theatre—then a series of popular films. He has commissioned John Mortimer to write a film script from Robert Graves's novel 'I Claudius', in which he will play the name part. It was Sellers who made 'The Running Jumping and Standing Still Film' and Sellers who wanted to experiment with 'The Dock Brief'. Early in '63 he will be seen in two films—'The Wrong Arm of the Law' (illustrated) and 'Heavens Above'

John Schlesinger: Read English at Oxford and was an actor ('Brothers-in-Law', 'Battle of the River Plate') until he worked on BBC's 'Tonight' and 'Monitor'. His documentary expertise brought 'Terminus' a clutch of awards. 'A Kind of Loving' slotted successfully into the batch of neo-realist films now in vogue. Is now completing location work (illustrated) on 'Billy Liar', and is only 36

Joan Littlewood: Renowned as the creator of a series of stirring productions at the Theatre Workshop in Stratford, London E.14, she has now turned to direction with 'Sparrers Can't Sing', and wrote the script in collaboration with Stephen Lewis. The Agnes Varda of the British new wave?

Richard Attenborough: born in Cambridge in 1923. Like so many of his contemporaries, played in 'In Which We Serve' (1942). Formed Beaver Films with Bryan Forbes in 1960 and made 'The Angry Silence'. His latest film, as actor, is 'The Great Escape' (illustrated). Preparing 'Seance on a Wet Afternoon'

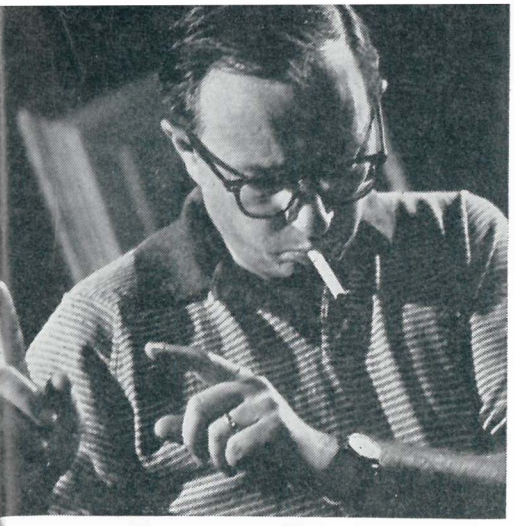
James Hill at work on his latest feature, 'Lunch-Hour', for Eyeline. Hill has the chance to re-establish himself as one of Britain's better directors after the comparative failure of 'The Kitchen' and 'The Dock Brief'. Certainly 'Giuseppina' (made for BP in Italy) revealed a talent for handling players and choosing set-ups

border between success and failure is surprisingly slender. Realistic dramas like *The Pot Carriers*, *The Criminal* or *The Kitchen* should on paper have done well. A lot depends on publicity, posters and 'notoriety' (though even more on the director's ability to face reality foursquarely—these three were set in claustrophobic surroundings, cut off from the world the audience knows best). But it is interesting to note that the down-to-earth films are not only box-office heavyweights in this country; they are also highly regarded by Continental critics. Intellectual interest in France has been roused by the making of *Sparrows Can't Sing*. *This Sporting Life*, *Billy Liar* and others. British 'neo-realism' may prove to be as influential as its Italian forebear. *A Kind of Loving* significantly won the top prize at the Berlin festival—the first time for years that a British film has been officially crowned in Europe.

Prior to *Room at the Top* British films, in John Schlesinger's words, provided nothing but a 'formularised escapism' for the audience, much as the 'white telephone' series of films did in Fascist Italy during the 'thirties. The neo-realist work of our more talented directors has pointed to acute observation on their part, and the men who are going to be the 'faces of 1963' are those who shoot their films not necessarily in grimy streets but with a sense of what life is *really* like throughout Britain—whether it be among the lower or the higher classes—and of the social and economic conditions out of which the neo-realist movement (as in Italy) arose.

Who are the figures behind this British neo-realist movement, who have created it, fostered it, and sometimes grown rich from it, without losing the tough honesty that made them successful at the start? Tony Richardson, Bryan Forbes, John Schlesinger, Val Guest, Lindsay Anderson: all these give the impression of singlemindedness, some even

THE FACE OF '63



Carl Foreman (American, 48): after a long sojourn in Hollywood in partnership with Kramer (he wrote 'Home of the Brave', 'High Noon', 'The Men') Foreman came to England and set up his own company. He scripted 'The Key' and wrote and produced 'The Guns of Navarone'. Has written, produced and directed 'The Victors'

Peter Graham Scott: born 1923. Directed 'Captain Clegg' and 'The Pot-Carriers' after many years as a skilled editor ('Brighton Rock' and 'Never Take No for an Answer'). Worked with Hans Hass on 'Under the Caribbean'. His latest production is 'Everything I Have'

Walter Lassally: one of Britain's most nomadic photographers, good enough at 36 years of age to have satisfied Michael Cacoyannis on 'A Girl in Black' and 'Our Last Spring', the Pakistani standards of perfection in 'Day Shall Dawn', and Tony Richardson on 'A Taste of Honey' and 'The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner'

Paul Rotha: born in 1907. For long the uncrowned king of traditional criticism in this country (started writing 'The Film Till Now' at 19), he is one of Britain's most skilful talents, and yet his last two films, the fine 'Life of Adolf Hitler', and the yet to be seen 'Resistance', were made in Germany and Holland respectively

Eric Ambler: born 1909. One of the finest British screenwriters (better known as a novelist), although British films secure his services all too rarely. Wrote 'Journey into Fear', 'Mask of Dimitrios', 'The Cruel Sea', 'The Purple Plain', and 'Wreck of the Mary Deare' among other scripts. Worked initially on 'Mutiny on the Bounty' script before director Carol Reed was replaced.

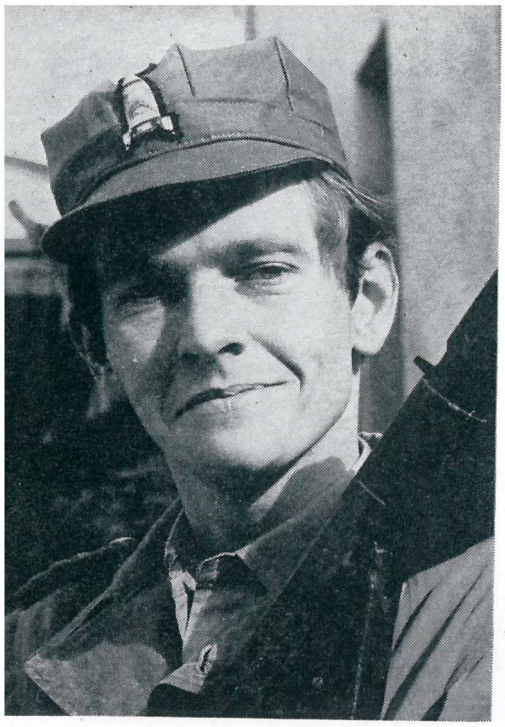
PHOTO: MARK GERSON

write as well as direct their films (a comparatively rare habit in the British industry). Why do they succeed where others can so easily fail? Primarily because they have the ability to catch the contemporary idiom in their dialogue, to present sex and the sordid in just the right proportions, to pile shock after shock onto conventional standards as their films progress. The theme of *Look Back in Anger* epitomises this attitude. Old, accepted dicta and views are being ridiculed by the young, who in their turn have no definite aims —only to live fiercely and without regard for others. Thus the directors who have won fame in this field hold forthright views themselves, and have realised, among other factors, that television has set a standard of realism rarely found in British films before 1958. TV has thrown up the odd director of interest, too, such as John Schlesinger or Denis Mitchell. After working with BBC's 'Monitor' and 'Panorama' programmes, Mitchell is making a documentary with his own unit on the filming of *The Victors*, in Southern Italy and at Shepperton.

Yet the producer is often as important. From the start, he places his confidence and his financial hopes in the hands of the creators. Already there is brightness in the gloom that made John Osborne and Tony Richardson comment three years ago, 'Very few people can be persuaded to make uncompromising films on small budgets'. James Woolf (who produced *Room at the Top* and *The L-Shaped Room*) is one of the more courageous. And Joseph Janni, who arrived with an expert knowledge of Italian films, produced *A Kind of Loving* and *Billy Liar* in quick succession.

Karel Reisz, having done so well with his first feature *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, has now produced *This Sporting Life*, giving Lindsay Anderson his first chance to direct a feature. And Richard Attenborough teamed up with Bryan Forbes to form Beaver, the company that made *The Angry Silence* and *Whistle Down the Wind*. Companies like Bryanston and Allied Filmmakers on a larger, and Woodfall and Eyeline (*The Impersonator*, *Girl on Approval*, *Lunch-Hour*) on a smaller scale, have helped to alleviate the former problems of finance and distribution. They are allowing men whose outrageous views offended the hidebound bourgeois attitudes of production companies to put their anger on the screen.

A number of talented men ignore the vogue for realistic films. Carl Foreman continues to explore, in *The Victors*, the well-mined war vein as a means of conveying to the public his serious views on human conflict. Alexander MacKendrick, forgotten like so many of the Ealing comedy directors, still managed to produce a film of impact and economy in *Sweet Smell of Success* (albeit in Hollywood). Five years later, his recently completed *Sam-*



Tom Courtenay: After replacing Albert Finney successfully on the stage as Billy Liar, he made two features almost at once, 'The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner' and Ronald Harwood's 'Private Potter' (a soldier who has a vision of God), directed by the Finn, Casper Wrede. Now aged 25, he has played 'Billy Liar' (illustrated) on the screen, directed by John Schlesinger

The Boultings: Roy and John, twins, born 1913. They collaborated for years as producer and director on such films as 'Fame is the Spur', 'Brighton Rock', 'Seven Days to Noon', and 'Private's Progress'. Biggest success to date—'I'm All Right, Jack' (1959). Have recently finished 'Heaven's Above', with Peter Sellers. Britain's first 'angries' are still not tamed

Peter Finch: at 46, undoubtedly one of Britain's finest character actors (his performance in 'Trials of Oscar Wilde' is probably his best). Educated in Sydney, he made a convincing Australian in 'A Town Like Alice'. Recently directed his own short film, 'The Day', set in Spain. Has embarked on his first feature, in Italy, 'The Hero'. Last film was Robert Stevens' 'In the Cool of the Day' (illustrated)

my Going South, a Michael Balcon production starring Edward G Robinson, promises to make him a famous name again. Paul Rotha showed himself very much on form with *The Life of Adolf Hitler*, and his *Resistance*, made in Holland, could be one of 1963's surprises. Robert Day alternates skilfully between horror (*Corridors of Blood*) and comedy (*The Rebel*) and may suddenly burst into the front rank of British directors if he finds the right subject. Ken Hughes followed a string of Americanised thrillers, culminating in the mediocre *The Long Haul*, with the superb *Trials of Oscar Wilde* and his new film, *The Small World of Sammy Lee*, is one of the bright British hopes for 1963. Peter Glenville has also been a director of spasmodic quality (promising with *The Prisoner*, disappointing with *Summer and Smoke*). After his success with *Term of Trial*, he is now transcribing Anouilh's *Becket*, which he will direct this year with Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole.

Clive Donner, too, has shown a lot of promise with *Some People*, and is now shooting *The Caretaker* (from Pinter's play), to be followed by *Nothing But The Best*. Another name to remember is Peter Yates, who worked as assistant to Tony Richardson for some time, lately on *A Taste of Honey*. He has now done location work in Austria for the Wessex production of *Legacy of a Spy*, and intends to make a film for Woodfall during the year.

Philip Leacock, back from Hollywood after an unsuccessful visit (*Let No Man Write My Epitaph* was typical), has done sufficient with *Reach for Glory* to be recognised as a considerable talent. His version of *The War Lover*, shot in England, is awaiting release, and he has just completed *Tamahine*. Peter Brook, the accomplished stage director, gave a lesson in visual imagination and poetic style with *Moderato Cantabile*, made in France and a near-masterpiece. He has followed it with *Lord of the Flies*, shot in Puerto Rico on a tiny budget, and edited by Brook in Paris. One hopes to see it in Britain during 1963. Certainly *Moderato* had the sophistication and elegance that are normally associated with

Sarah Miles at 19, is typical of the younger generation of British players. Two years at RADA were followed by theatrical engagements with John Gielgud and repertory at Worthing. While playing there in 'The Moon is Blue', she was noted by producer James Woolf and director Peter Glenville. They signed her at once, for 'Term of Trial' (illustrated). The critics raved. Her new film: 'Ceremony' is directed by Laurence Harvey

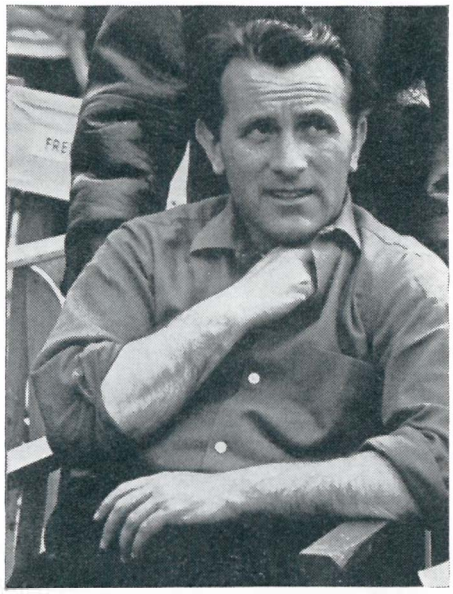
the best French and Italian productions.

Joseph Losey is another outcast, first from America and then from Britain. His early work (*Time Without Pity*, *The Prowler*) was sufficiently tough and disturbing to spark off a new kind of cult criticism in France. *Blind Date* and *The Criminal* have proved him worthy of this attention, and *Eva*, his latest co-production made in Venice, even more so, however unfaithful it is to James Hadley Chase's original novel. *The Damned*, the last film he shot in Britain, is still awaiting release by Hammer. Both these films could make Losey a bigger figure in British cinema during 1963.

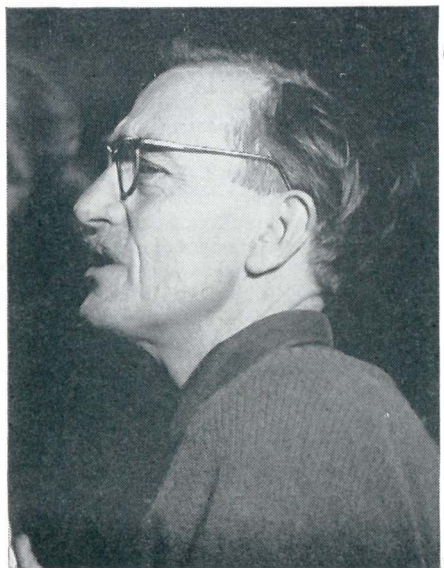
These are the type of directors who by their work affirm Walter Lassally's admirable dictum: 'In the long run it is ideas rather than gimmicks that are needed'. Most of these directors, too, are striving bravely—within the restrictions of the film industry—to *say* something rather than throwing any type of personal expression overboard to please the box-office. Their films bear the individual stamp of their makers. The older generation of directors in Britain's Studios today are intent on ripping through their film in budget time. They virtually ignore the camera on set, and concentrate too much on acting.

Until the last few years, the British cinema was composed of a number of stock faces

Guy Hamilton: born in Paris 40 years ago, has directed 'The Party's Over' (illustrated) shot by his own company entirely on location. Assistant to Carol Reed on 'The Fallen Idol', 'The Third Man', and 'An Outcast of the Islands'. He has directed 'An Inspector Calls', 'Manuela', and 'The Devil's Disciple' among others.



Freddie Francis: born 1917. One of the fine cameramen who maintain Britain's technical prestige abroad, Francis has shot 'Room at the Top', 'Sons and Lovers', 'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning', and 'The Innocents' among others. Turned to direction with 'Two and Two Make Six' (illustrated). His last —yet to be seen—is 'The Brain'

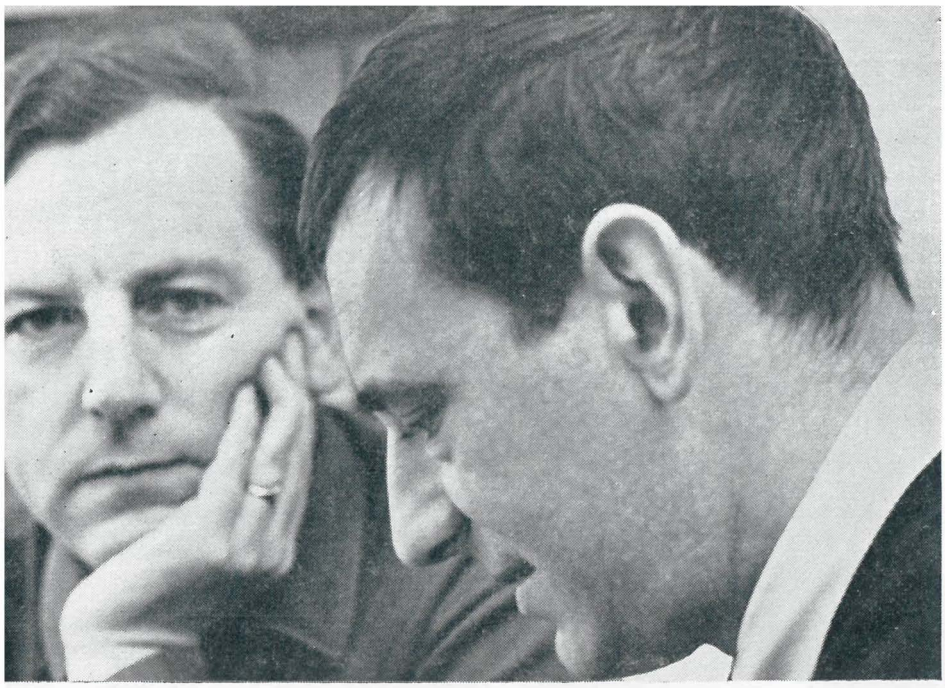


Dave Boulton on the set of Robert Wise's 'The Haunting', which he has just completed. One of the most promising lighting cameramen in the business, he was among the industry's top stills photographers ('Ben-Hur', 'Lust for Life') before lighting 'The Password is Courage', made entirely on location. An unusual transition

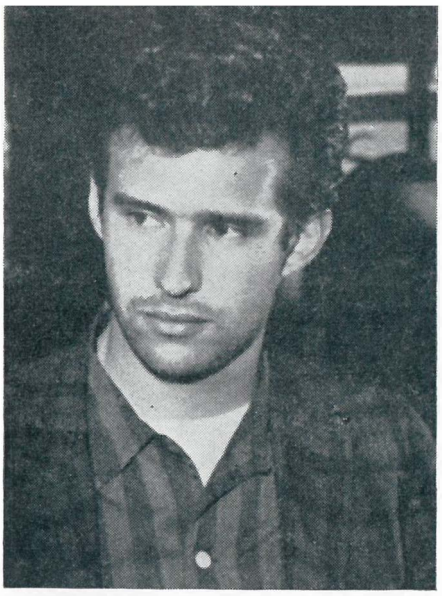
Peter Ustinov: now 41. Courageous maker (producer, co-scripter, director, star) of 'Billy Budd'. His previous films as director or writer or both have included 'Romanoff and Juliet', 'School for Secrets', and 'Private Angelo'. Yet another of the excellent stage men who can switch to cinema

Dirk Bogarde in 'The Mind-Benders' (illustrated), a study of scientific brain-washing. Bogarde, born in 1921, has been in theatre since before the war. His part in 'The Blue Lamp' (1949) made his name, and he has played in a steady stream of successes since: The 'Doctor' series, 'The Spanish Gardener', 'Ill Met by Moonlight', 'The Doctor's Dilemma', 'Victim' and the forthcoming 'The Lonely Stage'

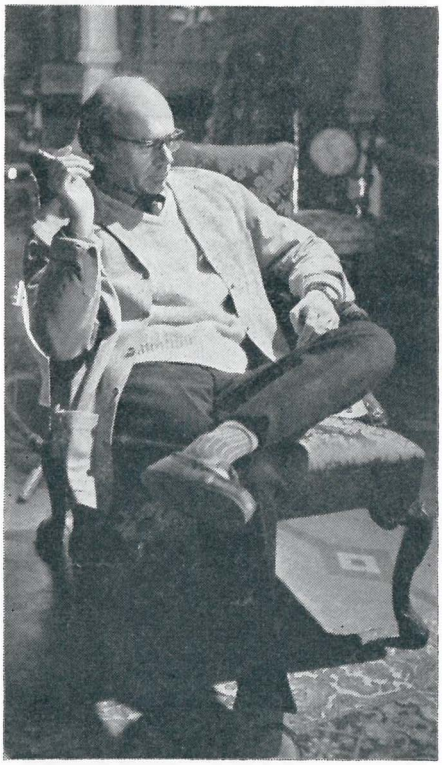
Karel Reisz: Born in Czechoslovakia in 1926, and educated at Cambridge University. Edited the last issue of 'Sequence' (1952) and then worked with Lindsay Anderson on Free Cinema and 'Every Day Except Christmas'. Was programmes officer to the National Film Theatre and made 'We are the Lambeth Boys' in 1959. 'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning' was his first feature (1960) and he is now embarking on 'Ned Kelly', a story about an Australian outlaw (played by Albert Finney). Pictured right, with **Lindsay Anderson** (*See page 15*)



Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall: during the past few years this pair (both 33 and born in Leeds) has shot to the top of the crop of writers in the British industry. Hall wrote the play 'The Long and the Short and the Tall', and Waterhouse the original 'Billy Liar': their partnership has yielded 'Whistle Down the Wind', 'The Valiant', and 'A Kind of Loving', as well as screen versions of their own plays. Illustrated: Waterhouse (left), Hall (right)
PHOTO: MARTIN MANDEL



Sidney Furie: born in Toronto, wrote and directed Canadian feature films, including 'A Dangerous Age' and 'Cool Sound from Hell'. Came to England and directed a number of low-budget films, including 'During One Night' which was made in ten days. Then directed the unpretentious Elstree musical, 'The Young Ones' followed by 'The Boys'. Is currently making 'The Leather Boys', and will later adapt 'Fings aint what they used t'be'



Jack Clayton: entered the film industry in 1935 and was associate producer on such films as 'An Ideal Husband', 'Queen of Spades', 'Beat the Devil', and 'I am a Camera'. As a director, his first was 'The Bespoke Overcoat', a short that won festival prizes and actually went on release (budget a mere £5,000). Three years later came 'Room at the Top', and in 1961 'The Innocents'

that could be guaranteed to pull in the crowds —Kenneth More, Alastair Sim, Margaret Lockwood, John Mills, Dirk Bogarde, Virginia McKenna. Some of these remain stars to be reckoned with, but with the crop of neo-realist films has come a succession of new actors and actresses, their reputations made overnight with a single triumph—Laurence Harvey in *Room at the Top* (even though he had been making films for years), Shirley Anne Field in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, Edward Judd in *The Day the Earth Caught Fire*, Hayley Mills in *Tiger Bay*, Alan Bates and June Ritchie in *A Kind of Loving*, Rita Tushingham in *A Taste of Honey* and so on. With this trend has come a gradual alteration in the image of a star engendered in the public's mind. The men must be tough, outspoken, often untidy—Albert Finney, Tom Courtenay, Michael Craig, Tom Bell and Edward Judd all measure up perfectly to these new criteria. Terence Stamp in *Billy Budd* of course is proof of the audience's willingness to accept still a living expression of innocence, while Murray Melvin (*A Taste of Honey*, *Sparrows Can't Sing*) scores as an actor by his restraint and sincerity rather than by any exhibition of strength.

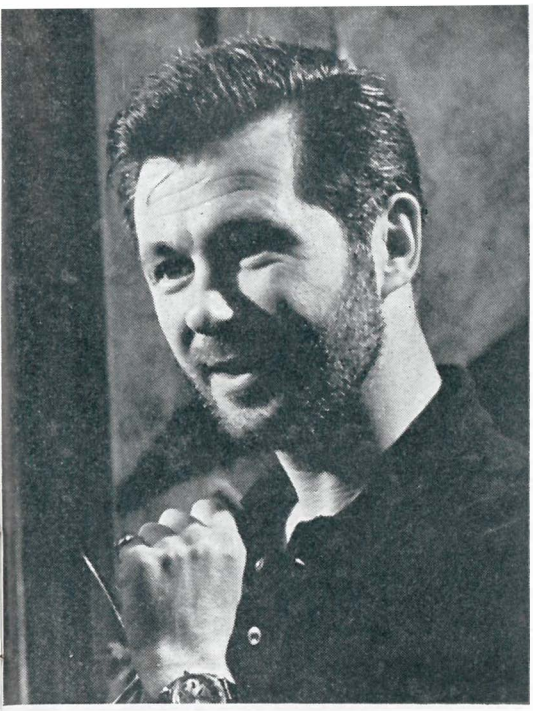
Rachel Roberts, excellent in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, has played the main rôle in Tony Perry's production of *Girl on Approval* and, along with June Ritchie, Shirley Anne Field, Samantha Eggar, and Catherine Woodville (who has played in a trio of neo-realist films, *The Wild and the Willing*, *The Party's Over*, and *The Snout*) seem likely to be the more important female faces of 1963.

But the older generation is undoubtedly still full of stars and acting ability. Dennis Price and Peter Finch are typical of this school, and Dirk Bogarde and Peter Sellers will definitely keep their places at the top of the financial tree for at least the whole of 1963. Stanley Baker, too, as well as starring in Joseph Losey's cosmopolitan *Eva*, Aldrich's *Sodom and Gomorrah*, and Cliff Owen's *A Prize of Arms*, has turned to production himself, with *The Man Who Finally Died* and *Zulu*. Claire Bloom improves with each performance and her rôle opposite Julie Harris in *The Haunting* may make her an international star; the same applies to Leslie Caron, who was able in *The L-Shaped Room* to show her serious acting capabilities for the first time since *Gaby*.

Trevor Howard, after the excesses of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, should remain one of Britain's finest screen actors next to Laurence Olivier and Alec Guinness, while Peter O'Toole's rather uneasy reputation has been strengthened once and for all by *Lawrence of Arabia*. Michael Redgrave has been less fortunate in his choice of rôles (the Uncle in *The Innocents*, the Governor in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*) but has the class and versatility to take some of the hardest parts.

An aspect of cinema in which Britain has usually lagged behind is the actual technique of cinematography. If British films are to keep pace with Continental virtuosity in 1963 they must be made by outstanding technicians. Among the most promising of our lighting cameramen is Dave Boulton, and Freddie Francis, Denys Coop (*Billy Liar*) and Chris Challis (*The Victors*) are the equal of most European photographers. Britain has still not reached the stage, however, when a cameraman (Henri Decae and Raoul Coutard in France for example) can influence and even classify a film. Robert Krasher and Jack Cardiff were our two best men at one time, but both need a good director to guide them. once again the prominent men in this field are

THE FACE OF '63



Bryan Forbes: sterling proof of how a talented man can work his way right to the top of the industry. Still only 36, Forbes has been actor, scriptwriter, producer and now director ('Whistle Down the Wind' and 'The L-Shaped Room'). A firm adherent to the neo-realist school, but for some with a Right-wing slant. Has written a new version of Maugham's 'Of Human Bondage' for Henry Hathaway

Robert Stephens: persuasive actor, appeared in 'A Taste of Honey', as Dora Bryan's impatient boy-friend. Has played on the New York stage ('Epitaph for George Dillon') and had minor rôles in 'Circle of Deception', 'The Inspector', 'Cleopatra'. Recently starred in Ken Hughes' 'The Small World of Sammy Lee' (illustrated)

Sir Laurence Olivier: born 1907. Has had a long and distinguished career in the theatre. Has directed 'Hamlet', 'Henry V', and 'Richard III' on the screen and acted in many notable films ('Wuthering Heights', 'Carrie'), including such recent neo-realistic ones as 'The Entertainer' and 'Term of Trial'

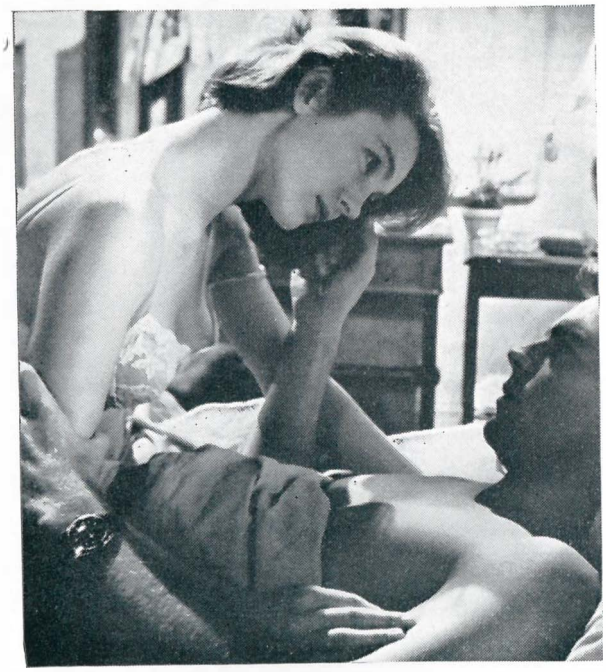
Val Guest: shrewd, uncompromising writer and director (born 1911). An ex-Hollywood journalist, his recent films have all had a distinctive bite and documentary ruggedness—among them 'Yesterday's Enemy', 'Hell is a City', and 'The Day the Earth Caught Fire'

Dennis Price as the Headmaster in Philip Leacock's 'Tamahine'. Few people realise that Price had played in well over a dozen films before what is perhaps his finest performance as the scheming Louis Mazzini in 'Kind Hearts and Coronets' (1949). Since then he has appeared in less inspiring rôles ('Private's Progress', 'The Naked Truth', 'Danger Within', 'Victim'). Now aged 47

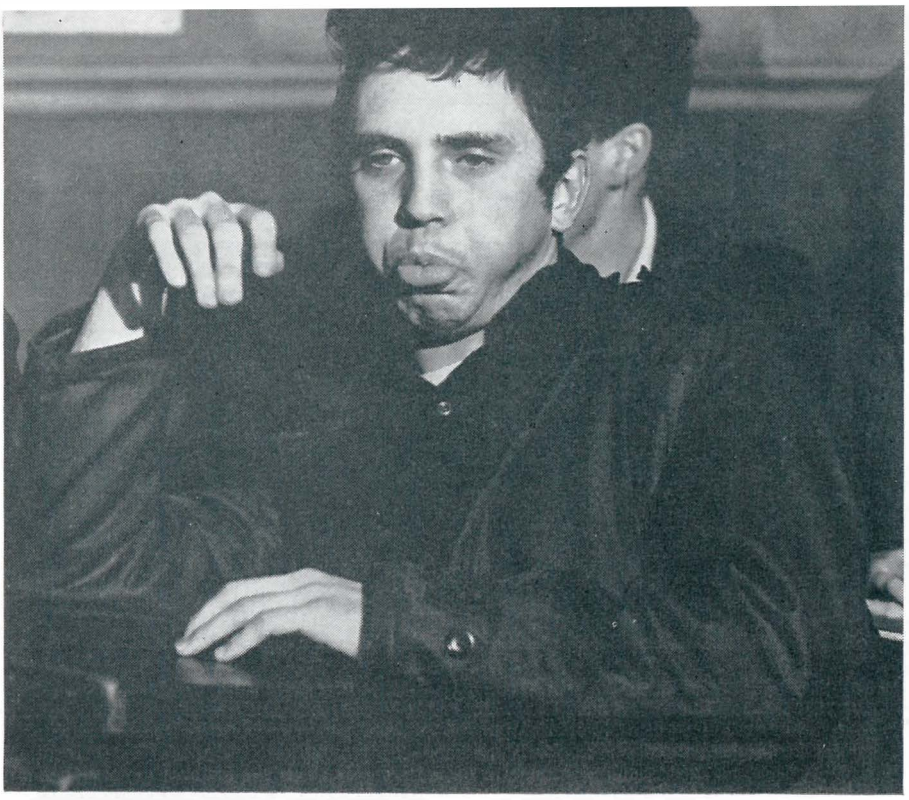
Tony Richardson : After experiments in Free Cinema ('Momma Don't Allow') he graduated smoothly to features with 'Look Back in Anger'. 'The Entertainer' and the disappointing 'Sanctuary' followed, but 'A Taste of Honey' and 'The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner' have brought him back to the front rank of English directors. Still under 35. Illustrated : On 'Tom Jones' location with Edith Evans

Samantha Eggar, playing opposite Donald Pleasance in the Warner-Pathe release 'Doctor Crippen' (illustrated). At 23, she will almost certainly be one of the brightest faces in British cinema during the coming year. She was a student's girl friend in 'The Wild and the Willing', her screen debut

Sir Alec Guinness : born in 1914. In theatre and films for over twenty years. A stalwart of the Ealing comedies : 'Kind Hearts and Coronets', 'The Lavender Hill Mob', 'Man in the White Suit', 'Father Brown', and 'The Ladykillers'. Won an Academy Award in 1957 for his performance in 'Bridge on the River Kwai'. Among his more recent films : 'The Horse's Mouth', 'Our Man in Havana', 'Lawrence of Arabia' (illustrated). Now filming in Anthony Mann's 'The Fall of the Roman Empire' in Spain



Shirley Anne Field : young actress who appeared in 'Horrors of the Black Museum' before being spotted for 'The Entertainer' (1960). She followed her success in this with the rôle of Albert Finney's girl-friend in 'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning'. Now she plays in Philip Leacock's 'The War Lover' opposite Robert Wagner (illustrated) and J Lee-Thompson's 'The Mound Builders' with Yul Brynner



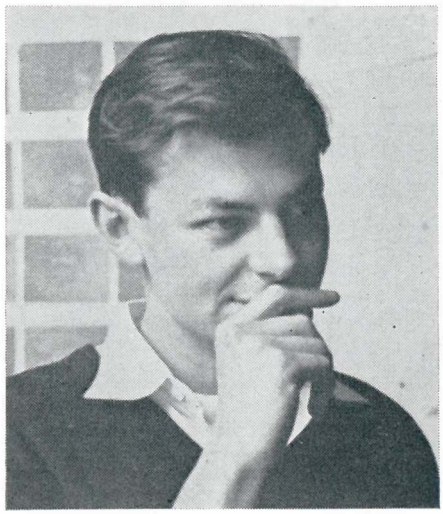
Terence Stamp: Now 23, he played Whittaker in 'The Long and the Short and the Tall' during the play's provincial run, and shortly afterwards was signed by Peter Ustinov and Robert Lennard for the crucial title part in 'Billy Budd'. Has also appeared strongly in 'Term of Trial' (illustrated) as the youthful incorrigible who enjoys baiting schoolmaster Laurence Olivier in front of his class. Has written an original screenplay, with actor Michael Caine, 'You're Joking, of Course', an East End comedy which Romulus will produce

those who can cope with their director's need for realism—for grey tones, sharp prehensile images—rather than those who rely on elaborate composition within the frame.

Nor has Britain reached the stage when a writer can really set his mark on a production as well as the director—or, more important, help to sell a film—as can Paddy Chayefsky in America, Marguerite Duras in France, Ulla Isaksson in Sweden. Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse, and Ted Willis, usually produce scripts of intelligence and terseness, but they tend to repeat the same arguments. Alun Owen's theatrical experience has proved invaluable in shaping his dialogue for the screen (*The Criminal*). Eric Ambler, Carl Foreman, and Bryan Forbes are established professionals as is the more flamboyant Wolf Mankowitz (*Never Take No for an Answer*, *The Day the Earth Caught Fire* and currently scripting *Life at the Top* for James Woolf). John Osborne remains, probably, our one outspoken writer of spasmodic genius, and his adaptation of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, which was produced and directed by Tony Richardson, will be a severe test of his capabilities and of his respect for a literary masterpiece. Certainly Osborne has outlived his notoriety. One can see clearly now that it was he who made the decisive breakthrough—with *Look Back in Anger*. And to this extent the British cinema is indebted to the theatre for its abrupt change of attitude.

Osborne's lack of real progress since his early work, though, also points a moral that budding scriptwriters would do well to heed—that good scenarios will only come from those who continually live among and *know* the milieux about which they write. High flown dialogue will not pass muster any more in the cinema—even Ingmar Bergman's scripts are models of concision. Professionals behind the scenes are men like Jack Pulman, Australian-born Peter Yeldham, Nigel Kneale, and Leigh Vance. They rarely get big credits and one hopes that 1963 will mark a progression towards the time when writers are billed as prominently as directors (and as well paid).

All in all, 1963 will be as much a testing time for established directors and actors as it will be a time of triumph for the younger talents. Only the box-office will tell when the neo-realist films that have thrown up so many new faces are beginning to pall on the public. Anyone with original ideas at that juncture will be assured a prominent position indeed.



Richard Williams: one of the leaders of the English animation squad that picks up prize after prize at international festivals yet rarely gets its products shown commercially. Among his shorts: 'The Ever Changing Man', 'Lecture on Man', and the recent 'Love Me, Love Me, Love Me'. 'The Little Island' was one of the most disquieting and brilliantly coloured cartoons of the decade

Oliver Reed in the part of Moise in 'The Party's Over'. Although well-known for TV and recording work, he has worked his screen apprenticeship solidly at Bray in a septet of Hammer films, Joseph Losey's 'The Damned' and the latest, 'Paranoiac', among them. Could become the Renato Salvatori of the British cinema

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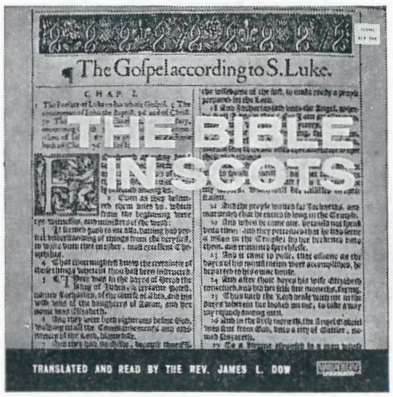

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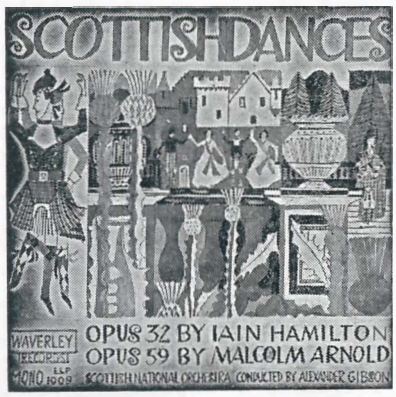
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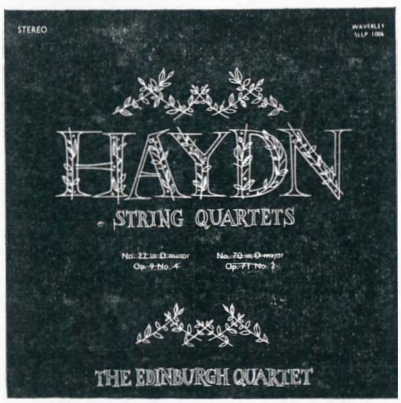

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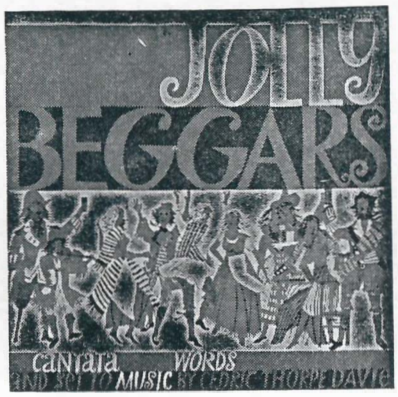

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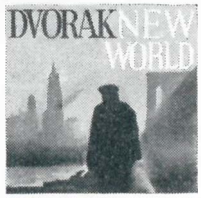

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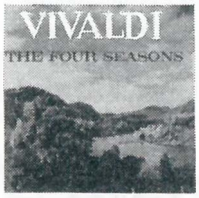

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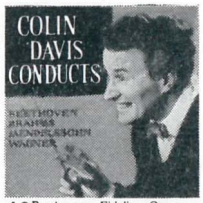

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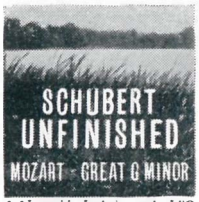

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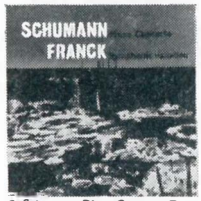

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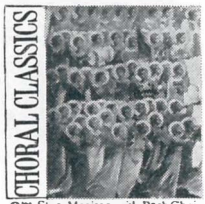

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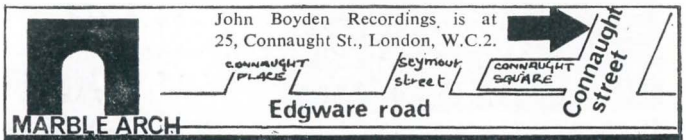

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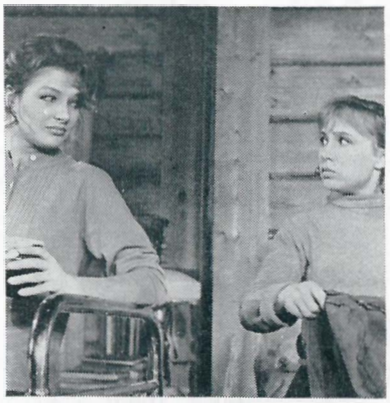

GIRLS!!!

with **NADEZHDA RUMYANTSEVA**

At the International Film Festival in Mar del Plata (Argentine) Nadezhda Rumyantseva, leading lady in *Girls*, was awarded the prize 'For the best female performance'

Directed by YURI CHULYUKIN
Dubbed Wide-screen
Running time 1 hour 45 minutes

IVAN'S CHILDHOOD

starring
KOLYA BURLAIEV
and
VALENTIN ZUBKOV

Awarded Golden Lion Grand Prix at the XXIII International Film Festival in Venice. English subtitles
Directed by ANDREI TARKOVSKY
Black and white
Running time 1 hour 25 minutes

TO THE SEVEN WINDS

starring
LARISA LUZHINA
and
VYACHESLAV TIKHONOV

English subtitles
Directed by
STANISLAV ROSTOTSKY
Black and white
Running time 1 hour 45 minutes

WILD DOG DINGO

with
Galina Polskikh, Anna Rodionova
Talas Umurzakov and Vladimir Osobik

Awarded Grand Prix at the XXIII International Exhibition of Films for Children in Venice. English subtitles
Directed by YULY KARASIK
Black and white
Running time 1 hour 39 minutes

GROWN-UP CHILDREN

with
Alexei Gribov, Zoya Fyodorova
Lily Alyoshnikova
Alexander Demyanenko

English Subtitles
Directed by VILLEN AZAROV
Black and white

FILMS AND FILMING filmguide

★★★not to be missed ★★highly recommended ★recommended

best in London

***The Eclipse: Antonioni's view of the disillusionment of two young people with love and wealth. With Monica Vitti and Alain Delon. Cameo-Poly. Reviewed this issue, page 32.

*Sundays and Cybele: Serge Bourgignon's first feature with Hardy Krüger as a pilot suffering from amnesia who finds friendship with a lonely child. Columbia and Curzon. Reviewed this issue, page 34.

***Lawrence of Arabia: two years in Lawrence's life. Directed by David Lean. Odeon Leicester Square till February 6, when it transfers to Metropole. Reviewed this issue, page 32.

*The Longest Day: D-Day seen from the Allied and German viewpoints, directed by Wicki, Annakin, and Marton. Leicester Square Theatre. Reviewed December 1962, page 40.

***Zazie: a small girl from the provinces visits her uncle in Paris. Directed by Louis Malle. With Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret. Paris-Pullman. Reviewed January, 1963, page 45.

*The Knife in the Water: fresh approach to the eternal triangle love theme by director Roman Polanski. With Leon Niemczyk. Academy late night shows. Reviewed this issue, page 35.

**Phaedra: Jules Dassin's modern dress adaptation of Greek drama about woman who falls in love with her step-son. With Melina Mercouri and Anthony Perkins. Reviewed January 1963, page 45.

best at your local

GENERAL RELEASE

**Reach for Glory: Prejudice in an evacuees' school in Suffolk during the war. Directed by Philip Leancock. Independent release from February 11. Reviewed November 1962, page 34.

*The Bridge on the River Kwai: reissue of David Lean's account of life in a Japanese prisoner of war camp. With Alec Guinness. Rank release from January 28. Reviewed this issue, page 44.

**Gypsy: Mervyn LeRoy's adaptation of Broadway musical based on the life of Gypsy Rose Lee. With Natalie Wood and Rosalind Russell. ABC release January 21. Reviewed January 1963, page 45.

*Lolita: adaptation based on Nabokov's tragi-comedy, directed by Stanley Kubrick. With James Mason and Shelley Winters. ABC release from January 14. Reviewed November 1962, page 35.

*Hatari !: a group of adventurers in Africa. With John Wayne and Hardy Krüger. Directed by Howard Hawks. ABC release from February 11. Reviewed January 1963, page 46.

*South Pacific: Joshua Logan's adaptation of Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Mitzi Gaynor and Rossano Brazzi. Rank release from January 14. Reviewed June 1958, page 24.

LIMITED RELEASE

***The Island: Kaneto Shindo's portrait of man against nature on a small Japanese island. Reviewed December 1962, page 38.

*Le Beau Serge: the film that started the New Wave. Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Gerard Blain and Jean-Claude Brialy. Reviewed January 1963, page 44.

general releases

MONTH OF ORIGINAL REVIEW IN PARENTHESIS

January 14
ABC *Lolita* (November 1962)
RANK *South Pacific* (June 1958)
INDEPENDENT *Five Weeks in a Balloon* (January 1963)

January 21
ABC *Gypsy* (January 1963)
RANK *Sodom and Gomorrah* (December 1962).

January 28
ABC *Live Now, Pay Later* (December 1962)/*The Tell Tale Heart.*
RANK *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (this issue).
INDEPENDENT *Seddok*/*Frantic.*

February 4
ABC *The Iron Maiden* (this issue)/*Locker Sixty-nine.*
RANK *Cape Fear* (this issue)/*Danger by My Side.*

February 11
ABC *Hatari !* (January 1963).
INDEPENDENT *Reach for Glory* (November 1962)/*Woman of the River* (this issue).

February 18
ABC *Summer Holiday*/*Black Gold.*

February 25
ABC *Critic's Choice*
RANK *The Fast Lady*/*Strangehold.*
INDEPENDENT *Something Wild* (October 1962).

westend premieres

The Eclipse: a man's disillusionment with wealth and a woman's disillusionment with love against the background of Rome business life. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. Cameo-Poly. January 17.

The Fast Lady: comedy directed by Ken Annakin. With James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips, Stanley Baxter and Eric Barker. Odeon Marble Arch, February 7.

Knife in the Water: a fresh approach to the theme of a woman's love for two men, directed by Roman Polanski. Academy late night shows, January 19.

Love on a Pillow (Le Repos de Guerrier): Roger Vadim's attempt to show that individual freedom is impossible, adapted from the novel by Christiane Rochefort. Cinephone and La Continentale, late January.

The Mind Benders: directed by Basil Dearden, deals with the psychological effects of scientific experiments on the individual. With Dirk Bogarde. Warner, February 21.

Period of Adjustment: adaptation of Tennessee Williams' first 'serious comedy', about the matrimonial problems of young married couples. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Jim Hutton, Jane Fonda and Anthony Franciosa. Empire, January 24 or 31.

This Sporting Life: the life of a rugger player on and off the field, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Odeon Leicester Square, February 7.

The Trial of Joan of Arc: Robert Bresson's reconstruction of the trial and martyrdom of Joan. Follows *Zazie* at the Paris-Pullman.

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Re-issues

***Bridge on the River Kwai, The:** *page* 44
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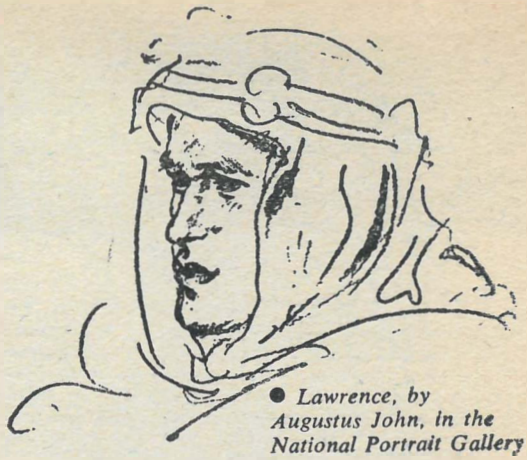
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

Peter Baker finds truth in a film that ignores facts . . .



● *Lawrence, by Augustus John, in the National Portrait Gallery*

Directed by David Lean. Produced by Sam Spiegel. Screenplay by Robert Bolt. Director of photography, F A Young. Editor, Anne V Coates. Production designer, John Box. Art director, John Stoll. Music by Maurice Jarre. A Horizon Pictures production for Columbia released through BL-C. British. Super Panavision 70. Technicolor. Cert. A. 222 mins.

Lawrence, PETER O'TOOLE; *Prince Feisal*, ALEC GUINNESS; *Auda Abu Tayi*, ANTHONY QUINN; *General Allenby*, JACK HAWKINS; *Sherif Ali*, OMAR SHARIF; *Turkish Bey*, JOSE FERRER; *Mr Dryden*, CLAUDE RAINS; *Colonel Brighton*, ANTHONY QUAYLE; *Jackson Bentley*, ARTHUR KENNEDY; *General Murray*, DONALD WOLFIT; *Tafas*, ZIA MOHYEDDIN; *Gassim*, I S JOHAR; *Farraj*, MICHEL RAY; *Daud*, JOHN DIMECH; *Majid*, GAMIL RATIB; *Medical Officer*, HOWARD MARION CRAWFORD; *Club Secretary*, JACK GWILLIM; and *RAMC Colonel*, HUGH MILLER.

There is more Arabia than Lawrence in David Lean's film about the exploits of the British hero-figure of the First World War, T E Lawrence. For *Lawrence of Arabia* makes its first breath-taking impact with the most exciting location photography I have ever seen in the cinema. The real greatness of the film is that it does not allow the magic of the desert to utterly destroy the story and the characters who lived it. But whether or not you consider the film to be great, very great, or the greatest, will depend more on your previous conception of Lawrence than on the picture's own revelation of his character.

For me, the key to Lawrence's character springs from these phrases from his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom:* 'In our two years' partnership under fire they (the Arabs) grew accustomed to believing me and to thinking my Government, like myself, sincere. In this hope they performed some fine things, but, of course, instead of being proud of what we did together, I was continually and bitterly ashamed . . . The dismissal of Sir Henry McMahon confirmed my belief in our essential insincerity: but I could not so explain myself to General Wingate while the war lasted, since I was nominally under his orders, and he did not seem sensible of how false his own standing was. The only thing remaining was to refuse rewards for being a successful trickster and, to prevent this unpleasantness arising, I began in my reports to conceal the true stories of things, and to persuade the few Arabs who knew to an equal reticence. In this book also, for the last time, I mean to be my own judge of what to say'.

The film, which runs for more than three-and-a-half-hours, concerns itself only with Lawrence's two years in the desert. In structure it relies on a simple, direct narrative form and resists the temptation to use flash-back, or other cinematic tricks, to elaborate the character of Lawrence during his formative years or his subsequent deliberate obscurity as Aircraftman Shaw. Yet tricks a-plenty were used by Terence Rattigan in *Ross*, straining the more slender techniques of the theatre to breaking point. It is this utter purity of basic style that gives the film its unity and ultimate strength, which the more experienced Rattigan failed to get into *Ross*.

The screenplay is by Robert Bolt, who has written two fine stage pieces (*Flowering Cherry* and *A Man for All Seasons*), but nothing previously for the cinema. He uses a remarkable economy of dialogue; perhaps he is too economical, for the actors have the difficult task of developing depth to characters against the enormous and emotionally exhausting desert background, a task made none the easier if they are to be lost for words.

Yet the balance is struck. Over a period of more than eighteen months filming in Jordan, Morocco and Southern Spain, David Lean has drawn from his artists a very high standard of performance indeed. Any characterisation beyond the superficial grunts of the average spectacle would have been an achievement under such circumstances.

Peter O'Toole makes of Lawrence an idealist whose ideals ultimately bring on his head the contempt of both friend and foe as well as sparking off his own moral degeneration. Lawrence perhaps was one of the early liberal thinkers, a man more concerned with the ideal of Arab nationalism than with his own country's need for Arab oil (in the film the dirty word 'oil' is not once mentioned). A recurring theme in Bolt's screenplay is Lawrence's logical opposition to quick passions, his insistence on the replacement of fatalism with realism, the welding of warring tribes into a nation.

The personality behind the public figure is summarised in one sentence by General Allenby, reading Lawrence's despatches: 'They're not despatches, really, they're poetry'. But a very extrovert poet; the film shows Lawrence as exhibitionist, sado-masochist, narcissist and romantic. It carefully avoids the issue of homosexuality which he at least condoned, almost praised publicly, in his book. 'The public women of the rare settlements we encountered in our months of wandering would have been nothing to our numbers, even had their raddled meat been palatable to a man of healthy parts. In horror of such sordid commerce our youths began indifferently to slack one another's few needs in their own clean bodies—a cold convenience that, by comparison, seemed sexless and even pure'. The account of Lawrence's falling into the hands of the homosexual Turkish Bey is used by Bolt as the dramatic climax at which Lawrence realises, through pain that he after all has the weakness of other men. In the context of the book the incident is of itself unimportant; Lawrence certainly did not use it to explain any change in his philosophy. The effect of dramatising it in the film (and also I thought in Rattigan's *Ross*) is to dangerously ignore that Lawrence may only have rejected the Bey's advances because sexual gratification came from the brutal ill-treatment that was to follow, a condition that no man (apart from de Sade himself) can be expected to expose in his autobiography.

There are several historical inaccuracies in the film. Professor A W Lawrence, the literary executor of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, has explained in *The Observer* why he considered them of sufficient substance to refuse permission for the film itself to use the title of the book. (Daud, for instance, did not die in quicksand but of cold.) But no one has claimed *Lawrence of Arabia* to be a documentary: it is the work of artists, and as such seeks truth more through poetry than through fact.

It is the elusive in Lawrence's character as much as the exoticism of his Arab background that makes him such a fascinating subject for the dramatist. It is remarkable that no one was able to set-up a film before Sam Spiegel. It is even more remarkable (and honourable) that Spiegel, who is a Jew and an American, should have the foresight to bring together a fine writer, a distinguished director and an exceptional cast of actors. Lesser producers would play safe with the investment involved and make a kind of *Garden of Allah* spiced with *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. Spiegel's great gift as a producer is knowing what not to do.

The acting is uniformly high. Hawkins gets right behind the military mind and the period with never a false stroke that might caricature. Guinness underplays the sly Feisal: the quality of his performance reverts to his mid-'fifties period, before his own cult of personality in ill chosen rôles (*Tunes of Glory, Majority of One*, and the like) took effect.

Omar Sharif, the leading man of Egyptian cinema, acquits himself well as Sherif Ali, albeit with an excess of teeth-flashing; Anthony Quayle is completely convincing in the

rather thankless rôle of a composite military type, a kind of link man for the story; and Anthony Quinn is restrained from over-acting in his highly-coloured part as the turbulent Auda Abu Tayi.

For many people the most enjoyable thing about *Lawrence of Arabia* will be the sheer visual beauty of its settings. (No phoney plaster sets, no trick back-projection shots in the studio; nothing but the real thing.) For this credit is due to the exceptional work of the camera crews, co-ordinated by the director of photography, F A Young. The quality of the Technicolor Super Panavision 70 as projected on the Odeon, Leicester square, screen is considerably better, for instance, than the three-screen Cinerama.

Music has been written by Maurice Jarre, who is a fine writer of ballet and who has provided (in less than three weeks, I am told) a score that skilfully blends Eastern and Western harmonies.

Bolt has provided David Lean with a script that makes its effect by building character in several long sequences rather than by a complex pattern of incidents. Lean, always superb in the assembly of a sequence, excels here in the use of visual beauty and movement on a vast scale to supplement what the characters are saying and doing. He never lets nature diminish the interest in man, and the unity and hence the great strength of the film, springs from Lean's ability to perceive the whole while assembling the part. Nevertheless, there are some rough edges, some moments of ill-balance in the story telling that betray the haste with which the film was cut in time for the premiere attended by the Queen. If there had been more regard for art and less for the dubious prestige of patronage, a little more time for the director to polish his work would have resulted in a less banal opening and a more satisfactory final shot, with a general smoothing out and tightening up in between.

One may disagree with the interpretation of Lawrence. No great man has ever been, or ever will be, all things to all people. But on the level of cinema spectacle, *Lawrence of Arabia* makes the films about Jesus Christ seem as empty as a used can of beer in the desert. And as small.

THE ECLIPSE

Gordon Gow endures a stock exchange crash with Antonioni . . .

Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. Produced by Robert and Raymond Hakim. Screenplay by Antonioni and Tonino Guerra. Director of photography, Gianna di Venanzo. Music, Giovanni Fusco. An Interopa-Cineriz-Paris Film production, distributed by Gala. Italo-French co-production. English sub-titles. Original title: *L'Eclisse*. Cert. A. 124 mins.

Vittoria, MONICA VITTI; *Piero*, ALAIN DELON; *Riccardo*, FRANCISCO RABAL; *Vittoria's mother*, LILLA BRIGNONE; with ROSSANA RORY; LOUIS SEIGNER; and MIRELLA RICCIARDI.

The overheated, loosely-clad young woman depicted by Monica Vitti in Antonioni's *L'Eclisse* is a creature of our times and undeniably Italian, yet she and her problems have a universality and an agelessness. The restiveness, the inability to adjust to a world that does little to encourage adjustment, are fashionable complaints; but the malady has existed before and will again. Antonioni pins it down to place and time so cleverly as to give it all the urgency of contemporary comment, but his hard-won mastery of his medium is so surely established by now that the eloquent flow of images suggests a wider and more lasting view of human frailty.

His two recurrent subjects, sex and avarice, are more closely knit this time. The woman, having awkwardly discarded one lover, slips warily into a liaison with a stockbroker. Her caution is twofold. Men, she feels, are likely to bring her more sorrow than pleasure, and moreover her mother dabbles none too efficiently on the stock exchange and the pursuit of money has made her less than lovable. Any man, and a money man especially, is a threat to the heroine's happiness. Satisfactory communication, to wax fashionable again, is impossible in the world as seen by Antonioni. Therefore, in a hot and weary mood, Monica Vitti pronounces the much-noted opinion that it is not necessary to know people in order to love them, and perhaps it is not even necessary to love.

Such gloom is communicable enough and, however negative the message may seem, there is no denying that when Antonioni is in command the cinema registers gloom with a singular grandeur. All this meandering against streetscapes and buildings and rooms and furniture, these screenscapes with figures and, sparingly but tellingly, close-ups, amount to cinema of the highest order.

The woman is the centre of at ention, partly because things are so arranged, partly because Monica Vitti is beautiful and talented and entirely in tune with her director. Superbly, she appears in black-face and African trappings, going into a primitive dance to invoke a transient merriment. Forlornly, she lopes through the stock exchange with its unsympathetic animation, or through the streets with their unsympathetic lifelessness. Symbols beset her. The stockbroker besets her, too, and their scenes together, whether gentle or passionate, are always exactly judged. In the sex department, this is at once the most discreet and the most relentless of Antonioni films. A kiss through glass, a twining of hands, a torn shoulder strap. Such elements have rarely, if ever, been choreographed so well.

Technically, the increasingly familiar Antonioni tactics are modified to some extent by more cutting within scenes, fewer long takes, but the pictorial aspect, the positioning of people against backgrounds, is as striking as ever. Monica Vitti contributes much: her face, and her hair (now blonde again), continually draw the eye to wherever in the frame they happen to be located.

Yet, although she is the very core of the film, the man (hero is an unsuitable term) is by no means to be overlooked. In fact, he is probably the most interesting Antonioni man to date. Integrated as he is with the avarice theme, he impinges more than the thwarted architect of *L'Avventura* or the unfulfilled novelist of *La Notte*. The stockbroker of *L'Eclisse* is played by Alain Delon, who has risen triumphantly above the juvenile lead status to which his early films confined him. His ability was apparent in *Rocco* and more so in the underestimated *Plein Soleil* (a film that enjoyed a fairly extensive release in Britain under the bemusing title of *Purple Noon*). His present rôle is a taxing one, so deep in avarice that he cannot adjust to an open responsive relationship, perplexed to find himself falling in love; while the woman cannot love him properly anyway.

Delon really gets inside this part, and it is impossible to begrudge him a measure of understanding and indeed sympathy when both the woman and Antonioni are right against the character. This happens in a key episode. An affable drunk has stolen the stockbroker's car and driven it into a lake. The car is hauled up from the water, badly damaged, with the thief dead at the wheel. The stockbroker's concern is for his car, which was expensive, and since he earns his money the hard way he has a point, surely. But the woman, and Antonioni, feel very clearly that at such a moment every scrap of sympathy should go entirely to the thief. A precious piece of exaggeration, this. Sure, human life is of more value than extravagant mctor cars, but the stockbroker is a human being, too.

Avarice at that point in *L'Eclisse* is condemned as ineffectually as it was in *L'Avventura* and *La Notte*. In fact, the attitude is rather less valid, because the circumstance is so blatantly organised. A severe reproach for an Antonioni film, where organisation is so subtle by and large that one has the illusion of life, heightened if you like, mooching on, as it does, without the machine-tooled plotting that was, until *L'Avventura*, the accepted norm in cinema. However, if Antonioni over plays his hand in respect of the car, he conducts his anti-avarice campaign with tremendous success in the scenes at the stock exchange, which have the look of an impossibly polished documentary and, although our eyes inform us that we are beholding people, represent animal life at its most gluttonous and frenzied.

As for the much-disputed conclusion, when silent symbols and unknown faces occupy the screen for minutes, the effect is appropriately empty and stylistically over-indulgent, but, like everything else in *L'Eclisse*, impeccably composed. This is a film to chill and to sadden, but in terms of pure cinema it is irreproachable.

PRIVATE POTTER

Roger Manvell meets the soldier who saw God . . .

Directed by Caspar Wrede. Produced by Ben Arbeid. Screenplay by Caspar Wrede and Ronald Harwood. Director of photography, Arthur Lavis. Art director, Jack Shampan. Editor, John Pomeroy. Music by George Hall. MGM. British. Cert. U. 89 mins.

Private Potter, TOM COURTENAY; *Yannis*, MOGENS WIETH; *Doctor*, RONALD FRASER; *Lt Col Gunyon*, JAMES MAXWELL; *Padre*, RALPH MICHAEL; *Brigadier*, BREWSTER MASON; *Captain Knowles*, ERIC THOMPSON; *Major Sims*, JOHN GRAHAM; *Captain Patterson*, FRANK FINLAY; *Cpl Lamb*, HARRY LANDIS; *Pt Robertson*, MICHAEL COLES; and *Major Reid*, JEREMY GEIDT.

Did Private Potter see God? Did he, like St Paul, receive a revelation of so intantaneous and immaculate a nature that he could be said from that moment to have known God and to have walked with him? And, seeing that his vision came on him during his participation in a raid on the secret hide-out of a terrorist leader in a British colonial territory under martial law, does his stricken cry of awe at the sheer pain of his experience actually constitute the serious breach of military discipline with which the Army authorities must charge him? Or was Potter's story just a cunningly ingenious device to cover a moment of cowardly panic?

This film, which is derived from a television play, is real actors' meat, and Caspar Wrede has chosen his cast with an expert eye for the niceties of British temperament. *Private Potter* is really high comedy, which is, of course, very serious stuff indeed. It is, in fact, a parable of spiritual responsibility. The problem that has to be resolved puts every character involved on the spot.

Private Potter is played by Tom Courtenay with great concentration; he is a youth struggling to achieve expression without having at his command any of the words which are necessary to match his needs. In a sense, Potter is the complement to Colin Smith in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, a youngster with the same unhappy background but who in this case has been bullied by his few years of life at home and in school into being almost afraid to speak at all. This is Potter's strength in the situation that is suddenly thrust upon him. His hesitant attempts to explain what happened almost immediately convince the officers whose duty it is to deal with him to accept the truth of his meagre statements. So, rather like the officers who had to pass judgment on the sainthood of Billy Budd, they are left floundering with the problem of how they can reconcile the needs of maintaining military discipline with some proper recognition of this act of revelation by God through this, the humblest of his creatures among the men for whose welfare they are responsible.

To the Commanding Officer, Colonel Gunyon (James Maxwell), to his ADC Captain Knowles (Eric Thompson), to the Padre (Ralph Michael), to the Army Doctor (Ronald Fraser), and to the psychiatrist Major Sims (John Graham), Private Potter represents in each case a different version of the same problem, and what happens reveals at least as much about them as it does about him.

It is the virtue of the screenplay by Ronald Harwood and Caspar Wrede that each man behaves exactly in character, with results that are both comic and touching. For the ADC it is a matter of finding the appropriate order under which to charge Potter for indiscipline; he is the modestly efficient sceptic watchful to keep on the right side of his superior officer without becoming personally involved in the situation. For the Padre, a sincere and unassuming Christian, who seems at first the most appropriate officer to deal with Potter's difficulty, belief in such a visionary revelation of God is a matter that at first stretches his credulity, but, once he is convinced of Potter's truthfulness, he unhesitatingly accepts the responsibility involved in believing him, though Potter himself admits that he has never before been a believer. The Padre is convinced that things will go wrong if the Army Psychiatrist is called in, because he is bound to debase the nature of the experience in Potter's own eyes by seeking to explain it in psychological terms. When the psychiatrist does finally take over (after Potter has become momentarily violent out of fear for what is going to happen to him) he merely regards the boy as suffering from hallucinations and sends him to hospital for observation. It is during this journey that Potter escapes and experiences a spiritual freedom in the mountains that enables him to make up his mind how he will face his trial unaided, and free himself from the embarassing attempts to help with which those who do not know God as he does have been encumbering and confusing him.

Tom Courtenay's magnificent interpretation of Private Potter's inner struggle to comprehend the nature of his experience matches and in some ways transcends his performance in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. He is helped, not hampered, by an austerely economical production that concentrates everything on the observation of a team of actors who support him with a number of outstanding characterisations. Only in certain peripheral matters does the production seem at fault. It is difficult to accept the very English locations as anything to do with an island which is patently modeled on Cyprus during the 'troubles', and the raid on the terrorist's hide-out which forms the principal action at the beginning of the film is not clearly enough established for what it is, with the result that Potter's crucial outcry lacks the shock and tension it should have. Nor does his moment of lyrical liberation when he swims alone in the mountain lake, stripping off his uniform in a symbolic act of freedom as he splashes in the water, achieve the right level of significance in a film that rightly makes Potter's vision of God an unsentimental and, indeed, a fearful thing. It needed some action at once sharper, stronger and more surprising than this to give Potter the confidence to go back and take his own line with his human judges. But these points apart, it is a notable film.

SUNDAYS AND CYBELE

Robin Bean discovers a boy's and girl's guiltless secret . . .

Directed by Serge Bourguignon. Produced by Romain Pines. Screenplay by Serge Bourguignon and Antoine Tudal, from the novel 'Les Dimanches de Ville D'Avray' by Bernard Eschasseriaux. Director of photography, Henri Decae. Music, Maurice Jarre. Editor, Leonid Azar. A Terra Film-Fides-Orsay Film-Les Film Trocadero co-production, distributed by Gala. French. English sub-titles. Original title: *Les Dimanches de Ville D'Avray*. Cinemascope. Cert. A. 110 mins.

Pierre, HARDY KRUGER; *Francoise*, PATRICIA GOZZI; *Madeleine*, NICOLE COURCEL; *Carlos*, DANIEL IVERNEL; *Bernard*, MICHEL DE RE; and *Nurse*, ANDRE OUMANSKY.

The need for love and friendship against the bleak greyness of French provincial life was the common element in the first features of Chabrol (*Le Beau Serge*) and Truffaut (*Les Quatre Cents Coups*) and in Brook's *Moderato Cantabile*. It is also the essence of this first feature by Serge Bourguigon, *Les Dimanches de Ville d'Avray*. Each of these films (three of which were photographed by the same man, Henri Decae) stand out as much for the engulfing atmosphere evoked by the surroundings as for their character or story interest:

Bourguignon has an equally perceptive eye for atmospheric detail, but tends to overdo many of his effects. There are several trickily precise and precious shots at the beginning which stand out as just being clever photography, and work against the underlying simplicity of the story. This creates at times a danger of alienating the audience by sheer pretentiousness. But this apart, *Dimanches* is a work of often graceful beauty, creating its own world of unreality which is destroyed because nothing pure is sacred.

Essentially it is the story of the friendship and love that develop between a pilot suffering from amnesia and a young girl who has been abandoned by her father to an orphans' home. A man without a memory, a child without a family, each reaching out for dreamlike happiness.

The pilot is living with the nurse who looked after him after his crash. (He is unable to return the nurse's love for him because he is haunted by the thought that he killed a small girl while strafing an enemy column.) Each Sunday he collects the girl from the orphanage and walking along by the lake or through the woods they create a world of their own. The love that develops is something of purity, a secret of theirs to be closely guarded and respected. He hides it from the nurse as though he were a child guarding a secret against his parents. When their relationship is discovered it is misunderstood, and in spite of advice not to dirty something pure it is destroyed by those who have long been prone to sullen suspiciousness and stupidity.

Hardy Krüger gives a sincere performance as the pilot, who acts like a lost child in an 'adult' world in which he is completely lost, with the haunted look of a man who is afraid of what he might discover in life. His friendship with the girl is something that, without memory of the bitterness of life, he is able to understand and value. The girl (played with contrasting assuredness by Patricia Gozzi) is the more dominant of the two, who combines her childish delights with a certain maturity because she has the memory of what it is like to be unwanted. Through a new found hope she finds a purpose in life, and ever practical in her ideas suggests that when she's 18 she'll marry him because he'll be only 36. With acute perceptiveness she enquires of the pilot, after he has hit a boy she has been playing with, whether he could be jealous.

Not a great film, but in its simple theme it has some bitingly valid comments to make on a society that is always seeking to judge others and come to the worst conclusions. True friendship and love are the most valuable things that can be discovered in life, but how difficult to achieve them in a world in which people continually live off others, destroy beauty in their ignorance, and recognise nothing as good that doesn't aid them in their selfish existence. A work of good intent, simple in its ideals although occasionally marred by Bourguignon's and Decae's attempts at photographic symbolism, it's well worth seeing. And its final five minutes will probably leave the audience as dazed as it does the girl; left without hope in the innocent disbelief that society can be so cruel as to destroy her world of innocent happiness.

THE KNIFE IN THE WATER

Directed by Roman Polanski. Screenplay by Jerzy Skolimowski, Jakub Goldberg and Roman Polanski. Director of photography, Jerzy Lipman. Music by Krzysztof Komeda. A ZRF 'Kamera' production released by Contemporary. Polish. Original title: *Noz w wodzie.* **English subtitles. Cert. X. 94 mins.**

Andrzej, LEON NIEMCZK; *Christine*, JOLANTA UMECKA; and *The Boy*, ZYGMUNT MALANOWICZ.

For some reason I find hard to understand people in the West seem to expect the Communist countries to have a better standard of public morality than their own; while the people I meet in the Communist countries are all convinced that Westerners have morals like rabbits—and worse. Consequently, when a new Tennessee Williams drama reaches the screen, the Communist critics all say, in effect, 'Ah, we told you so. See how morally degenerate the West is'; and when a Communist film reaching the West contains a scene in which A sleeps with B's wife, we Western critics tend to raise our eyebrows, reach for our typewriters, and start toying with adjectives like 'free', 'honest' and 'frank'.

There is a danger that Roman Polanski's *The Knife in the Water* will be over-rated, as was Wajda's *Innocent Sorcerers*, just because a director working in a Communist society has 'dared' to be frivolous in his treatment of personal morality.

If *The Knife in the Water* was a British or American film, and not Polish, I doubt if anyone would have considered it worthy of consideration for a prize; and if one considers it in relation to Polanski's imaginative short films, it is decidedly inferior.

Yet the story, and its telling, has sufficient wit and insight into human nature to make it well worth seeing. The plot is simple enough —man and wife, on holiday, pick up a young student who seduces the wife. The depth is in Polanski's treatment and in particular in the way he ends his film, with the husband refusing to believe his wife's confession: a statement that life is often better lived in an atmosphere of deceit than in a full awareness of truth.

The performances, particularly by Jolanta Umecka as the wife, are uniformly good. Polanski's style is never aggressive; he achieves an excellent balance between form and content. *The Knife in the Water* is certainly sophisticated, definitely entertaining, but not very profound. But then, why should it be? It is an excellent choice for late night viewing and that, for the moment, is exactly what London's Academy cinema is doing with it. PGB

CAPE FEAR

Directed by J Lee-Thompson. Produced by Sy Bartlett. Screenplay by James R Webb, from the novel *The Executioners* **by John D MacDonald. Director of photography, Sam Leavitt. Art directors, Alexander Golitzen and Robert Boyle. Edited by George Tomasini. Music by Bernard Herrmann. Melville-Talbot production for Universal-International, released by Rank. American. Cert. X. 99 mins.**

Sam Bowden, GREGORY PECK; *Max Cady*, ROBERT MITCHUM; *Peggy Bowden*, POLLY BERGEN; *Nancy Bowden*, LORI MARTIN; *Mark Dutton*, MARTIN BALSAM; *Dave Grafton*, JACK KRUSCHEN; *Charles Sievers*, TELLY SAVALAS; and *Diane Taylor*, BARRIE CHASE.

J Lee-Thompson's modest, almost coy, initial conceals a real artistic turbulence. To relatively impersonal blockblusters like *The Guns of Navarone* most critics will surely prefer his earlier, more intimate English films: even the flawed, but infinitely sympathetic, *No Trees in the Street*, which seems to me the last *real* Lee-Thompson film. These earlier films have more than a little directorial showmanship, like the up-the-flue camera-angles of *Woman in a Dressing Gown*, and not infrequent clichés; but there is a splendid lack of the inhibiting English fear of violent emotion, and they all have a sharp, stabbing integrity not altogether unlike the 'angry young men's'— although a reminder that Lee-Thompson belongs to the preceding generation is provided by the middle-class assumptions of their 'Ted Willis' dialogue. What one supposes was a British determination to be absolutely fair-minded led him to the nostalgic Toryism of *North-West Frontier* and then to *I Aim at the Stars*, with its very perverse morality — probably exaggerated by Curt Jurgens' oafish performance. I feel that somehow he hasn't quite sorted out his artistic personality, and that in consequence he is sometimes content to settle for the cudgel where a greater artist would prefer the scalpel. Yet all his films have very short, but very sharp, moments worthy of the greatest directors.

Cape Fear, in outline, is an expert, impersonal, all-American thriller. Max Cady (Robert Mitchum), a psychopathic sadist, returns after eight years in jail, to wreak revenge on the lawyer who secured his conviction (Gregory Peck). He begins by terrorising his wife (Polly Bergen) and child (Lori Martin) and the film builds up admirably to a final showdown on an isolated houseboat.

The theme of raping and terrorising women is currently popular, its probable initiators being *Psycho* and *Rocco*. *Cape Fear* might be described as a contemporary American *The Virgin Spring* — but with a semi-happy, semi-tragic ending which I suppose I shouldn't divulge. It's not easy to analyse a film without giving away the plot, but this is really a study in the rights and wrongs of counter-violence. The police cannot arrest Cady because though they

know he's a brutal killer they can't prove it. How can the lawyer defend his family? Should he strike first, and pay thugs to beat up an 'innocent citizen'? The film resolves the problem—justifiably, I think—not by appealing to principle, but by a good old British compromise — the law bends rather than breaks. Here the film carries a peculiar corollary: 'Since justice is so defective, it's much safer to be on the old-boy net.' Unsettling too is what seems to be a final plea against capital punishment—on the grounds that life imprisonment is infinitely more horrible. This curious prickliness of meaning is as common in Lee-Thompson's films as in Cayatte's—but has the additional merit of coming from the heart rather than the head. It does much to make his films so disturbing—and intriguing.

The British censor, in one of those fits of cowardice which seem now to be possessing him with increasing frequency, originally insisted on 161 cuts. I don't know what is missing from the version seen, but its atmosphere of violence and terror is intense enough. Lee-Thompson gets a remarkably solid, unsentimental performance from Gregory Peck, and, out of Robert Mitchum, what is perhaps his best performance since *Crossfire*. (Incidentally, how magnificent a screen personality Mitchum is, with his beefy humour and cynical impudence. Of the man, Marilyn Monroe said, 'Although he's so rude on the outside, he's probably one of the most sensitive people there is. Everything he says is so ironic. With him you never lose sight of how things really are. He shocks a lot of people but what he says is the real truth. I think he could be a poet'.) Even in the obligatory striptease, Mitchum plays Cady with power and finesse, all signs of madness alarmingly absent from his fits of gloating, and delicately calculated rage. As Diane, a pick-up of Cady's, Barrie Chase is absolutely socko, and admirably directed. Lori Martin and Polly Bergen come over stiffly.

The film has improbabilities galore. Two minutes after Diane is most brutally beaten up by Cady, we see her trotting round the room and then rushing for a taxi. (We know all about 'false time' in films, but this behaviour goes weirdly against the scene's emphasis.) What should have been the last shot, the two men, now each as savage as the other, crouching in the reeds, has a poetry lacking in most of the film, which, without really getting into the 'art' film bracket, is certainly a gripping thriller.

RAYMOND DURGNAT

THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC

Written and directed by Robert Bresson. Produced by Agnès Delahaie. Director of photography, L H Burel. Music, Francis Seyric. Art director, Pierre Charbonnier. An Agnès Delahaie production, distributed by Sebricon. French. English subtitles. Original title: *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*. Cert. A. 65 mins.

Joan, FLORENCE CARREZ; *Bishop Cauchin*, JEAN-CLAUDE FOURNEAU; *Interrogator*, ROGER HONORAT; *Inquisitor*, MARC JACQUIER; with JEAN GILLIBERT; ANDRE REGNIER; MARCEL DARBAUD; PAUL ROBERT MIMET; and MICHEL HERUBEL.

Austerely and deliberately, Robert Bresson's new film traces the course of Joan of Arc's trial, drawing its dialogue from the authentic records, and adding a restrained, dramatic impression of the burning at the stake. This last is a fine, succinct piece of cinema, but what precedes it is to my mind anti-cinema, an extension of the familiar Bresson policy applied so severely as to deny the medium its strength.

Presumably his object is to concentrate our minds on the words being spoken, and to suggest the conflict between faith and reason and the relentless, inevitable progress of this historic injustice, without distractions. Joan moves back and forth periodically between the trial and her cell. The visual monotony is deliberate, the simple medium close shots of Joan and her interrogators are edited in the most elementary manner. We are meant, no doubt, to be unaware of Bresson, unaware of acting, unaware of the cinema itself. Everything is focused upon the momentous moral issue involved.

Anyone who goes to a film strictly for its subject will consider this policy correct. The argument would be that Joan of Arc's trial was and is more important than cinema, that the subject is always more important than technique, or even that technique is of no consequence whatever and the subject is all that matters.

The argument is a denigration of cinema, put forward often by many who regard the medium as very inferior to literature. It provokes the equally extreme rejoinder that most subjects can be broached in other media. If we are required to ponder the trial and tragedy of Joan of Arc (and it is reasonable that we should be required to do so), we might pursue the subject on the printed page, by listening to the radio or watching television (a medium, incidentally, to which the current film is better suited), or by going to the theatre. In these fields (television included, at the present stage of its development), words are of primary importance.

Words are also a vital part of cinema, but there, ideally, they must join forces with the visuals wholeheartedly. The fusion of word and image can be fruitful, in subjects as varied, for example, as *Brief Encounter* and *The Old Man and the Sea*. But Bresson, whose concentrated use of image made a masterpiece of *Un condamné à mort s'est echappé*, has chosen now to subjugate the image to the words, and in doing so he has obliterated cinema and thrown upon a hapless screen pictures of such unrelieved monotony that, to me, the dulling of the eye induced a corresponding dulling of the ear.

It has become popular nowadays among younger French directors to talk about throwing out technique, but what they mean really is that they are disregarding traditional cinema manners and replacing them with techniques of their own. These may be compounds of older directors' ideas, or free-wheeling excursions with flexible cameras, or infinitely detailed exercises; and the best of them are invigorating. But they are certainly techniques. For a real rejection of technique, look rather to Bresson and *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc*.

Recklessly, almost stupefyingly, Bresson has provided his own criticism of the bulk of his film by using his notable powers in the very final moments, when, with Joan's death, the film comes alive. Then, with the shuffling progress of Joan's feet as she moves toward the stake, with the flames and the smoke, the fluttering of birds, and the final image of charred wood against the sky, the pictures are meaningful. Previously, only the words have been meaningful, and would have been more so if the screen had been blank.

Florence Carrez as Joan has the right substantial look and the appropriate Bresson-behaviour. She is allowed to weep, but not for long. She gives an acceptable Bresson-non-performance. Bresson is anti-acting, and on occasion this has been an asset to his work. It might have been so here if only the camera had been permitted to contribute more. The cinema is too great a medium to be restricted by rules, of course: even the good rule that movies must move can be broken to useful effect, but not at such length at this. As it happens, by the current yardstick, *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc* is quite a short film, yet to me it seemed interminable. GORDON GOW

JUMBO

Directed by Charles Walters. Produced by Joe Pasternak and Martin Melcher. Associate producer, Roger Edens. Screenplay by Sidney Sheldon, from the musical play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Director of photography, William H Daniels. Art directors, George W Davis and Preston Ames. Editor, Richard W Farrell. Songs by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Musical supervision, George Stoll. A Euterpe-Arwin production for MGM. American. Panavision. Metrocolor. Cert. U. 123 mins.

Kitty Wonder, DORIS DAY; *Sam Rawlins*, STEPHEN BOYD; *Pop Wonder*, JIMMY DURANTE; *Lulu*, MARTHA RAYE; *John Noble*, DEAN JAGGER; *Harry*, JOSEPH WARING; *Tina*, LYNN WOOD; *Ellis*, CHARLES WATTS; *Parsons*, JAMES CHANDLER; *Madison*, ROBERT BURTON; *Hank*, WILSON WOOD; *Eddie*, NORMAN LEAVITT; *Driver*, GRADY SUTTON; *The Circus Performers*: RON HENON, THE CARLISLES, THE PEDROLAS, THE WAZZANS, BILLY BARTON, CORKY CRISTIANI, VICTOR JULIAN, RICHARD BERG, JOE MONAHAN, MISS LANI; ADOLPH DUBSKY, PAT ATHONY, JANOS PROHASKA, THE BARBETTES; and *Jumbo*, SIDNEY.

If size were all, then *Jumbo* might rate as one of the best musicals ever. For size, which is to say sheer physical weight, it

certainly has—three producers, a five million dollar budget, a man of near-genius (Busby Berkeley no less) as its second unit director, a handful of stars, a string of prime Rodgers and Hart tunes, a battery of arrangers, 15 international circus acts, 200 animals, 2,000 extras, Garbo's favourite cameraman (William Daniels) in charge of the photography, Panavision, Metrocolor, the lot. 'The trouble with him is that he thinks you're an elephant,' says The Great Durante (whose first film in ten years this is) to Sydney, an 8,000 lb co-star. And the main trouble with *Jumbo*—the picture not the performer—is that, overall, its enormous bulk prevents it from ever finding a true style or form.

Really, it seems to be offering us two, maybe three, types of entertainment: a circus story, a musical one, and a stretch of fantasy. None of which quite merge together. On the story level, the going is rough. The plot is but a thin echo of *Romeo and Juliet*, the dialogue is rammed stiff with clichés (sample speech from a berated lover: 'There isn't anything you can say to me that I haven't already said to myself'), and it's probably significant of something or other that during the last twenty minutes or so the film drops its story cold, dismisses the thing completely and dives headlong into outright fantasy.

The musical side comes off much more happily. Rodgers and Hart's songs are given bright new shine in the spruce arrangements of Leo Arnaud, Robert Van Eps and the late Conrad Salinger. But even here, the awkward weight of things is inclined to get in the way. For basically, the songs (amongst them 'Little Girl Blue', 'This Can't Be Love', 'My Romance', 'The Most Beautiful Girl In The World') are small and subtle of tone, their appeal depending on a less than obvious rendering. Too often, however, their treatment tends to be tricked out beyond their worth. To take the case of the plaintive 'Little Girl Blue'—a song which cries out for a simple and uncluttered staging—the number is crushed under a ton of production values (echo chambers, tricksy camerawork, flashing lights, dream images), and made to seem, as it were, the film's equivalent to the 'Rose's Turn' soliloquy from *Gypsy*.

Being an MGM musical, *Jumbo*, naturally, is a work of discerning musical craftsmanship; and when it does strike form, which it could hardly fail to do with the dab hand of Rogers Edens involved in its manufacture, then it more than smoothly entertains. Its best numbers are staged and performed with all the expertise one has come to expect from this studio's musical resources (balletic camerawork, soaring orchestrations, buoyant song and dance performance). The like, for example, of Doris Day's 'Over and Over' number, shot in a flow of continuous movement, hasn't been seen in a long while. Likewise, Jimmy Durante's touching version of 'The Most Beautiful Girl In The World', staged simply with the Schnoz singing and strutting to a gentle chorus of rhythmic clapping, is something to remember. In moments like these, *Jumbo* really gets down to basics, jettisons its ballast, and takes off like a bird.

The debt owed the indestructible Durante is enormous. Alone of all the stars—and I include the elephant—he is the only one not put down by his material, the only real charmer. How good it is to see him in action again: Durante the impossible, the unpredictable, mangling his words (at one point he refers to the animal playing the title-rôle as 'a pulchatoobinous pachadoim'), croaking his songs, faking his dance steps, and investing every inch of himself in his playing. 'Look at her', he says of Martha Raye on their wedding day, 'a vision! And all the time I thought she looked like George Washington.' An innocuous line made strangely touching by the comedian's delivery. The rest of the cast do what they have to well enough, but they remain pale figures alongside Durante. Without him, the film would be much less. As it is, it's a passable, if somewhat variable, extravaganza. Value for money if it's spectacle you're after. Less so if you hanker for content as well.

JOHN CUTTS

THE STORY OF PRIVATE POOLEY

Directed by Kurt Jung-Alsen. Produced by Werner Dau. Screenplay by Franz Fuchmann, from *The Vengeance of Private Pooley* by Cyril Jolly. Director of photography, Rolf Sohre. Music by Andre Asriel. A Defa Studios Berlin and Contemporary Films production, released by Contemporary. Anglo/German. Cert. A. 73 mins.

Albert Pooley, GARFIELD MORGAN; *Bill Barter*, JOHN REES; *Madame Creton*, CECILE CHEVREAU; *Intelligence Officer*, FERDY MAYNE; *Hauptsturmfuehrer*, ALFRED MULLER; with JENNIFER WILSON, CHARLES HOUSTON, RONALD LEIGH-HUNT, and ANDREW RAY.

There is something strangely disturbing about *The Story of Private Pooley*, a co-production by East Germany's DEFA Studios and Contemporary Films Limited. True, the subject is disturbing enough. In May 1940, a decimated battalion of the Royal Norfolk Regiment surrendered to ss troops in the French village of Le Paradis. The captives numbering nearly one hundred were marched into a field, presumably to await transportation to P-O-W camps. There, without warning, they were ruthlessly mown down by two ss machine gunners.

Two men managed to survive and escape. One of them, a Private Pooley, was finally repatriated. He resolved that the ss officer who gave the order for the massacre be punished. As the film tells it, it's a pretty dull process: a string of British officers who refuse to believe that an enemy officer would stoop to such unofficer-like depths; a striving to find corroborative evidence; and endless hours of personally examining thousands and thousands of German P-O-W's. The officer is finally found, his guilt proved, and Private (now Mr) Pooley is satisfied.

What seems to me more disturbing than the subject itself is the political naivetê in *The Story of Private Pooley*. I may be reading too much into the film, and my views may be coloured by knowing who the co-producers were. But is it only officers who are stupid enough not to believe what seem to be outrageous stories? And is it only the simple folk—the French housewife, the humble German engineer, and Private Pooley himself—who are prepared to search for the truth, and who wish to see malefactors punished? I believe not. I pray not. And though this may on occasion be true, this film should not, even by suggestion, create a false generalisation.

The opening scenes—the last minutes of holding out against the Germans, the capture, the massacre—are handled economically and with a greyness that seems just right. But later, because of flat acting, a too nervous camera, and chopping rather than editing, the film fails to hold our interest. Pooley's desire for revenge suddenly seems unimportant, and not only to us, but somehow to him as well. A grimly determined face is not enough to convince us of a truly determined soul.

TONY MALLERMAN

THE DEVIL'S EYE

Directed by Ingmar Bergman. Produced by Allan Ekelund. Screenplay by Ingmar Bergman. Director of photography, Gunnar Fischer. Art director, P A Lundgren. Editor, Oscar Rosander. Music by Domenico Scarlatti. Svenskfilmindustri, released by Contemporary-Gala. Swedish. Original title, *Djavulens Oga*. English subtitles. Cert. X. 90 mins.

Don Juan, JARL KULLE; *Britt-Marie*, BIBI ANDERSON; *Satan*, STIG JARREL; *Pastor*, NILS POPPE; *Renata*, GERTRUD FRIDH; *Pablo*, STURE LAGERWALL; *Narrator*, GUNNAR BJORNSTRAND; *Rochefoucauld*, GEORG FUNKQUIST; and *Marquis*, GUNNAR SJOBERG.

Bergman has stressed that *The Devil's Eye* (1960) was a reaction against the seriousness of *The Virgin Spring*, which he had made a year earlier, and even the keenest of his admirers would agree that this comedy is not in the same class as *Smiles of a Summer Night* (also made after a work of depression—*Journey into Autumn*—just as *A Lesson in Love* had followed the pitiless *Sawdust and Tinsel*).

The plot comes from an Irish proverb and relates how Satan, angered by a sore eye, sends Don Juan from Hell to seduce the 20-year-old daughter of a pastor and his sex-starved wife. But Satan's plans do not develop successfully, for Don Juan falls genuinely in love with his intended victim. The sty is only cured ultimately when the girl's virginity is vanquished on her wedding night.

Undoubtedly the pleasure to be derived from *The Devil's Eye* is in Bergman's consistently witty dialogue. It is stuffed with apophthegms, particularly during the scenes in Hell, where the only fearful words are those referring to God and the Church, and where Satan's noble and respected counsellors are Count Rochefoucauld and a Marquis, whose 'perversions

in their time sent voluptuous shudders right up into the archangel's pinions'. More humour resides in the interesting relationship between Pablo, Don Juan's assistant from Hell ('For 300 years I've endured the curse of continence') and the pastor's wife Renata, which switches from the familiar Bergmanesque repartee—'You have an unusually ugly nose, —to more sober reflections—'Life is a stupid comedy' and 'No one sees me as my real self'. For however frothy the surface of *The Devil's Eye*, the deeper currents of the film issue from the main springs of Bergman's ethos. He dislikes hypocrisy in human beings, and the attacks on it in *The Devil's Eye* are no less incisive than those in *The Virgin Spring* and *Through a Glass Darkly*. Here, Renata complains that no one sees her as she really is without realising that the reason is her pathetic adherence to accepted codes of behaviour. As Don Juan says mockingly, 'Principles are more sacred than life'. The most deadly satire on this point is reserved until virtually the last line of the film. Britt-Marie stands beside her husband on their wedding night and says with ardour 'I will love you for ever and ever, Amen'. She has been brought up to show love towards her husband because it is a strict convention, just as her father answers his wife's query as to whether or not he would forgive her if she were unfaithful: 'I must love you whatever happens'.

The film is presented by Bergman in a style more nearly theatrical than any of his other works, and Gunnar Björnstrand has a delightfully sophisticated and salacious rôle as the 'compere', who, dressed in straightforward black suit and with shooting script conveniently to hand, introduces each of the three 'acts' of the film. The prolific use of close-ups succeeds in transcending the restrictions of the stage, however, and the final scene in Hell, is superbly edited.

Inevitably a minor film and obviously for Bergman no more than an elegant diversion (he subtitles it 'A Rondo Capriccioso'), *The Devil's Eye* gives much the same impression as *The Face*. Both are comedies first and foremost, but both give tantalising hints of the *kammerspiel* and stern morality that underline Bergman's more characteristic works.

PETER COWIE

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Hal Wallis. Screenplay by Edward Anhalt, from an original story by Allan Weiss. Director of photography, Loyal Griggs. Editor, Warren Low. Art director, Walter Tyler. Choreography, Charles O'Curren. Music, Joseph Lilley. A Hal Wallis production, distributed by Paramount. American. Technicolor. Cert. U. 99 mins.

Ross Carpenter, ELVIS PRESLEY; *Robin Gardner*, STELLA STEVENS; *Laurel Dodge*, LAUREL GOODWIN; *Wesley Johnson*, JEREMY SLATE; *Chen Yung*, GUY LEE; *Kin Yung*, BENSON FONG; *Mme Yung*, BEULAH QUO; *Alexander Stavros*, FRANK PUGLIA; *Mama Stavros*, LILI VALENTY; *Leona* and *Linda Stavros*, BARBARA and BETTY BEALL; *Arthur Morgan*, NESTOR PAIVA; *Mrs Morgan*, ANN McCREA; and *Mai Ling*, GINNY TIU.

The producer-director-writer combination of Hal Wallis, Norman Taurog and Allan Weiss, who last year were responsible for Presley going native in *Blue Hawaii*, have come up with another dull, nearly lifeless (but less repulsive) vehicle for Presley in *Girls ! Girls ! Girls !* This one vaguely establishes him as a near-broke tuna fisherman, who wants to own his own sailboat. This lands him in a running feud with a smalltime boat-operating tycoon; various girl troubles; and 11 assorted songs as trivial as their titles suggest ('A Boy Like Me and a Girl Like You', 'I Don't Wanna Be Tied' and so on). There were originally 13 but it's unlikely that the two that have been cut are any great loss.

Credited as co-star, but with little more than ten minutes on screen, is Stella Stevens as the nightclub-singer whose dialogue is mainly limited to calling Presley 'Galahad' (either script-writers' cramp or a plug for his previous film). Talented young actresses are scarce enough without wasting them like this. As for Presley, his image in Wallis' productions has remained the same throughout, and the excuses for breaking into song even flimsier (best here is 'sing something lute-ish').

Presley has appeared in four films during the past year, and there's no sign that his appearances will be more limited in the coming year. While he has proved he is capable of sustaining a character on acting ability alone, it is unfortunately his films appealing to lesser intelligent audiences (with a dozen or so second-rate songs) which are the more profitable. *Blue Hawaii* was the third largest money-maker of last year; while Gordon Douglas' skilfully handled innocuous comedy, *Follow That Dream*, which created a completely original character for Presley, was far less successful. If Presley would slow down and really develop as an actor he could spring quite a few surprises. And the sooner he breaks from Wallis the better, it's too much of a regressive step.

ROBIN BEAN

THE IRON MAIDEN

Directed by Gerald Thomas. Produced by Peter Rogers. Associate producer, Frank Bevis. Screenplay by Vivian Cox and Leslie Bricusse from an original story by Harold Brooks and Kay Bannerman. Director of photography, Alan Hume. Music composed and conducted by Eric Rogers. Art director, Carmen Dillon. Eastman colour. A Peter Rogers production for Anglo-Amalgamated, released by Warner-Pathe. British. Cert. U. 97 mins.

Jack Hopkins, MICHAEL CRAIG; *Kathy Fisher*, ANNE HELM; *Mrs Fisher*, JEFF DONNELL; *Paul Fisher*, ALAN HALE; *Admiral Sir Digby*, NOEL PURCELL; and *Sir Giles*, CECIL PARKER.

On the face of it a Peter Rogers-Gerald Thomas film about traction engines prompts visions of all sorts of good things—at best a kind of *Carry On Genevieve*. And one can see the potential in the original idea, too. John Hopkins (Michael Craig), chief airline designer, spends his spare-time tinkering around with the Iron Maiden, a great hulking brute of a gal who lumbers around the English countryside, until one day Kathy Fisher (Anne Helm), daughter of an American airline tycoon interested in buying British aircraft, runs her Cadillac straight into it. Rather unjustly she blames it all onto Jack, and it looks as if the aircraft manufacturer, Jack's boss, might lose the order to a rival. But come the end of the film, with a grand climax in a traction engine rally on the Duke of Bedford's back lawn, all turns out well.

Now with careful nourishment, this could have been the basis of a reasonable film. Unfortunately, somewhere along the assembly line, something disastrous must have happened, for what emerges today is a pleasantly photographed, happily scored, but rather dreary little comedy. The script, which looks as if it has been floating around the studios for the past ten or fifteen years waiting for someone to pick it up, takes its stand among the upper set (at least one esoteric joke, about Cambridge, is above my non-U head). This helps to place its period as mid-Ealing, blending the stock characters and traditions typical of the roaring Ealing days and some of the snob themes of earlier years: comic policemen, vicars, admirals, the landed nobility, butlers, patriotic pats on the back, the triumph of idealised proletarian values over upper-class burdens, respect for tradition (one Iron Maiden, says honest Jack Hopkins, is worth ten Cadillacs), a shunning of dirty jokes (the nearest thing, a remark to the Duke of Bedford: 'I would like to see your seat'), a slant towards the American market, and—'pon my soul!—a proletarian wife who calls her husband's upper middle-class friend 'sir'.

Setting the clock back would only be excusable, however, if the film were not as dull as ditchwater. Quite honestly, and in this I wasn't alone, I had difficulty in distinguishing the jokes from the rest (average samples: 'Why not call it [a new 'plane] The Golden Eagle?' 'Oh, go and lay an egg', or, 'I wouldn't be surprised if that man were a sex maniac' 'Come off it mother, what do you know about sex maniacs?' 'Ahh . . . —now stop that'), and the running joke about the air company official who can't settle on a name for a new aircraft but comes up with the obvious answer at the end of the film—yes, I guessed it immediately, too—is taken straight from Brahms and Simon's *Don't Mr Disraeli*.

Granted that the script fails in its major task of making us laugh, the film could have appealed by becoming a pleasant entertainment. Unfortunately I spent a good deal of the earlier part flailing around trying to identify with someone until I realised that the hero and heroine, a bumptious bore and a spoilt rich American, are the sort of people that in real life one tries at all costs to avoid. This is no fault of the actors. Michael Craig is miscast, and Anne Helm just keeps to the script. What the film sorely needs is a dose of engaging personality, for which my remedy would be an Ian Carmichael. Other actors one admires, Sam Kydd, Cecil Parker (with his expert eye-ball rolling), Joan Sims, Jeff Donnell, or Alan Hale of American western fame,

are sadly lost in the crass script.

Rogers and Thomas's *Carry On* films may have lacked style, but when the jokes were laid so thickly on the ground who cared? *The Iron Maiden* lacks both style and jokes. Given the ancient *Genevieve*-type formula, it should at least have been injected with a dash of charm and grace, a little of the personality which contributed so much to the comedy film of the 'fifties. But only one example of the warm, brief, thumbnail sketches Ealing was so good at, a stout lady rubbing a grimy engine with a sigh at its unkempt condition, gives the clue to a rewarding direction *The Iron Maiden* could have taken. And there is no sign at all that the script-writers even considered exploiting the contrast of ancient (traction engine) with modern (jet aeroplanes) or the problem of man against his machines which has been a source of inspiration to many of the greatest comedians. The long and short of it is that this film could only really appeal to the genuine traction engine fanatic.

IAN JOHNSON

KILL OR CURE

Directed by George Pollock. Produced by George H Brown. Executive producer, Lawrence P Bachmann. Story and screenplay by David Pursall and Jack Seddon. Director of photography, Geoffrey Faithfull. Editor, Bert Rule. Art director, Harry White. Music composed and directed by Ron Goodwin. British. M.G.M. Cert. U. 88 mins.

J Barker-Rynde, TERRY-THOMAS; *Rumbelow*, ERIC SYKES; *Dr Crossley*, DENNIS PRICE; *Inspector Hook*, LIONEL JEFFRIES; *Frances*, MOIRA REDMOND; *Rita*, KATYA DOUGLAS; *Richards*, DAVID LODGE; *Burton*, RONNIE BARKER; *Mrs Crossley*, HAZEL TERRU; *Higgins*, HARRY LOCKE; *Roger*, DARREN NESBITT; *Clerk*, ARTHUR HOWARD; *Barman*, PETER BUTTERWORTH; *Assistant Clerk*, TRISTRAM JELLINEK; *Waitress*, PATRICIA HAYES; and *Mrs Clifford*, ANNA RUSSELL.

J Barker-Rynde, part-time private investigator, picks up his telephone one morning to receive an assignment from a wealthy widow in a secluded country hotel. To his horror Rynde, to whom food, drink, and money in large amounts are all that life's worth living for, discovers he has walked into a nature cure resort, a kind of sado-masochist's idea of paradise (at 75 guineas a week it has to be worth something to somebody) with plenty of fresh air (three-walled cabins), early morning dips, stiff massages, salt rubs, and instruments which may have been designed by Dr Frankenstein. Carrot juice and all, however, Rynde decides to stick it through when he finds his client has been murdered and there is a £2,000 reward for information leading to the murderer's arrest.

Despite its theme, *Kill or Cure* is hardly black humour—although it touches the fringes from time to time. Rather is it a cheerful guying of the crime melodrama and whodunnit (and despite casting, this isn't the obvious). The script doesn't have many belly-laughs, at most two or three, of which the best is a naked TT sitting in a steam bath screaming for help through a walkie-talkie set, while a dimly perceived figure makes its way towards him through the steam with obvious murderous intent; a kind of slow-motion *Psycho*. But the general style of the film induces more the permanent broad grin, sustained through to an ending where the heroes are chased offscreen by outraged nudists, which is *All Right, Jack.*

The *aficianado* will, no doubt, spot other references to well-known films (plagiarism? satire? unintentional?). The film's blackest moment, a stiff hand jutting through the ice of a frozen swimming pool, totally unexpected in its context, and therefore all the more gruesome, has a feeling of *Les Diaboliques* about it.

In short David Pursall and Jack Seddon have concocted a fairly amusing, very inventive script (the actual method of murder is the most original I have come across for some time, although I may have missed the film it was borrowed from), which maintains a consistent vein of eccentricity. The direction is cool and efficient, in the uncluttered but pointed style of Robert Hamer's comedies.

Eric Sykes and Terry-Thomas are very good as-er-Eric Sykes and Terry-Thomas, while Thomas in his commando-style black balaclava and jersey tips our normal reactions topsy turvy by becoming the friendly incompetent in sinister guise. Still it is Lionel Jeffries who steals the picture as a stolid, toothbrush moustached, no-nonsense Inspector, a veritable Superintendent Lockhart, who can make even deadpan lines like 'Remember this, wherever you are, whatever you're doing, I've got my eye on you' seem funny.

Although another of the MGM product aimed no doubt as much at the American market as here, this one is far better than, say, either *A Matter of WHO* or *Village of Daughters*. Just the thing for a damp evening.

IAN JOHNSON

MY BARE LADY

Directed by Arthur Knight. Produced by Phineas Lonestar Jnr. Executive producer, Dick Randall. Screenplay by Jervis MacArthur. Music by De Wolfe. Art director, Denys Pavitt. Director of photography, Manny Yospa. A Notram Siwel production distributed by Compton-Cameo. British. Eastman colour. Cert. A. 59 mins.

JULIE MARTIN, CARL CONWAY, KENNETH McLELLAND, CHANTEL DELORS, GILLY GERARD, and NINA HUNTREDOS.

Some sixty years ago in the privacy of the gentlemen's smoking club, Grandfather enjoyed films like *Lady Undressing* or *Sculptor and Models* ('very piquant'). No doubt before his Puritan friends decided it was bad for our souls, the young Milton used to ogle 'Venus rising from the waves'. In 1963 we've got *My Bare Lady*, but before the gorges of latter day puritans rise at yet another rudie-nudie, they might pause to consider that somewhere in every red-blooded male there is a peeping tom waiting to be let out.

Having said that I must also add that *My Bare Lady* seems calculated to cure any inquisitive soul of scotophobia for life. it's no better, and in many ways considerably worse, than all the others. The folk out at Orpington, it would seem, are not only dutiful week-day commuters, but spend their weekends in the raw at the local sun-club. Into this set-up rides pretty Tina Murray (Julie Martin), a visiting American cyclist, who by the end of the film has been persuaded of the benefits of nudism (the argument runs something like 'If God had intended we wear clothes, we'd have all been born with overcoats on'), sheds her modesty, and—lucky thing—finds lasting romance as reward for her perception and courage.

The acting is poor (Julie Martin, obviously inexperienced, looks self-conscious even with her clothes *on*), the nudists unappealing, the photography appalling (some shots look like badly scratched 8mm blow-ups), the continuity weak, and the film has probably been censored too (notably in a tawdry 'Paris' strip-tease sequence).

No doubt, amid the *longueurs*, it will give the lads and their girl-friends a bit of a guilty giggle and hold out some meagre shreds of comfort to the lonely *voyeur*. And although you'd do yourself a better service looking at some Renoir nudes, I know that nothing I can say will make any difference. For whether you decide to see or stay away from bouncing Julie Martin is purely a matter between you and your glands.

IAN JOHNSON

THE NUDE ONES

Directed and produced by Werner Kunz. Directors of photography, Adolph Jenny, Werner Kunz and Edgar Reiser. Art director, Alexander Swiagenin. Editor, Walter Kagi. Music by Fred Bohler—Chapell Record Music. A Kunz Film production released by Compton-Cameo. German. English narration by Tony Tenser, spoken by G K Poynter. Eastman colour. Cert. A. 69 mins.

ANITA, ROSEMARY JOE and *Naturists of five nations.*

It would be too easy to dismiss *The Nude Ones* and others of its ilk with a superior smile and a patronising surrender to the prurient tastes of the sort of people—never ourselves, you understand—who form the bulk of its audience. Before I sound off, however, I must, in anticipation, apologise to all genuine nudists. I don't always believe the reasons you give for stripping off, but many of you are sincere, and it's a harmless eccentricity. If you don't care about films, and are committed to nudism, there's probably something to interest you in *The Nude Ones*. It's the bulk of the audience that worries me. And the cynicism that motivates productions of this kind. Nude films can be grouped with hole-in-the-wall girlie clubs (the ones where the dollies pictured outside are never the ones that posture about inside), and books available under plain wrapper, and court reports in the *News of the World*, in that they project a kind of conveyor belt sex that falls apart as soon as it is touched. That is, if you ever get a chance to touch it.

I think it worthwhile to examine *The Nude Ones* in some detail. Ostensibly it is about three friends who drive through Corsica to

spend a holiday on a small island which caters for nudists. The first 2,000 feet of film is bad travelogue with some unbelievably arch commentary: two horses are led into the sea and the narrator cries, 'Look, sea horses !'. One of the horses later rolls in the sand. 'I suppose he's called Sandy,' jokes the sound track. There is what the handout calls a story, but don't you believe it. It is merely a series of scenes beginning, 'Meanwhile, back on the island . . .'. The main part of the film, its *raison d'être*, is 4,000 feet of breasts. Close-ups of breasts and silhouetted long shots of breasts. Zooms into breasts and pans along rows of breasts. There are breasts large enough to dance independently of their owners, and small enough to make one doubt not so much the sincerity, but the psychology of the nudists. At no time do these breasts assume the beauty they ought to assume in the eyes of any well adjusted male. A screenful of cavorting breasts is an astonishingly sexless sight.

Precisely, I may be told, then why carp? If *The Nude Ones* is sexless, who's to be harmed by seeing it? I carp because if the breasts are put on film to be sexless, how can anyone defend 4,000 feet of sexless bosom. It may be argued that there is an audience to which these sexless images are actually sexually stimulating. This is what's so disturbing. The censor is, in fact, conniving to excite a sexually weak minority. There have been many such films around in the past year or so and, though to most men they are harmless, they pander to tastes so uncritical and unfortunate as to indicate a mental squalor on the part of the producers hardly different from that of dope pedlars.

Certainly there are occasions when a bosom can be bared on the screen, and the film is all the better for it. In some such films, nudity has been sexually stimulating, and there's nothing wrong in that. But the gratuitous use of breasts is crude, cynical and, worse, often comical.

The following few words are addressed to the audience I am sure will, despite my sermonising, see *The Nude Ones*. It is one of the most tiresome films I have ever seen. It is shot carelessly, in abysmally poor colour, and (perhaps it's a built-in prophylactic) frequently out of focus. There is an underwater ballet (as indispensable to nude films as falling trousers to a Whitehall farce) which stars, of all things, a man. Ah well, maybe there's another audience I hadn't considered.

TONY MALLERMAN

ON THE BEAT

Directed by Robert Asher. Produced by Hugh Stewart. Screenplay by Jack Davies and Norman Wisdom. Director of photography, Geoffrey Faithfull. Art director, Bert Davey. Editor, Bill Lewthwaite. Music by Philip Green. Rank. British. Cert. U. 105 mins.

Norman Pitkin/Giulio Napolitani, NORMAN WISDOM; *Rosanna*, JENNIFER JAYNE; *Sir Ronald Ackroyd*, RAYMOND HUNTLEY; *Superintendent Hobson*, DAVID LODGE; *Mrs Stammers*, ESMA CANNON; *Doctor*, ERIC BARKER; *Sergeant Wilkins*, ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD; *Oberon*, RONNIE STEVENS; *Chief Superintendent Belcher*, TERENCE ALEXANDER; *Vince*, MAURICE KAUFMAN; *Manzini*, GEORGE PASTELL; *Bollington*, CAMPBELL SINGER; *Mrs Napolitani*, PEGGY ANN CLIFFORD; *Mr Bassett*, MONTY LANDIS; *Trigger O'Flynn*, ALFRED BURKE; and DILYS LAYE, JACK WATSON, LIONEL MURTON, ROBERT RIETTY, MARJIE LAWRENCE, JEAN AUBREY, MARIO FABRIZI, JOHN BLYTHE, FRED GRIFFITHS, and TUTTE LEMKOW.

Norman Pitkin, car cleaner at Scotland Yard, wants to be a policeman like his father, but is too short (and too inept) for the force. But the CID discovers that he resembles Giulio Napolitani, a fashionable Italian hairdresser suspected of being connected with a number of jewel robberies. Norman is disguised as Giulio and sent in his place to investigate the hairdressing business, assisted by policewoman Sergeant Wilkins. He rescues Napolitani's unwilling fiancée Rosanna and discovers that the coiffure conceals crime. Giulio is arrested and Norman marries Rosanna.

Norman Wisdom has thankfully abandoned his tight suit and cap but not the character that went with it—not entirely, anyway. This is a great pity, for he frequently reveals himself as a clown of great skill and sensitivity, and then ruins the whole effect by losing his self-control. So far his best film is *There Was A Crooked Man* where he was away from Rank, away from the 'Norman' character and under the sophisticated direction of Stuart Burge. Since then, he has gone back to Rank and the rut. He is fortunate, however, in having as his script writer Jack Davies, who has worked on *Bulldog Breed*, *Follow A Star*, *Make Mine Mink*, *Crooks Anonymous* and the excellent *Very Important Person*. Davies has a penchant for the lunatic and absurd, and *On The Beat* is no exception. It begins with a glorious, well-observed send-up of the Heroic Policeman, a dream sequence with Superintendent Pitkin defying gunmen in a warehouse and going in, unarmed, to face the killer alone. He is shot dead. A water fight in the car park, with Raymond Huntley enthusiastically participating, is reminiscent of Jerry Lewis's wild, nightmare-ish hosepipe battle in *Rock-a-bye Baby*. There is a terrifying scene on the Underground when Norman, having wrongly handcuffed a man, finds when the doors close that he is outside the train and the man inside.

The best sequence comes when Norman, disgruntled at the failure of his efforts to be a policeman, dons dad's old uniform (too big, of course) and wanders out into the street. Joining a boys' football game as referee he blows his whistle vigorously, and is heard by another lawman a few streets away, who starts running and blowing *his* whistle. This snowballs until at least fifty policemen are pounding along, blowing their whistles, with Norman at their head (he joined in half way) until they come up against a Superintendent and half a dozen Flying Squad cars. Norman is found out and the fifty policemen pursue him through a dozen back gardens, filmed like the Grand National with low-level shots, and trap Norman on a patch of wasteland, a capture cleverly shot from high level. Caught, he walks with head bowed to the Black Maria through two lines of boys, also with their heads bowed. An agreeably crazy sequence, well thought out and directed.

As in *The Square Peg* and *There Was A Crooked Man*, Wisdom plays a dual rôle. As Giulio Napolitani, who sits on a gilded throne at the far end of his long, high and vulgar salon, Wisdom plays with great virtuosity. And when the two men meet there is a slightly under-paced sequence of wrong arrests and re-arrests. Other parts of the film (which is about twenty five minutes too long) are not as good. They are unduly protracted and Wisdom's self-indulgence makes them almost embarrassing. The special training episode is painfully unfunny and could have been cut completely, but when, with the aid of stilts, he attempts yet again to enrol and is examined by a doctor (a beautifully restrained Eric Barker) there is an engagingly mad sequence with doctor and patient *singing* an eye test chart.

Robert Asher's direction frequently reveals a flair for the unusual angle or detailed comic effect. But it seems he, like John Paddy Carstairs, is unable to subdue Wisdom's habit of over-playing and laughing at his own jokes. Until Wisdom can find a director with a distinct and individual style, like Alexander MacKendrick or even Frank Tashlin, get away from the necessity of including love interest and shake off the last traces of juvenility in his work, his capabilities will not be realised. The desire that comics seem to have to include an element of pathos in their work tends to make them less funny. I don't want to feel sorry for my comedians, I want to laugh at them.

DAVID RIDER

THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD

Directed by Arthur Lubin. Produced by Bruno Vailati. Screenplay by Augusto Frassinetti, Filippo Sanjust and Bruno Vailati. Director of photography, Tonino Delli Colli. Art director, Flavio Mogherini. Editor, Gene Ruggiero, Music by Carlo Rustichelli. Italian. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. English dialogue. Cinemascope. Eastman colour. Cert. U. 90 mins.

Karim, STEVE REEVES; *Princess Amina*, GIORGIA MOLL; *Osman*, ARTURO DOMINICI; *Kadeejah*, EDY VESSEL; and *Magician*, GEORGE CHAMARET.

Despite the allusive echoes of its title this Italian made fantasy is not in the same class as its distinguished predecessors, the Raoul Walsh-Douglas Fairbanks 1925 version with its remarkable production designs by William Cameron Menzies, or Korda's multi-director film of 1939 with its imaginative sweep and magnificent colour. This newish (1961) version is closer in spirit to Universal's medium-budget extravaganzas such as *The Prince Who Was A Thief* or Lubin's own *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, passable if hardly memorable.

Hewing strictly to the fable of the thief who won his princess (Giorgia Moll, lovely but not as well photographed as she was by Mario Bava when Reeves previously won her in *The White Warrior*) the story—well enough staged in the Tunisian desert—suffers a basic lack of

action. It's an interminable time getting nowhere in particular. Reeves relies more on acrobatics *à la* Fairbanks than on his usual joy through strength act, but his sympathetic personality (a quality lacking in most of his numerous imitators) and a certain expertise carry him capably through the little he has to do. Edy Vessel as the obligatory female menace in a Reeves film (a chore she previously carried out in *The Wooden Horse of Troy*) is even weaker here than in her previous assignment, but the rest of the support are about par for this sort of thing (the one actor billed as 'of the Comedie Française' isn't noticeably better than his colleagues).

Thomas Howard's special effects vary considerably in quality; there's nothing as good as Ray Harryhausen's duelling skeleton in *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* and, certainly, nothing as imaginative as the spider's web sequence from the Korda *Thief of Baghdad*, but Howard's work is a cut above the amateurishness of the special effects usual in Italian spectaculars. The film does contain one or two pleasant things—a phantom army charging in slow motion, a battle of the eggheads (not an imbroglio of intellectuals but men with egg-shaped heads)—but I can't help feeling that the audience to whom this is directed would respond much more gratefully to a revival of the Berger-Powell-Whelan version, colourful and really imaginative. RICHARD WHITEHALL

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Directed by Edward L Cahn. Produced by Robert E Kent. Screenplay by George Bruce and Orville H Hampton. Director of photography, Gilbert Warrenton. Art director, Franz Bachelin. Editor, Robert Carlisle. A Harvard Film Corporation production, released by United Artists. American. Technicolor. Cert. U. 74 mins.

Lady Althea, JOYCE TAYLOR; *Duke Eduardo*, MARK DAMON; *Barin Orsini*, EDUARD FRANZ; *Prince Bruno*, MICHAEL PATE; *Princess Sybil*, MERRY ANDERS; *Count Roderick*, DAYTON LUMMIS; and *Grimaldi*, WALTER BURKE.

Lady Althea is betrothed to Duke Eduardo, the innocent victim of a dead sorcerer's curse which every night turns him into a hairy beast. This secret is shared only by his loyal Chancellor, Baron Orsini. Ambitious Prince Bruno tries to force Eduardo to abdicate in his favour but Althea, who has discovered Eduardo's secret, is faithful and helps Eduardo defeat Bruno and rid himself of the curse.

This heavy-handed piece of childish nonsense was, declares the handout, 'suggested' by the Ancient Legend. The Ancient Legend was never like this, for the uninspired scripting has removed every trace of evil. Eduardo seems little more than annoyed by the curse and there is no indication of the real terror of the spell. The beast make-up is highly comical: his hair looks more like a back-combed nylon wig hat than the pelt of a beast. The best piece of acting comes from Eduard Franz as Orsini, who shows genuine concern for his master's condition.

The sets are satisfactory, the basement corridors of the Duke's castle looking good and solid. The photography is mostly straightforward but one or two shots stand out, particularly when the peasants' mob is about to burn Eduardo alive. Powerful close-ups of their hate-filled faces, lit only by flaming torches, provide the only moment when a feeling of evil emerges from the surrounding morass of half-hearted intrigue and *Boys' Own Paper* heroics. DAVID RIDER

ESCAPE FROM EAST BERLIN

Directed by Robert Siodmak. Produced by Walter Wood. Screenplay by Gabrielle Upton, Peter Berneis and Millard Lampell. Director of photography, Georg Krausse. Art directors, Ted Haworth, Dieter Bartels. Editor, Maurice Wright. Music by Hans-Martin Majewski. A Walter Wood production, released by MGM. American. Cert. U. 89 mins.

Kurt Schroeder, DON MURRAY; *Erika Jurgens*, CHRISTINE KAUFMANN; *Brunner*, WERNER KLEMPERER; *Ingeborg Schroeder*, INGRID VAN BERGEN; *Mother Schroeder*, EDITH SCHULTZE-WESTRUM; *Uncle Albrecht*, BRUNO FRITZ; *Gunther Jurgens*, HORST JANSON; *Major Eckhardt*, KARL SCHELL; and *Heidi*, KAI FISCHER.

'If you really want to get across', says Don Murray to Christine Kaufmann, 'I'll give you some advice. You don't go over The Wall, or through it. You go this way—under'. Based on a real occurrence when 28 Germans dug their way from East to West Berlin, *Escape From East Berlin* is a topical suspense-thriller strong in atmosphere (it was filmed in Berlin) if less so in originality. And although one can predict, almost to the minute, the course of its action—the forming of the plan, the strain of its execution, the fear of betrayal by inquisitive neighbours, the near mishap when a telephone wire is accidentally severed, the race against time when the East Germans learn of the plan—the film, nevertheless, carries one along with it.

Familiar stuff then—quite well made and played—which gives fair value for money when seen on a double-bill. JOHN CUTTS

GIRL ON APPROVAL

Directed by Charles Frend. Produced by Harold Orton. Screenplay by Kathleen White. Director of photography, John Coquillon. Art directors, Herbert Smith and Malcolm Pride. Editor, John Bloom. Music by Clifton Parker. An Eyeline production, released by BL-C. British. Cert. A. 75 mins.

Anne Howland, RACHEL ROBERTS; *John Howland*, JAMES MAXWELL; *Sheila*, ANNETTE WHITELEY; *Stephen Howland*, JOHN DARE; *William Howland*, MICHAEL CLARKE; *Mary Gardner*, ELLEN McINTOSH; and *Mrs. Cox*, PAULINE LETTS.

Eyeline Films, the company who made this, is a group of film-makers (Kenneth More, Guy Hamilton and Charles Frend are all board members) specialising in the manufacture of television commercials. But every so often, when time and money are readily available, they turn their hand to feature making. *The Impersonator*, that tight little thriller which went the rounds with *Spare the Rod*, was their first foray into the feature field. *Girl On Approval* is their second. And currently being edited is their third, a version of John Mortimer's *Lunch Hour* co-produced and scripted by the author himself.

Previously known as *For Love Of Sheila*, *Girl On Approval* was made entirely in and about a converted Victorian house in South-East London. By dexterous planning, the company was able to erect some 10 sets in the house, which, even during filming, was still in use as a Children's Home. Based on a script by a welfare officer, the film tells of a parentless teenage girl, played by Annette Whiteley, who undergoes a trial boarding-out with foster parents. Truculent and troublesome, the girl goes out of her way to test the goodwill of the couple. And they, in turn, try to meet the demands made upon them.

By the time this review appears, the film, alas, will have played out its general release. But if it can be caught at any time, then one certainly recommends a visit to it. There's nothing earth-shattering about it, nothing tremendously dramatic or exciting: it's just a modest, thoughtful, likeable, well made film. Perhaps, really, one is saluting it for its intentions rather than for what it achieves—for it obviously is a work of limited means. But one salutes it all the same. JOHN CUTTS

TOUCH OF DEATH

Directed by Lance Comfort. Produced by Lewis Linzee. Screenplay by Lyn Fairhurst from an original story by Aubrey Cash and Wilfred Josephs. Director of photography, Basil Emmott. Editor, John Trumper. Art director, John St John Earl. Music composed and directed by Johnny Douglas. A Helion Films production released by Planet Films. British. Cert. U. 57 mins.

Pete, WILLIAM LUCAS; *Len*, DAVID SUMNER; *Maxwell*, RAY BARRETT; *Jackie*, JAN WATERS; *Sgt Byrne*, FRANK CODA; *Pam*, ROBERTA TOVEY; and *Baxter*, GEOFFREY DENTON.

Lance Comfort, whose recent work has been predominantly for British television films, is one of the few directors whose 'B' picture work is worth keeping an eye on. *Touch of Death* is one of those rare cinema events, the better-than-average British second feature.

The plot is simple and uncomplicated. A safe-cracking operation results in the theft of notes contaminated with cyanide, notes which could prove fatal to anyone who handled them—hence the film's title. Two of the thieves escape with the money, unaware of the danger they are in. They hide out on a motor launch, holding prisoner the girl who owns it, together with a little girl who visits her.

And there it is. Obviously if a story as simple as this, told in less than an hour, is to be of any value it must contain more than the usual whodunnit or when-will-they-get-caught ingredients. And this one does, despite an obviously rushed shooting schedule resulting in some minor deficiencies. Technically, the usual one-shot, one-action style is shunned and the camera moves excitingly and imaginatively—not flashily and obtrusively, but rapidly, never boringly, and subjective to the film's

content. The flat, overhead lighting usually associated with British 'B' and much 'A' feature studio work is generally avoided.

More important, the characters and their relationships are developed to an unusually convincing degree. Some of the actors in minor rôles tend to bad 'rep' performances, but there aren't many of them, and the major three—the two men and the girl in a boat—are convincing. The girl (Jan Waters) all middle-class righteousness yet tough and determined, striking moral attitudes on theft and bent upon preventing her captors escaping if she can, the soft-hearted weak-willed younger thief (David Sumners), a mass of hesitations and dominated by the elder man (William Lucas) sourly obsessed only with making his get-away with the cash. These are clichéd figures, perhaps, but sharp-edged portrayals give them here depth and authenticity. A conversation on the launch's tiny bridge, the girl, convincing and persuasive, urging the confused, doubtful young man to rebel against his companion, is as good an interaction of two characters as I have seen in many a film with higher prestige. And Comfort's handling of the young girl who also gets locked on the boat (as assured as his direction of a little boy earlier in the film is clumsy) recalls his clever little 'B' film about children *Bang! You're Dead* made in 1954.

A great deal of location work which forestalls the 'B' film's major hazard, the cardboard studio set, together with minor directorial touches which rarely consciously register but can mean so much (the poisoned money always crackles on the sound-track, a constant reminder of its potential danger) and the director's observation of natural human behaviour, put this among the best of recent British second features. Not in its *genre* as good as Pat Jackson's best (notably *Snowball*), but were it not for some minor acting deficiencies, a slight lack of assurance early on in the safe-breaking scene, and a few other jarring moments, this could easily have reached the standard of Rotha's *Cat and Mouse*. By no means great stuff, and I wouldn't praise it quite so strongly if it had higher pretensions, it is worth taking in with a good first feature, and as entertaining as practically anything on the telly.

IAN JOHNSON

WARRIORS FIVE

Directed by Leopoldo Savona. Produced by Fulvio Lucisano. Screenplay by Gine de Sanctis and Leopold Savona. Director of photography, Claudio Racca. Editor, Gabriele Varriale. Music Armando Trovajoli. American-International, distributed by Anglo-Amalgamated. Italian. English dialogue. Cert. A. 87 mins.

Jack, JACK PALANCE; *Italia*, ANNA RALLI; *Libero*, SERGE REGGIANI; *Marzi*, FOLCO LULLI; *Alberto*, VENANTINO VENANTINI; *Conti*, FRANCO BALDUCCI; *Sansone*, MIHA BALOK; *Mafalda*, VERA MURCO; *Ida*, VIDA LEVSTIK; *Luisa*, AJSA MESIC; *Old Woman*, VALERIA SILA; *Carla*, ISABELLA CHIURCO; *Carlo*, GUIDO BERTONE; and *Angelino*, BRUNO SCIPIONI.

War, as we are usually told before starting another one, is wasteful, which it is—from the country's point of view. But it's a real gold-mine for the cinema industry whose war 'fever' often culminates in attempts to re-create hostilities of unparalleled destructive force as if they were pleasant memories, to be savoured and recalled with a warm glow of nostalgia. The 'dark days' of violence, privation and sudden death are treated like a glamorous adventure extolled for the comradeship and spirit of 'togetherness' which they engendered. Certainly, in times of strife, the populace unites to form a strong front of civilian determination that equals in intensity of purpose the physical action of the men in the trenches. Little effort is made by producers to curb this constant rekindling of the flame of war, although a few films attempt to demonstrate the futility and human waste of war (*All Quiet on the Western Front* being the classic example).

An area of World War II, less well explored than Dunkirk or the Pacific islands, is Italy. *Warriors Five* tells of five Italian prisoners-of-war, liberated after the Armistice, and an American paratrooper, sole survivor of a battalion that landed on a minefield. They attempt to sabotage an important bridge and then drive the retreating Germans out of a nearby village where they have hung a former compatriot (Conti) and threaten to execute hostages unless the saboteur surrenders.

The publicity screams: 'Dangerous . . . Devastating . . . One woman who could destroy the lives of 5 brave men in the holocaust of war!' The advertisement is adorned, if that's the right word, by the woman in question ('the incredible Anna Ralli') revealing vast expanses of naked thigh. Those who scurry into their nearest snack-bar/snoggery/smoking room-cum-cinema expecting to see an athletic Amazon fighting hordes of Germans single-handed will be sadly disillusioned. Miss Ralli is there to provide the apparently indispensable love interest and her presence nearly destroys what is basically a good, straightforward adventure story.

Shooting mainly on location, Savona has directed several grimly satisfying scenes. A train's passengers raid a trackside vineyard and are confronted by three very young, very nervous German soldiers armed with machine guns. The soldiers, afraid to fire, are overpowered, pursued, set upon and brutally beaten to death by the incensed crowd. Later, the five Italians are taken by Jack to a 'store' of American money, cigarettes and guns. It is the minefield, littered with the shattered bodies of the paratroopers, whose parachutes billow loosely in the wind like voluminous shrouds. Desperately greedy, Alberto and Marzi crawl warily out to the bodies and back, in a tense scene of alarmingly false bravado. Finally, there is the battle in the village which is noisy, suitably ragged and pulls no punches. Alberto, deeply in love with Italia, is savagely butchered by the German guns. This is a jarring, uncompromising touch almost obliterated by the conventional heroism of wounded Jack Palance, who fights bravely on.

The acting, as far as can be judged through the competent dubbing, is good, with Serge Reggiani and Folco Lulli creating strong characters from thin material. Claudio Racca's harsh toning of the dusty, war-torn countryside is of inestimable value in a film which could have done very well without the buxom Miss Ralli, incredible or otherwise.

DAVID RIDER

TOMBOY AND THE CHAMP

Directed by Francis D Lyon. Produced by Tommy Reynolds and William Lightfoot. Screenplay by Virginia M Cooke. Director of photography, William Clothier. Editor, William B Murphy. Music, Richard Shores. A Signal Pictures production distributed by Rank. American Eastman colour. Cert. U. 77 mins.

Tommy Jo, CANDY MOORE; *Uncle Jim*, BEN JOHNSON; *Windy Skiles*, JESSE WHITE; *Parson Dan*, JESS KIRKPATRICK; *Aunt Sarah*, CHRISTINE SMITH; *Jasper Stockton*, PAUL BERNATH; *Fowler Stockton*, NORMAN SHERRY; *Fred Anderson*, JOHN CARPENTER; *Hi-Fi Club Announcer*, WALLY PHILLIPS; *4-H Club President*, RALPH FISCHER; *Curley Cone*, LARRY HICKIE; *Guest Stars:* REX ALLEN, CASEY TIBBS and JERRY NAILL; and CHAMPY the Angus.

Thirteen-year-old Texas ranch girl Tommy Jo wins a calf, names him Champy and decides to groom him to championship standards. Her uncle and aunt reluctantly sanction her scheme but setbacks dog the progress of the venture. Champy loses his first show, Tommy Jo contracts mild polio, shortage of cash threatens entry in the Chicago International Exposition. Finally, Champy wins top honours but Tommy Jo, realising that he will be sold for steaks, has a relapse. Her will to live wanes until Champy, rescued from the slaughterhouse, is taken into the hospital for Tommy Jo to see.

Being a pushover for animals (even bull calves) my critical barrier was weakened within five minutes, only to be impenetrably strengthened again by an incredibly righteous Parson, sprinkling texts left, right and centre and even composing a song to be sung to Tommy Jo and family by the townsfolk. This overweening brand of virtue grates on me, for this manner of man is more or less extinct.

The producers, attempting to emulate the success of the wide-open-spaces style (like *Oklahoma!*) and Disney's children and animals formula, have generally failed to catch the spirit of either. The Texas scenery is aridly unattractive and Tommy Jo, played with varying degrees of conviction by newcomer Candy Moore, is hardly a lovable child. Unlike Calamity Jane, she shows no sign of feminine affectations during the entire film. Her finest hour is when she struggles (in pouring rain) to get Champy out of a flooded hollow, her ef-

forts becoming more and more desperate and the animal further immersed. This is an intelligent illustration of the effect blind devotion to a pet can have on an immature mind. It is a welcome interlude of hard truth surrounded by an over-dose of Syrup of Sentiment topped with Cream of Cliché.

DAVID RIDER

THE WHITE SLAVERS

Directed, produced and written by Maurice Boutel. Directors of phtography, Quinto Albiccoco, Paul Fabian, Enzo Riccioni and Jacques Mercanton. Editor, Etienette Muse. Music by Roger-Roger. A Cocifrance Film production, released by Compton-Cameo. French. English sub-titles. Cert.X. 117 mins.

Olga, ETCHIKA CHOUREAU; *Irene,* EVELYN DASSAS; *Concepcion,* ALICIA GUTTIERREZ; *Martha,* ANNEDARDEN; *Rita,* RITA CADILLAC; *Honorine,* GABRIELLE ROBINNE; *Pauwels,* VICTOR GUYAU; *Robert,* ROBERT DALBAN; *Mario,* ALAIN LIONNEL and *Franck* CARL EICH.

Just what one might expect really—a turgid tale of toughs and tarts, of innocence betrayed, exploited, and finally avenged. All quite slickly done if rather obviously so. A very mild slice of mild pornography. No surprises, no let-downs; no shocks, no excitement. Strange that the *News of the World* should think so highly of the piece as to want to serialise it. And no doubt in their fevered prose, their happy knack of making mountains out of molehills, the story will take on a new lease of life. On screen, however, it remains old hat and as dull as dishwater.

JOHN CUTTS

THE BOY AND THE PIRATES

Directed and produced by Bert I Gordon. Screenplay by Lillie Hayward and Jerry Sackheim. Director of photography Ernest Haller. Art director, Edward L Ilou. Editor, Jerome Thoms. Music by Albert Glasser. Bert I Gordon Productions, distributed by United Artists. American. Perceptovision. Eastman colour. Cert.U. 84 mins.

Jimmy Warren, CHARLES HERBERT; *Katrina Van Keif* and *Kathy Mannering,* SUSAN GORDON; *Blackbeard,* MURVYN VYE; *Snipe,* PAUL GUILFOYLE; *Abu, the Genie,* JOSEPH TURKEL; *Scoggins,* ARCHIE DUNCAN; *Hunter,* THAN WYENN; *Dutch Captain,* AL CAVENS; *Peake,* MICKEY FINN; *Mr Warren,* MORGAN JONES; and *Morgan,* TIMOTHY CAREY.

Ten-year-old Jimmy Warren is whisked by the genie Abu back through time to Blackbeard's pirate ship. Abu tells Jimmy that he must return the magic bottle to the place he found it within seven days, or take the genie's place in the bottle. After many plots and counterplots, plus a few sea-battles, Jimmy finally succeeds and returns safely to 20th century Massachusetts.

I'm always wary of child actors, but I liked Charles Herbert. The epitomy of the American sub-teenager, his performance is suitably 'cool' and his range of facial expression unusually wide. He doesn't just pull faces—his eyes flash convincingly with fear or mischief. Against the formidable opposition of a small boy and girl (Susan Gordon is rather wooden and self-conscious) the adults come off well: you're not expected to take them seriously and their playing, without resorting to exaggeration, doesn't ask you to. Joseph Turkel's pint sized genie Abu is a lively character and Gordon sensibly restricts him to long shots, maintaining the illusion of exiguity.

There are some cheerfully rowdy battles, and it's a tribute to Bert Gordon's direction and Ernest Haller's camerawork that, despite the action being confined mainly to the ship, the film never becomes visually monotonous. Add to this some neat trick work, attractive colour and pleasant sets, and, despite its tendency to follow in Disney's footsteps, you have a tasteful film with an individual charm and style. By no means brilliant, it is acceptable entertainment and continuously enjoyable.

DAVID RIDER

WOMEN BY NIGHT

Directed by Mino Loy. Produced by William G Reich. Directors of photography, Rino Filippini and Florian Trenker. Art director, Ernest Guibo. Editor, Enzo Alabiso. Publi Italiani NCRSL and Major Distributors, released by Compton-Cameo. Italian. English commentary. Techniscope. Colour by Movielab. Cert. A. 87 mins.

TOKIKO and TAEKO, LOS MACHUCAMBOS, DIORISS GIRLS, ELSA and WALDO, CHARLESTON FOLLIES, ESTRELLITA, CHRISTINE FRANCE, LA MARTINICA, LOUIS PRIMA AND SAM BUTERA and the WITNESSES, DANZA DEL FUOCO, KOKUSAI BALLET, JUDY LYNN SHOW, CAROLINE CHERIE DAVE SPOLLON and his ORCHESTRA.

An also-ran among the night-club tours. It's not disagreeable but nothing in it is very erotic, exotic or exhilarating. It dithers indecisively from one capital of the world to another and catches an uneven assortment of acts. The Dioriss Girls perform a pallid can-can while the director, baffled by 'scope horizontality, alternates close-ups of their legs with close-ups of their top halves, resulting in a curious 'layer' effect. Later the wide screen is neatly filled by an 80-strong line of Japanese chorus girls, who cram the stage so completely that the choreography is completely non-existent. A gorgeous display of Las Vegas neon-lights builds up to Judy Lynn's version of 'Red River Valley', which is so dreary that one feels like taking back everything one said about skiffle. The theme of women by night is varied by a few scenes of men by day, such as Thailandese fighting with quarter-staffs—the continuity is execrable, one of the combatants being disarmed one moment and re-armed the next.

Too many of the acts are pointless. Scenes of Christianised voodoo rituals in Hawaii, where the faithful dance themselves into utter exhaustion, have a certain scrappy anthropological interest. All the stripteases are cut short, although there is an intriguing excerpt from an act where the girl's clothes are pulled off her by a horse. The colour system pales all its reds to raspberry colour, and its yellows to lucozade, though there is the beautiful shot of the neon lights of Las Vegas and a Japanese girl has a nice dress of South Seas blue rippling with silver tassels.

The two best episodes are rehearsals. A miscellany of stiff, knobbly American tourists variously jolt, grin and groan their way through the hula, under the eye of a Hawaiian girl who can hardly teach them for good-naturedly laughing. And a Parisienne is given instruction in the striptease by a man in blue shirt and jeans who does everything she should gesture for gesture, perfectly, and yet without losing a jot of his masculinity—a very strange effect which probably proves something or other about the strip-tease.

RAYMOND DURGNAT

WOMAN OF THE RIVER

RE-ISSUE

Directed by Mario Soldati. Produced by Basilio Franchini. Screenplay by Basilio Franchini, Giorgio Bassani, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Florestano Vancini, Antonio Altoviti and Mario Soldati, based on a story by Alberto Moravia and Ennio Flaiano. Director of photography, Otello Martelli. Editor, Leo Cattozzo. Art director, Flavio Mogherini. Music by Angelo Lavagnino and Armando Trevaioli. A Carlo Ponti-Dino de Laurentiis production, distributed by Gala. Italian. English sub-titles. Original title: *Le Donne del Fiume.* Technicolor. Cert. A. 95 mins. Year of production: 1955.

Nives, SOPHIA LOREN; *Gino,* RIK BATTAGLIA; *Enzo Cinti,* GERARD OURY; *Tosca,* LISE BOURDIN; and *Oscar,* ENRICO OLIVIERI.

The credits of this Ponti-de Laurentiis production include several names now occupying a predominant place in Italian cinema. Of the scriptwriters, both Pasolini (with *Accattone*) and Vancini (*la lunga notti del'43*) have successfully turned director. Otello Martelli has strengthened his reputation for clean, precise photography (*La Dolce Vita*) and Angelo Lavagnino has been responsible for the original music scores on several of the lesser Italian historicals which have been turning up in American dubbed versions. Not that it needed any great talents to work out this Moravia-Flaiano story about an Italian peasant girl working in an eel factory. Of the two men who profess love for her, she prefers the rugged attractiveness of a cigarette smuggler, inclined to violence, to the more homely security offered by a policeman nearing middle-age, who works on the basis that pity is wasted on individuals who do harm and that jail is the best place for them. When she tells the smuggler that she is pregnant by him he knocks her to the ground, whereupon she informs on him to the police, so setting off the circle of inevitable tragedy. (And worse still, the girl suddenly develops a 'conscience' over her act of revenge.)

Main interest of this re-issue is Sophia Loren's playing of the supposedly simple girl who doesn't want to leave her home for a better one, though she wouldn't mind having all the latest domestic luxuries. Although it is the part that really established her with audiences outside of Italy, it suffers from considerable superficiality. The film splits markedly into the comedy scene; the dramatic scene; the tragic scene and so on. And the acting is ranged accordingly. While in contrast to the leisurely scenic shots of the opening, there is a lively mambo session at a local fair, which appears little more than an excuse for the direc-

tor to use his camera in nodding approval of the Loren legs. Still, it is an engaging performance, if not a notable one (it suffers from forced emotions and a little too much frigidity), and helps one to appreciate just how much this actress has improved since the days of paddling through water cutting cane.

ROBIN BEAN

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI *RE-ISSUE*

Directed by David Lean. Produced by Sam Spiegel. Screenplay by Pierre Boulle, based on his novel. Director of photography, Jack Hildyard. Art director, Donald Ashton. Music, Malcolm Arnold. Editor, Peter Taylor. Columbia, released by BL-C. British. Cinemascope. Technicolor. Cert. U. 161 mins.

Shears, WILLIAM HOLDEN; *Colonel Nicholson*, ALEC GUINNESS; *Major Warden*, JACK HAWKINS; *Colonel Saito*, SESSUE HAYAKAWA; *Major Clipton*, JAMES DONALD; *Lieutenant Joyce*, GEOFFREY HORNE; *Colonel Green*. ANDRE MORELL; *Captain Reeves*, PETER WILLIAMS.

A second viewing confirms one's first impression that *Kwai* is a gripping and honourable film, but not a masterpiece.

The novel was written by a Frenchman and the figure of Colonel Nicholson reflects the foreign fascination with the English (are they human ?). The 19th century stereotype of the English 'milord' was of a superior being, polite, brave, arrogant and almost monstrously cold—Phineas Fogg is an amiable example. The English ability to see the other fellow's point of view made them very diplomatic, that is extremely cunning—and Nicholson's duel with the Japanese Commander is a triumph not only of courage but also of Machiavellianism. His bravery reflects the English reputation as 'lost cause' fighters—the Dunkirk spirit.

But Nicholson is a cousin not only of Major Thompson but also of Colonel Blimp. He typifies the obsolescence of the English gentleman, or, more accurately, of the public school man with a middle class conscience. Little by little Nicholson comes to sympathise with his Japanese counterpart, to see his torturer's point of view. Presumably he originally intended to build the bridge, impressively but badly. But what was at first a cunning bargain with the devil becomes a trap for Nicholson himself. So far as he is concerned, war no longer exists, the bridge exists solely as a monument to himself and his men. He no longer feels a prisoner of the Japanese but their equals, their partners. He has brainwashed himself, and isn't in the least concerned that his bridge will help his captors to build more camps on the river Kwai, in which his fellow-countrymen may be enslaved and tortured as he was. However gallant he may be, the Colonel has become, if not actually a Quisling, at best a Petain. His confusion as to who his enemy is reflects the pious hope of Chamberlain and his colleagues that Hitler was a kindly, trustworthy gentleman—not like those shifty, scheming French, or those troublesome little states miles away in Central Europe somewhere, who so obstinately refused to sacrifice themselves in response to Hitler's reasonable requests for *Lebensraum*.

RAYMOND DURGNAT

Playing at cults

The past year must go down in cinema history as the year in which Howard Hawks was canonised—a movement, over here at least, as suspicious as it has been swift. It is not so much the process that is disturbing (I have seen too few of his films to say much about that) as the tone in which it has been conducted and the canting fatuities to which it has given rise. Hawks the 'ever-reliable provider of cinematic entertainment' has been praised with either a too-apparent double think masking patronisation or with what an official calls established Soviet criticism.

The cultists have given us 'interpretations' of *Hatari!* and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. *Rio Bravo* has been repeatedly called 'Shakespearean', its characters compared to those in *L'Avventura*, and I am informed by the booklet in front of me that the films of Huston 'pale beside those of Hawks'. (Of course, is the implication.) Poor old Hawks has been submitted to the kind of ant-like perseverance that is turning so much criticism into a collection of tiny activities on a wide front. It is a game that anyone can play. I observed, for instance, that in both *Scarface* and *Twentieth Century*, the one a hoodlum opera, the other a screwball comedy, extensive allusions are made to the work of Somerset Maugham. Moreover, in each case, the work alluded to is *Rain*. Ha! Subject for a monograph: 'Sadie Thompson and Howard Hawks; a Study in Professional Empathy'. It's very catching, this kind of thing, and does little service to anyone.

Three cheers, however, for *Twentieth Century*, Hawk's 1934 comedy with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. It came up marvellously. No funny music, no flash editing; simply brilliance of pace, a relentless keyboard script by Ben Hecht, and Barrymore giving (surely?) one of the most perfectly judged comedy performances in the history of the cinema. As Oscar Jaffe, producer-impresario, 'the Napoleon of Broadway', he gives a display of rhetoric and hyperbole as remarkable for its hypnotic arrogance as for its hideous fluency in cheap aphorism and instant image ('My dear, the sorrows of life are the joys of art' he says smartly). Whether calling New York for an ibis ('That is the royal bird of Egypt'), laughing maniacally when Lombard walks out on him or raging at her in a discovered infidelity ('This is the final irony! Mousing about with *boys*!') he is irresistibly funny. The framework for this towering piece of ham is a collection of undating supporting performances, observed with both tartness and warmth, including two massively bearded players from the Oberammagau Passion Play who drop in on Barrymore's rail compartment to borrow money. (A very 1962 conceit, this; you watch Barrymore, unspeaking, toy with the idea of playing Christ, then put it to the back of his mind to speak of Lombard as the Magdalene.) Despite Lombard's slight uneasiness with the kind sabled-shrew rôle handled more surely on other occasions by Ginger Rogers, *Twentieth Century* is uncommonly good; well worth a wider revival in the more enlightened cinemas. Their audiences, most of whom will scarcely have heard of it, could not fail to whoop it up.

clubs

by Michael Ratcliffe

The Compton cinema is warm, and it is intimate. It is almost wedge-shaped, and the walls and ceiling have an appearance of cheese. The staff are cheerful; the audience is sad and furtive, their naughty membership cards grimly safe in their inside pockets. They sit quietly, most of them, waiting for the *frissons* and register no visible disapproval that these are so rarely forthcoming. What, I wonder, can they have expected from Maurice Labro's *Take Me As I Am*, an adaptation from James Hadley Chase (*You Find Him, I'll Fix Him*)? What was it the poster said? Daring! Unabridged!

Certainly at first it looked as if we were in for a tease vehicle for Marina Vlady. As the smouldering daughter of an American industrialist — visiting Rome — she swiftly ran through an extensive wardrobe to the manner born. We had Vlady sheathed, Vlady slacked, Vlady polka-dotted and Vlady plunging in a matter of minutes. The reason for all this haste was only too clear when she was pushed off a cliff with more than half the film to go. *Take Me As I Am* then became an international crime thriller—Neapolitan school —involving blackmail, smuggling, murder and a Sinatra-like hero, all basic innocence and confused duplicity (Robert Hossein, excellent). Stormy relationships slowly emerged; *crimes passionnel* loomed. It was not unlike Chabrol's *A Double Tour*, though a good deal less mad and entertaining. Hitchcock was in due course celebrated in an exciting chase in which two motor boats lunged at each other across the bay like angry sharks, scything out deadly patterns of destruction. This apart, the tension was spread thin. The dubbing was well spoken, but execrably synchronised. Very few new films of any quality seem to get shown at the Compton at all, which is such a pity. As I write, I am bidden to initiate the New Year by attending the trade show of *Vengeance of the Gladiators* (Rossana Podesta again), a 'Giant Epic of Thunder and Destruction'. Well.

The New Arts followed *Mondo Cane* with Franco Rossi's *Odissea Nuda* in a

● *Rossi's little seen documentary-style feature 'Odissea Nuda', deals with the effect of South Seas life on a European*

double-bill with *Tirez Sur Le Pianiste.* A conspiracy of silence hung over Rossi's Polynesian picture. It was shown out of the competition at Cannes, but few people appear to have seen it. Since it was not shown to the press, I must wait till next month before saying any more about it. Advance information, admittedly scanty, indicated a kind of Italian *Return to the Islands.* While on the subject of the Arts, it must here be sadly noted that Chabrol's *Le Beau Serge,* originally promised for the club, has bypassed it and gone straight into the West End.

A word about a pleasant little Chinese picture, Yeh Ming's *The Magic Lotus Lantern,* which has not yet been shown publicly in this country. In this performance by the formidably titled Central Experimental Opera Company, nobody sings a note—it is a dance drama—and the exact nature of its experimentalism is, to say the least, elusive. Maybe the attractive score sounds experimental to a Chinese ear; to us it is not unlike late Puccini. The drama, I should have thought, is entirely traditional, an affair of silks and hands, of flowering draperies and masterly leaps. It appears to have been shot entirely in a studio, in that rather soupy colouring one associates with much Russian cinematography, but aided by a careful and almost a-political narrative voice, and by some exquisitely varied dancing and mime, the interest is held. The little fable comes across.

A young man, on his way to Peking for the Imperials' examinations. is lost in the misty mountains and stumbles on the temple of the Goddess. He falls in love with her, and she with him. Her brother threatens to kill him, but is prevented by the Magic Lotus Lantern, a sparkling talisman that all men fear. Goddess and youth descend to earth. but brother follows . . . and so on to a long and happy ending. The style is almost televisionary; functional and unexciting. There is no natural home for small films of this kind, yet *The Magic Lotus Lantern* is pretty, straightforward and informative, and the calm conventions it celebrates would be balm to the sophisticates' fevered brow.

The Mermaid's new programme (see below) is packed with good stuff. To be invidious, I will single out Vigo's *Zéro de Conduite.*

No complaints either, at least on paper, about the NFT. By the time this number of *films and filming* has appeared, two seasons of quite exceptional interest will be under way. As sheer programme planning, they are exemplary. The separate works of David Lean and Sam Spiegel (whose current partnership, it is claimed, 'bids fair to becoming one of the most succesful ever known in the history of the cinema') is preceded by a short 'Left Bank' season, partly devoted to the short, early films of Resnais and Agnès Varda but principally designed to introduce the work of the documentary director, Chris Marker, to English audiences. Enthusiastically received in France, Marker's work is here virtually unknown. I hope to say more about it when I have seen *Letter from Siberia, Description of a Struggle* and *Cuba Si!*

LONDON CLUB SHOWS

January 18 to February 16

National Film Theatre

Jan 18, 6.15 and 8.30 *Pointe Courte* and *Opéra-Mouffe* (Varda)
Jan 19, 4.00, 6.20 and 8.40 *Letter From Siberia* (Marker)
Jan 20, 4.00, 6.20 and 8.40 *Letter From Siberia*
Jan 21, 6.15 and 8.30 *Way Out West* (Horne)
Jan 22, 6.15 and 8.40 *Letter From Siberia* (Marker)
Jan 23, 6.15 and 8.50 *Paris Nous Appartient* (Rivette)
Jan 24, 6.15 and 8.50 *Paris Nous Appartient*
Jan 25, 6.15 and 8.30 *Description of a Struggle* (Marker)
Jan. 26, 4.00, 6.15 and 8.30 *Cuba Si!* (Marker)
Jan 27, 4.00, 6.15 and 8.30 *Cuba Si!* (Marker)
Jan 28, 6.15 and 8.30 *Saps at Sea* (Douglas)
Jan 29, 6.15 and 8.30 *Cuba Si!* (Marker)
Jan 30, 6.15 and 8.30 *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (Resnais)
Jan 31, 6.15 and 8.30 *Les Quatre Cents Coups* (Tuffaut)
Feb 1, 6.15 and 8.30 *Les Quatre Cents Coups* (Truffaut)
Feb 2, 4.00, 6.15 and 8.30 *A Bout De Souffle* (Godard)
Feb 3, 4.00, 6.15 and 8.30 *A Bout De Souffle* (Godard)
Feb 4, 6.15 and 8.30 *Pardon Us* (Parrott)
Feb 5, 6.15 and 9.10 *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (Lean)
Feb 6, 6.15 and 8.30 *In Which We Serve* (Coward/Lean)
Feb 7, 6.15 and 8.30 *Blithe Spirit* (Lean)
Feb 8, 6.15 and 8.30 *Blithe Spirit* (Lean)
Feb 9, 4.00, 6.15 and 8.30 *Brief Encounter* (Lean)
Feb 10, 4.00, 6.15 and 8.30 *Brief Encounter* (Lean)
Feb 11, 6.15 and 8.30 *Laurel and Hardy Shorts (III)* (Parrott)
Feb 12, 6.15 and 8.30 *Great Expectations* (Lean)
Feb 13, 6.15 and 8.30 *Great Expectations* (Lean)
Feb 14, 6.15 and 8.30 *Hobson's Choice* (Lean)
Feb 15, 6.15 and 8.30 *The Stranger* (Welles)
Feb 16, 4.00, 6.15 and 8.30 *On The Waterfront*

Starlight Cinema (Mayfair Hotel)

Performances: weekdays nightly 8.00 *pm and* 10.30 *pm; Sundays at* 8.30 *pm. Week beginning:*

Jan 23 *Never So Few* (Sturges)
Jan 30 *The Man of a Thousand Faces* (Pevney)
Feb 6 *This Earth is Mine* (King)
Feb 13 *Splendour in the Grass* (Kazan)

Mermaid Theatre (lunchtime shows)

On Thursdays and Fridays only, at 12.10-12.50 *pm and* 1.10-1.50 *pm*
Jan 17-18 *The Immortal Land* (Wright)
Jan 24-25 No performance
Jan 31-Feb 1 *Zero de Conduite* (Vigo)
Feb 7-8 *Guisseppino* (Hill)/*Grass* (Hanstrac)
Feb 14-15 *The Crimson Curtain* (*Le Rideau Cramoisi*) (Astrac)

Arts Theatre Club

Mondays continuous performances from 1.30 *pm; other days at* 10.30 *pm only*
Odissea Nuda (Franco Rossi)

Compton Cinema

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (Vadim)

Pic of the Pic

DOCUMENTARY

by Ken Gay

If any short film is familiar to the cinemagoer it is *Pathé Pictorial*. Dating back to the days of the silent cinema when it was known as *Pathé Gazette*, this hardy perennial has never been forced off the screen. Moving with the times some eight years ago it changed over to Technicolor, some three years before the advent of its rival colour weekly magazine *Look at Life*. Some four hundred and ten colour issues later, *Pathé Pictorial* is as persistent as ever. Universal and GB News disappeared, but *Pathé News* still continues in distribution alongside the *Pictorial*, with some of its issues also being in colour.

To Douglas Warth, who runs *Pathé Pictorial*, *Pathé News* of course is not a rival. Like Grafton Green of *Look at Life*, Douglas Warth sees his film as similar to the feature in a newspaper. It is not surprising to learn that, in fact, like Grafton Green he also comes from Fleet-street. After a distinguished war record as a correspondent, Warth went to the *Sunday Pictorial* to write a column. Some nine months ago he came to *Pathé Pictorial* as its editor, as the word is used in the newspaper and not film sense. Warth still retains his Fleet-street friendships, for to him *Pathé Pictorial* is still news, though primarily humanised news, the human story behind the event, however small the event. Unlike *Look at Life* there is no yearning towards documentary or playing with social significance. But, says Douglas Warth, in the realms of art you complement, you do not compete. It would be a bad day, he remarks, if we stopped aspiring to be artists in our work.

When Warth joined *Pathé Pictorial* he took over writing the commentary for the weekly issues, and this has brought about a certain change of style. Warth tries to be 'an informed companion whispering from the next seat'. There is a resulting whimsicality, nostalgia and sentiment which is the recipe for the *Pictorial's* undoubted success. Nostalgia can be dangerous. It implies throwing a kindly haze over the remembrance of things past. But for many this is the sort of thing looked for in the cinema, along with the thick carpets, the comfort and the dark.

The magazine has a firm following. It is not just a question of its being booked regularly on an established circuit. The independents book it consistently and there is a long spread for its distribution, starting with London release and ending up over a year later playing to working men's clubs. It also has a good sale overseas and like *Look at Life* is one of our most exported shorts, going into most European and Commonwealth countries. Music and effects tracks and a text for local translation are supplied for this in non-English language countries. A lot of Pathé material is taken for Government overseas distribution. Like *Look at Life*, *Pathé Pictorial* is charged with making a profit and makes it.

Production is mainly by Pathé technicians and there is a tie up with the Associated British Pathé documentary unit, which like Warth's *Pathé Pictorial* comes under producer Terry Ashwood, a familiar name in the documentary world.

If more than one story is used in an issue there is no abrupt transition from one story to the next. No dissolves or fades are allowed. One story must flow into another, and therefore stories are looked for which have cohesion, allowing a common theme to run through them. For example a recent issue had the connecting idea of 'dreams'. It ranged from a story of pigs kept in a hammock (it makes them fatter) to another where lovers tanned each other's names on their backs by sunbathing with suitably arranged adhesive strips, to a third dream of some dustmen going to Ascot suitably dressed in fashion.

Quite a number of other shorts get cinema release. Among the best of these lately has been *The Living Pattern*, a three reel Eastmancolor study of Britain's wild life mainly concerned with that little known body, the Nature Conservancy. Sponsored by the National Benzole Company as the third film in their National Heritage series, it was produced by Ralph Keene, of *Journey into Spring* and *Between the Tides*, the Transport films which started the thing off. John Taylor, who directed and photographed, worked on *Winter Quarters* and *River of Life*, the two independent films which followed. Edited by Ralph Sheldon, with additional photography by John Buxton and Lewis McLeod, commentary written by Geoffrey Grigson and spoken by Alec Clunes, it has amazing coverage of creatures big and small.

Coverage of a different kind is achieved by Bert Haanstra in *Zoo*, released by Contemporary and showing with Ingmar Bergman's *Through a Glass Darkly*. As in *Glass*, his previous short, Haanstra dispenses with a commentary. Humans and animals at a zoo are paralleled and the pictures speak for themselves. It is a hackneyed subject but how amusingly and lightly Haanstra does it, the animal-like humans gazing at the human-like animals in droll fascination.

Zoo won prizes at the 1962 Edinburgh and Berlin festivals and, slight though it is, demonstrates again what we learnt with *The Rival World*, *Rembrandt*, and *Glass* that Bert Haanstra is one of the best documentary film makers now working. Let us hope that he does not desert documentary altogether for features.

The Changing Hills, on release by MGM is from the Australian Commonwealth Film Unit. Directed by John Martin Jones and edited by Rondda Small, with camera work by Leo Elia and David Muir, this thirty minute Eastmancolor Vistarama production is an account of the Snowy Mountains project, that important irrigation scheme which will bring electrical power and water to the materially expanding Australian continent. The film ranges widely over the work and the people who do it and is crisply put together. I would have liked a map though.

Also from MGM are two films about Scotland. *Over the Sea to Skye* was directed by Hans Nieter and photographed by Adrian Jeakins. An Anvil Films (Scotland) production I found this a compelling account of the island, and the conventional travelogue figure who took us round the island was not obtrusive. *Heart of Scotland* comes like *Seaward the Great Ships* from Templar Film Studios in Scotland and it also had an outline treatment by John Grierson. But although it has received praise I found that too much was packed into this twenty-five minute film. It ranges over a good many of Scotland's industries and in the resulting medley nothing stands out. A pity, for Scotland is a fascinating country and the film has some good photography by Edward McConnell. It was directed by Laurence Henson.

Contemporary release *Conquering the World's Highest Peak*, the Chinese film about Everest which caused so much controversy. According to the mountaineering experts who saw it, nothing is proven either way; but the likelihood that the Chinese team climbed Everest is made substantial. The film has some very fine photography blown up from 16mm size.

It is a pity that the commentary was translated and recorded in China: its style is not sympathetic to British tastes and limits the film's effectiveness.

Rank release *New Face for Britain* (produced by Peter Radford) a seventeen minute Eastmancolor film by World Wide on the work of the Civic Trust, the organisation which is trying to persuade towns all over the country to clean up their streets by re-organising street furniture, co-ordinating design of shop decorations and so on. The film concentrates on the changes at Windsor which culminated in a re-opening by the Queen, and is effective propaganda for this very important work.

Among the best of the industrial shorts are *Jam Session*, written and directed by Richard Taylor for RHR Productions, which uses imaginative film musical techniques in aid of Robinson's jam; *Network* a story film from AEI directed by Joe Mendoza, which uses the breakdown of a ship's engines in African seas to illustrate the wonder of modern telecommunications; *The New Traders*, for Unilever, and some new films from the Gas Council among which *Room for Improvement* will delight anyone who has found, when washing up, that the sink, the cupboard and everything else are all in the wrong place.

Metal in Harmony a twenty-one minute Eastman colour film directed by Kenneth Fairbairn is released by Anglo Amalgamated. This is the story of aluminium, beginning with the ore in West Africa and ending at the Scottish mills. Lovers of humour might do better than borrow from British Transport the same director's *A Desperate Case*, an amusing account of how not to send your luggage in advance. It is of the same stable as *I am a Litter Basket*, another humorous Transport film, produced by Stewart McAllister, whose death in December at the age of 47 was a sad loss to documentary. Editor at the Crown Film Unit of almost all Humphrey Jennings's wartime films, McAllister will be missed by many.

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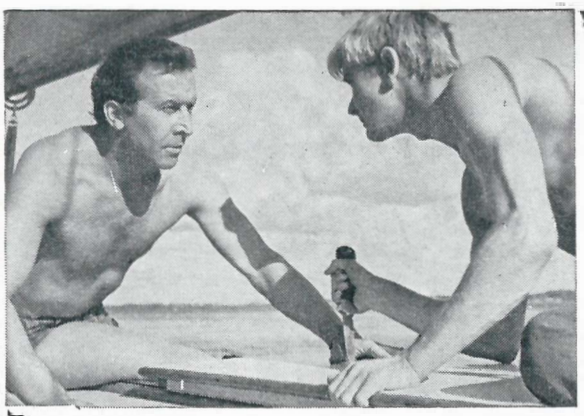

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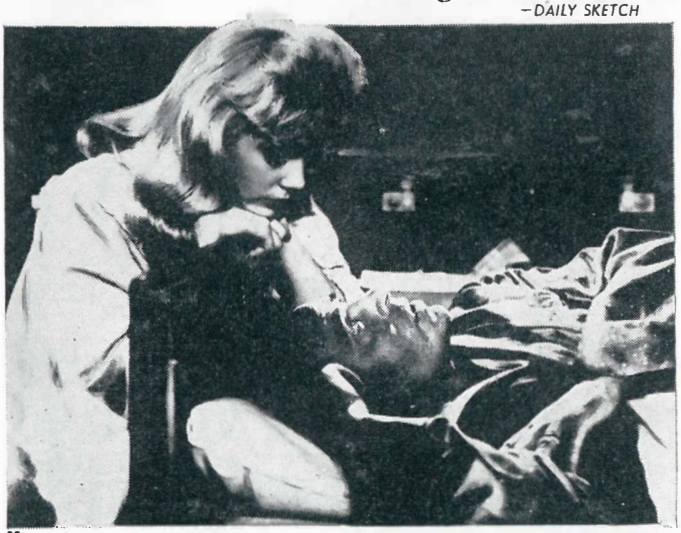

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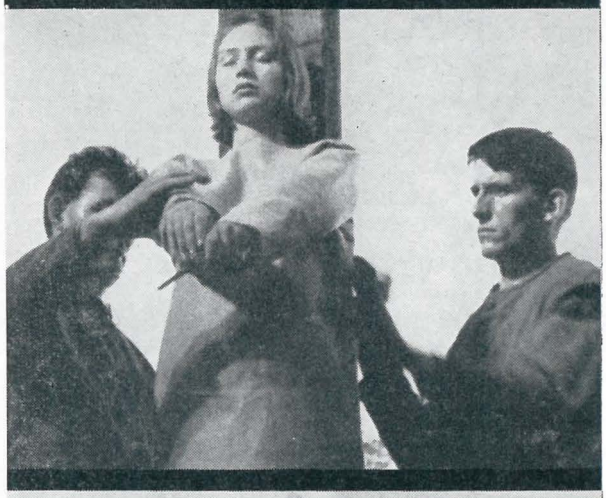
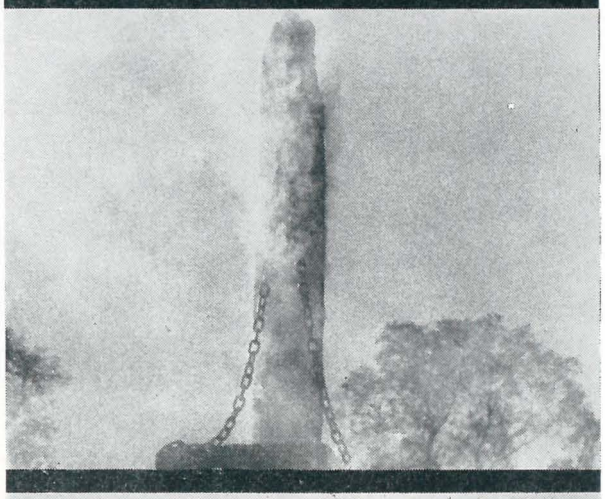
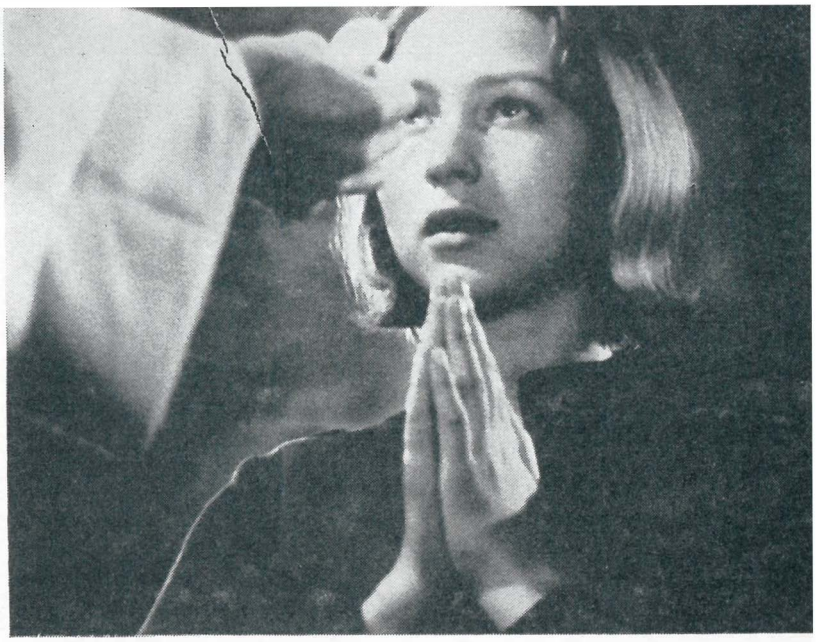




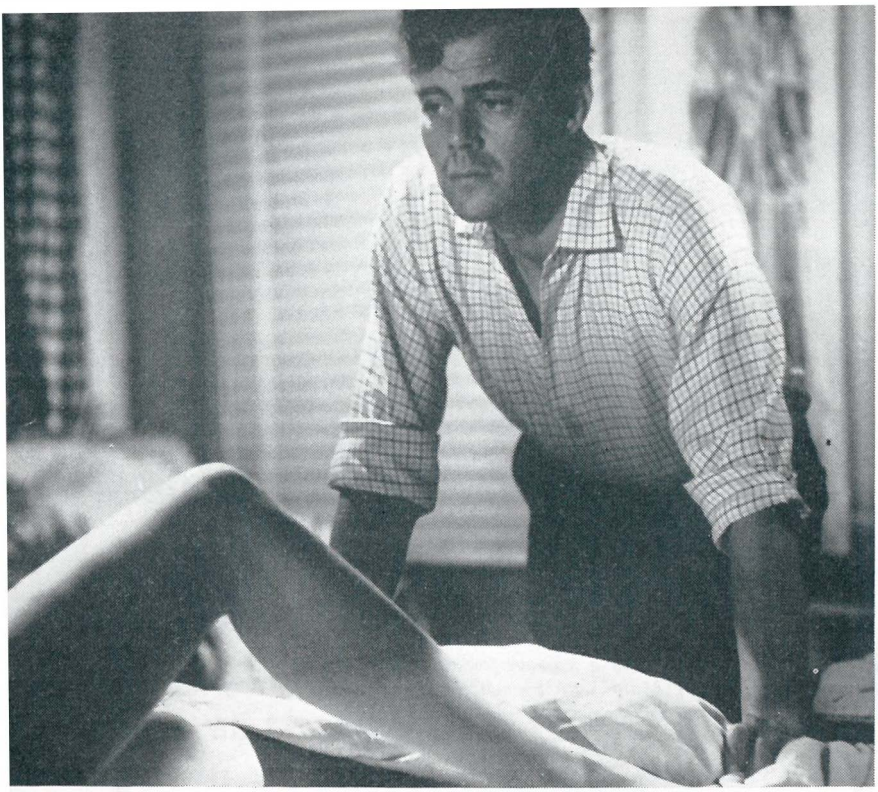


● *Bresson uses a non-professional cast for his film about the Maid, with Florence Carrez in the rôle of St Joan*

the trial of Joan of Arc ✠

Written and directed by Robert Bresson, 'The Trial of Joan of Arc' is based on the actual verbatim report of the trial of Joan. Ill-treated and insulted during her five months imprisonment, Joan stood up to some of the top scholars and theologians of her day at the trial, although in a moment of doubt she renounced her faith, only to re-establish it and so consign herself to be burnt at the stake. Bresson is concerned with the theme of injustice being practised under the guise of justice, and with the conflict between cold logic and inspiration.

● *Images from Bresson's interpretation of the trial and martyrdom of Joan of Arc*



the mind benders

● *Dirk Bogarde as Oxford scientist Dr Longman, who is prepared to sacrifice personal happiness in the advancement of science*

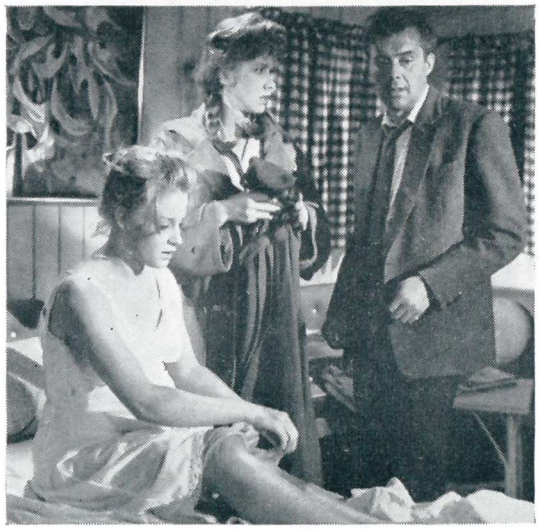
The struggle between humanity and the demanding, often dangerous, advances of science, is the basis of 'The Mind Benders'. Directed by Basil Dearden from an original screenplay by James Kennaway, this is based on recent experiments carried out in Britain and the USA in 'the reduction of sensation', when alarming results were recorded in volunteers denied the use of their five senses. Dirk Bogarde portrays Dr Longman, who undergoes experiments to demonstrate that prolonged spells of isolation destroy a man both morally and physically, and would make him an easy target for anyone who wanted him to engage in treason. After an extended period of isolation, he vanishes into a world of his own and is 'persuaded' to change his most fundamental beliefs

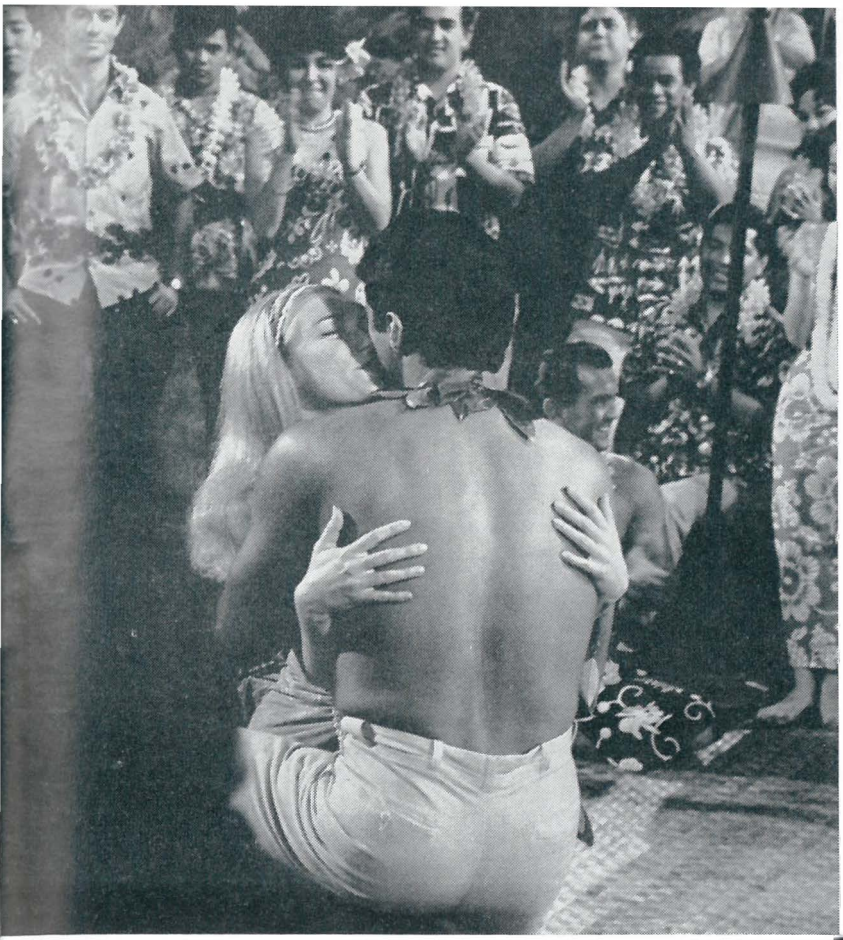
● *Above: Longman is subjected to the questions of Hall (John Clements), watched by Tate (Michael Bryant)*

● *Above: Tate (right) supervises the tests made on students preparing to undergo experiments in subjecting themselves to extremely low temperatures*

● *Left: Following a period of isolation, Longman falls victim of a subtle form of indoctrination, and frightens Annabelle (Wendy Craig) with his strange conversation*

● *Right: Longman has brought his wife Oonaugh (Mary Ure) to Annabelle's barge, when he realises that she is going to have a baby*



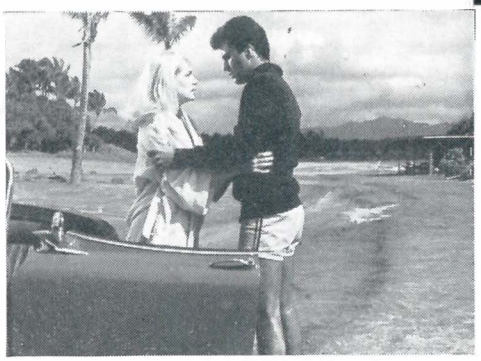


● *Sloan (Yvette Mimieux) falls in love with a full-blooded Hawaiian youth, Paul Kahana (James Darren), and plans to marry him*

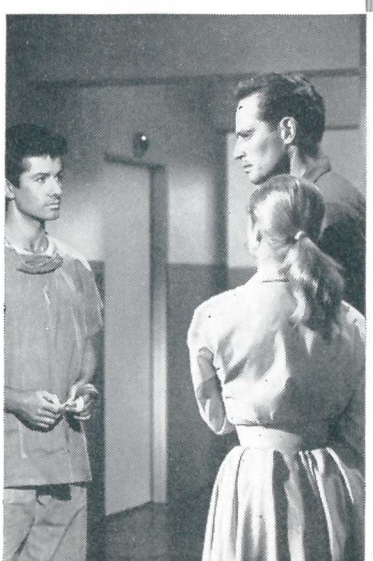
Following his trio of films on prejudice in human relationships 'The Angry Silence', 'The Mark' and 'The Light in the Piazza' Guy Green has directed his first film away from Europe, 'Diamond Head'. Adapted from the novel by Peter Gilman (Marguerite Roberts wrote the screenplay) this is a profile of the power, bigotry and downfall of a big landowner on Hawaii (played by Charlton Heston). He tries to stop the marriage of his young sister (Yvette Mimieux) to a Hawaiin boy (James Darren), and while disclaiming racial discrimination he secretly carries on an affair with a Chinese girl

diamond head

● *Sloan tells Paul of her brother's objection to the marriage, based mainly on racial discrimination*

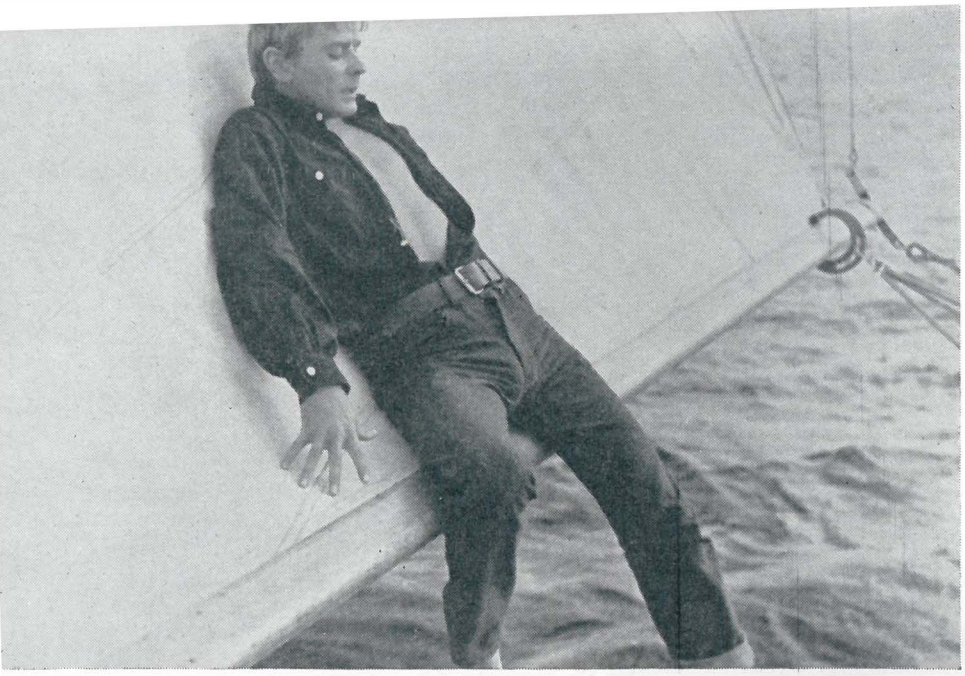


● *Left: Charlton Heston as Howland, Sloan's elder brother, the often ruthless big landowner on Hawaii who has been announced as candidate for the us Senate*



● *Above: Howland's attempts to stop the marriage of Sloan to Paul Kahana end in tragedy, when his prejudice is partly responsible for Paul's death*

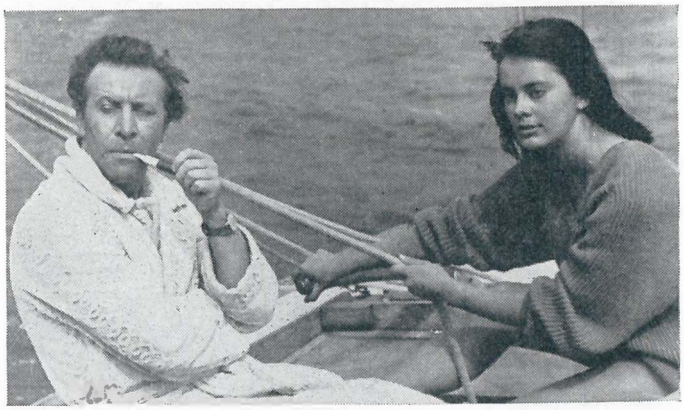
● *Left: George Chakiris as Dean Kahana, a young doctor who tries to comfort Sloan after Paul's death*



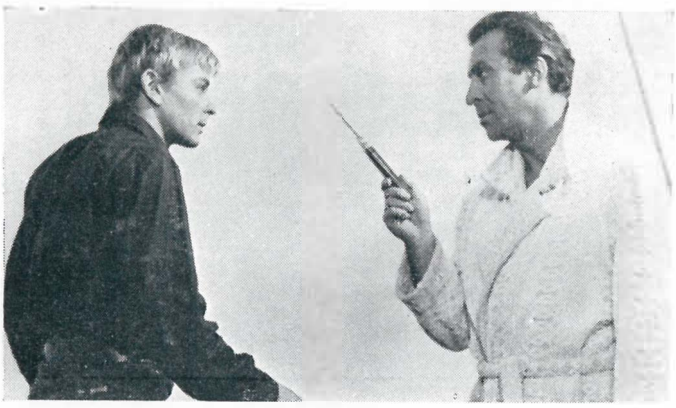
● *Zygmunt Malanowicz, making his acting debut after four years at the Lodz school, plays a young man on vacation near the lakes*

The young Polish director, Roman Polanski, was first noted for his avant garde work 'Two Men and a Wardrobe'. Previously he had been an actor, notably in Wajda's 'Generation'. His new film (original title, 'Noz w wodzie') was shown in the information section of the 1962 Venice festival. It represents a fresh approach to the eternal triangle theme and bas been praised by many critics for its style rather than its content.

THE KNIFE IN THE WATER



● *Andrzej (Leon Niemczyk) and his wife Christine (Jolanta Umecka) have offered the young man a trip on their yacht, little knowing the emotional consequences it will cause*



● *The man and boy show off in front of the woman and simple argument leads to violence*

● *Left: The young man pretends to drown in an effort to win the woman's sympathy*

● *Right: The husband having left for help, the young man seduces his wife. Later, when the boy has gone, Andrzej refuses to believe her confession*

CHOICE

The film men are determined to give the cinemagoers as little choice as they have on television. As from the first day of the New Year cinemas in the Greater London area reverted to a system of release that existed before wartime economy measures forced the film men to divide London arbitrarily into three — North West, North East and South.

Now, all new films are to be given a two-way instead of three-way release. London has been divided into North (first week) and South (second week) only.

The film men, proud of their new plan, state: 'The new system will mean that London cinemagoers will in many instances be able to view films at an earlier date'.

It means no such thing. It means that many Londoners will miss films they want to see altogether. And cinema owners as well as cinemagoers (to say nothing about the producer) will suffer as a result.

The film men make the big mistake of thinking that ordinary men and women are going to change the pattern of their lives in order to catch a film they would like to see during its brief life of seven days at the local Odeon or ABC. The great disadvantage of television is that, for mass communication, it must put out a once-only transmission of a play or film on one particular evening. Cinemas, scattered as they are evenly throughout the country, can give their customers something television never can—almost limitless choice.

The film men today should be busy devising ways whereby every film of merit is on view for a much longer period in every release area—fewer cinemas with the same film but each playing longer runs would be one way to achieve this. This is partly the secret of the success of the specialist cinemas like the Academy—their audiences can pick the night they want to go out at leisure.

If the cinemas are determined to bash out their films like hucksters selling hot-chestnuts, then 1963 will certainly see a further decline in attendances. And rightly so.

Carl Foreman is busy in Britain making *The Victors*. It may well be as successful as the last film he made (as producer), *The Guns of Navarone*. Yet it won't be British. By law, to count as British a film has to measure up to certain labour-cost requirements. Most American companies like to film in Britain and obtain a British 'quota' certificate. Two recent British films made by Hollywood have been *Lolita* and the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby comedy *Road to Hong Kong*. A 'quota' film has a big financial bonus. It shares the British Film Production Fund money (gathered by a small levy on admissions to *all* films shown in Britain) in proportion to its gross receipts. Last year Carl Foreman's *The Guns of Navarone* was the biggest money-maker in Britain and it will have collected many thousands of pounds subsidy.

Foreman, I know, is worried about this system. It helps films that have already proved they need no help. It does not specifically help producers who aim first for quality and put the box-office second in their mind. By deliberately using the artists and technicians he wants for *The Victors*, Foreman will stand to lose £50,000 bonus money, or more.

Many people will think Foreman is a fool not to change his film and earn the bonus. I think his action shows great artistic integrity.

Britain in '63

There cannot be a man, woman or child in Britain who does not know that in 1962 British films had a splendid commercial victory. The *films and filming* annual box-office survey was reported in nine out of the ten national daily newspapers (the *Daily Telegraph* apparently wasn't feeling very pro-British that morning), summarised by the BBC in its three morning Home news broadcasts, and duly noted in the trade, provincial and overseas newspapers.

The *Daily Express* made it the subject of a leading article ('The British cinema can match the best of any other land, in stars, stories and technique'), the *Daily Sketch* gave it the 'Happiest Story of the Day' column, and the *Daily Mail* let feature writer Douglas Marlborough analyse the results in the best part of a half-column.

We believe that British films are more than just commercially 'with it'—they are artistically 'with it' too. The Face of '63 elsewhere in this month's issue gives the reasons why we believe British cinema will increase its prestige in the year ahead.

Double-talk—1

I know someone who is not a *films and filming* reader. He is Sylvester Gates, the chairman of the British Film Institute. If he were, he would not have uttered this classic piece of misinformation at the Institute's annual general meeting: '(We) are concerned at the lack of concrete evidence of scholarship in the field of film research in Britain. This is due less to lack of scholarship itself than lack of money with which to publish its results.'

The Institute wants more money, some of it to be used to publish pamphlets about films and the people who make them. The last lot of pamphlets the Institute published suffered from only one thing—not sufficient people bought them and the funds allocated for them ran out.

Mr Gates tells members that if the Government does not increase the BFI grant there will have to be major changes in Institute policy. Good. The BFI has needed a good shake-up

for many years. It gets through nearly £150,000 a year. The National Film Theatre (which pays nothing to producers for film hire but a lot to the BFI for services) made a steady profit of £4,000 last year. The most positive thing the Institute does apart from the NFT is to preserve films of historic interest and to run an information library. Some people may think, not unreasonably, that a lot of money is being spent keeping films too few people are ever privileged to see.

Double-talk—2

Hollywood invented that maddening gimmick of presenting the main titles halfway (so it seems) through the feature. Now the studios have another gimmick that will probably madden you during 1963.

Zanuck's *The Longest Day* has started it. The Germans speak German, the French speak French, and English-speaking audiences can follow what is going on from the sub-titles. Now several Hollywood producers have decided that from now on they will admit in their films that there is a language barrier.

John Frankenheimer's *Flowers of Hiroshima*, being shot in Japan, will carry much of the dialogue in Japanese with English sub-titles. And I am told other producers are rapidly changing production plans to follow their leader.

Festival diary

Why not plan your 1963 holiday to coincide with a film festival? Most festivals are held in Europe, at attractive holiday resorts, and early applicants can usually buy tickets for festival performances.

Here is my 1963 diary to date:

Bordighera, Italy. Comedy films. January 20 to January 27.

Oberhausen, West Germany. Short films. February 18 to February 23.

Valladolid, Spain. Religious films. April 20-27.

Mar del Plata, Argentina. International competitive festival of feature films. March 13 to March 23.

Cannes, France. International competitive festival of feature films. May 9 to May 22.

Melbourne, Australia. Festival of short and feature films. May 31 to June 15.

Sydney, Australia. Festival of short and feature films. June 7 to June 20.

San Sebastian, Spain. International competitive festival of feature films. June 7 to June 16.

Berlin, West Germany. International competitive festival of feature films. June 21 to July 2.

Moscow, USSR. International competitive festival of feature films. July 7 to July 21.

Locarno, Switzerland. Festival of feature and short films. July 17 to July 28.

Budapest, Hungary. Festival of comedy films. August 10 to August 20.

Venice, Italy. International competitive festival of feature films. August 24 to September 7.

Edinburgh, Scotland. Feature film festival. End of August and early September.

Cork, Ireland. Festival of feature and short films. September 15 to 22.

Bergamo, Italy. Festival of short films. September 9 to September 16.

I will note other festivals and amendments to dates in this column later in the year.

Back scratchers unite

Director René Clément (his last film on British release was *Plein Soleil*) has been telling New York critics that the French new wave is now old hat and that it never meant much anyway.

The veteran French director described the new wave as a coterie of back-scratchers. 'You call me a genius in print and I'll call you a genius in print.' The new wave people, Clément claims, made a policy of criticising all established talent and downgrading experience. In his view the new wave is now 'quite dead'.

Clément's visit to the States was to deliver a print of his new film *Today We Live*, which stars Simone Signoret and Stuart.

X-traordinary

John Davis, chairman of the Rank Organisation, quoted by the trade paper *Kine Weekly*: 'Some of the films which are shown are playing down to the lowest denominator of public taste, are bad for the morality of this country, and are bad for our business . . . only a small proportion of our programmes, in my view, should be X'.

Fred Thomas, managing director of Rank Film Distributors, in *Kine Weekly*: 'The campaign (to promote *Sodom and Gomorrah*) has been carefully devised not only to capture the imagination and interest of the entire picture-going public and beyond, conveying to that public the quality of epic achievement, but also to secure the maximum return for every cinema'.

Worth it?

Otto Preminger said no. J Lee-Thompson (who directed the British box-office winner *The Guns of Navarone*) said yes. The controversy: Is Elizabeth Taylor worth a million dollars a film?

Lee-Thompson has signed the delicate star for his forthcoming comedy, *I Love Louisa*. As well as her million dollars the star will take ten per cent of everything that audiences pay to see the film before anyone else has a share.

The director's reason: 'She's never been in a flop'. Yet.

Short measure

From time to time I intend to list in this column films that have been cut by the professional hatchet men who think audiences will be bored with what the directors originally intended.

Mervyn Le Roy's *Gypsy* opened in London before Christmas minus one of its musical numbers.

Joseph Losey wants 25 minutes hacked from his *Eva* (Jeanne Moreau and Stanley Baker are the stars) to be restored. Original Paris release was 155 minutes. The version showing in the States is 110 minutes.

Sydney Lumet's version of the O'Neill play, *Long Day's Journey into Night* runs for nearly three hours. It opened in the States on a separate performance basis; but the distributors are now cutting it for a general release at cinemas giving continuous performances.

Some ambassador

British actor Jack Hawkins, in Hollywood to film *Rampage*, told the trade paper *Variety*: 'The British film industry poses no threat to Hollywood because of restrictive trade union practices'. He added that Hollywood was still the 'unquestioned picture-making capital of the world'.

I question it. Apart from the evidence that British films are more popular than ever before with cinemagoers (reflected in last month's *films and filming* survey of 1962), the Hollywood trade unions have been up in arms for months over what they call 'runaway' productions to Europe.

Hawkins should stick to the lines given him by his scriptwriters. On *Variety*'s evidence he is not a very good ambassador.

Big cut

I hear from Hollywood that Stanley Kramer has a problem. He has shot 450,000 feet for his new film *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* and this has to be edited down to 21,500 feet. Even then, the film will run over four hours . . . perhaps the longest film yet. Kramer's solution: he has given the task to a team of seven top Hollywood editors.

Under schedule

Last month I reported that Lord Snowdon had taken two days to photograph Carl Foreman's team making *The Victors*. For the sake of accuracy let me now record that his lordship came in under schedule—he did the job in one hour forty minutes flat. And that was on a rehearsal day, says the studio publicity man.

Method man

It is an odd reflection on present day values that my theatrical friends should tell me that anyone who talks about Stanislavsky is square, while to follow Brando and the late MM in the Hollywood and New York interpretation of 'the Method' is to be with it.

The great Russian theatrical director and teacher was born on January 17 1863. The centenary of his birth was marked in London by an exhibition (of all places in the Tea Centre). The Stanislavsky Institute in London, which was founded a year ago, organised the exhibition. They are confident that at least British ballet and opera are about to return to the master's methods of teaching.

And the cinema? I am told by an American friend there is to be an MM Institute. I hope it is only a sick joke.

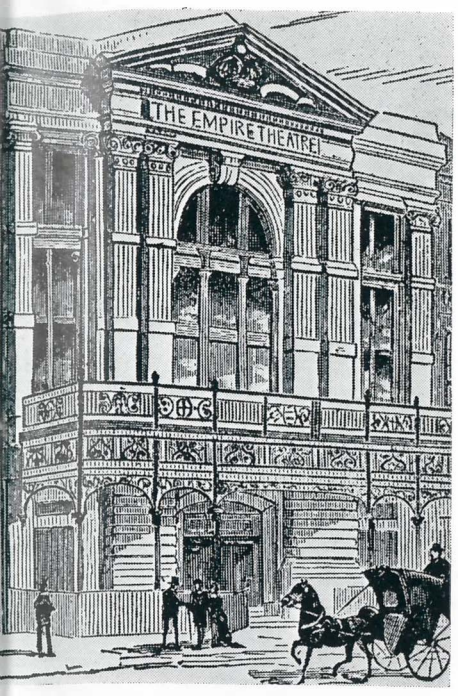
In the Beginning

No one really thought Italian producer Dino Di Laurentiis serious when he announced he would film the *whole* of the Bible. Well, he's making an early start.

Federico Fellini has been named for the Deluge and Luchino Visconti will tackle other sequences in the first section, to start shooting

COVER

The real Gypsy Rose Lee (Natalie Wood can be seen as the stripper when young in Mervyn LeRoy's 'Gypsy' now on release) appears as a has-seen-better-days actress in 'A Woman in July'. It was one of those flamboyant but shrewd pieces of casting for which Jerry Wald was famous. 'A Woman in July' is the last film Wald produced before his death. Directed by Franklin Schaffner (it is his debut: the young TV director has 'Twelve Angry Men' and 'The Caine Mutiny Court Martial' behind him), the film is based on William Inge's play, 'A Loss of Roses'. Story: A contest winner goes to Hollywood and does *not* make good. Joanne Woodward (cover picture) plays the frustrated small-town beauty, a part that was to be played by Marilyn Monroe. The picture on the left shows Gypsy Rose Lee and Richard Beymer in 'A Woman in July'.



● **London's West End has a new cinema. It is the new Empire (1,330 luxurious seats) which fits into the space occupied by the circle of the old Empire. The remainder of the building has become a dance hall. The old Empire was built in 1928 to seat 3,500 people. Before that, it was a famous music hall, built in 1884 on the site of the Eldorado (a combination of music hall and restaurant). Earlier it was the site of Leicester and Saville Houses, where George III was proclaimed King. In the 'nineties the Empire Promenade helped add the decade's adjective, 'naughty': and the authorities were forced to close it in 1916. Today the new Empire has an all-U programme, 'Jumbo'. Illustrated: 1884 the original Empire. 1928 the old Empire 1963 the new Empire.**

in April. Christopher Fry, I hear, is working with Visconti on the script.

It will cost Di Laurentiis three million pounds to film the first part of the Bible. Doubtless it will take audiences forty days and forty nights to view.

No joke

An extra said he wanted to ride on a staff bus. A studio guard said no. The extra pushed by the guard. There were gun shots and six extras were wounded by flying bullets. Then a crowd of 250 tried to lynch the guard.

It happened at the end of a day's filming on Stanley Kramer's comedy, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. You can say that again.

Bursting screens

Almost as though it were some dark, sinister plot, television spent its Festive Season trying to prove something about 'size'. Within days of each other came Terence Rattigan's new play *Heart to Heart* (with Kenneth More and Ralph Richardson) and David Susskind's production of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* (Ralph Richardson again, with Michael Redgrave, Ingrid Bergman and Trevor Howard).

Hedda Gabler cost £125,000 to prefilm and was seen simultaneously in Britain and the States by an audience estimated at fifty million. Rattigan's play (a TV commentator wrestles with the moral problem of whether or not to expose a political faker—had no one seen Jose Ferrer's *The Great Man* or Elia Kazan's *A Face in the Crowd*?) was estimated to have been seen by eighty million Europeans.

The little screens were bursting at their seams. All very fine if more people are going to see and appreciate drama of quality as a result; but one essential to appreciation is that audiences have the choice of time and place to have their emotions purged.

Dead

Charles Laughton, born in Scarborough, England, has died in Hollywood, aged 63, of cancer, after a long illness. His international screen career began in Korda's production of *The Private Life of Henry VIII*; but his best known rôle was as the grumbling, bullying Bligh in the pre-war version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

Within days the distinguished character actor Thomas Mitchell died in Hollywood, of cancer, aged 70. He began life as a newspaper reporter and began acting in films in 1930.

Mitchell's best known performances were in Capra's *Lost Horizon*, Ford's *Stagecoach*, and the 'classic' *Gone With The Wind*.

Charles Schnee, who won an Oscar in 1952 for his screenplay, *The Bad and the Beautiful*, died in Hollywood of a heart attack, aged 46. He was closely associated with Dore Schary at MGM during the 'fifties, writing many screenplays and then turning to production. He produced *Somebody Up There Likes Me*. His last screenplay, *The List of Adrian Messenger* is currently filming at Universal.

Filipo del Giudice, one time head of production for Lord Rank, died in a Florence, Italy, hospital. He came to Britain from Italy as a fugitive from Mussolini and during the 'forties was the driving force behind such films as *Henry V, In Which We Serve* and *Odd Man Out*. He formed Two Cities Films and once said he had spent £20,000,000 producing films and enjoying life. He had a row with the Rank Organisation and quit. British films of the 'fifties had no place for him. He died, penniless.

Dick Powell, who started singing in the *Gold Digger* films of the 'thirties, died in Hollywood, aged 58, of cancer. In the 'forties he became a straight actor (*Farewell, My Lovely*), then a director (*The Enemy Below*). With David Niven and Charles Boyer he ran a TV piece of nostalgia every week, *The Dick Powell Show*.

Jack Carson, who appeared in more than forty films, died in Hollywood, aged 52, of cancer. Among his more recent films were *A Star is Born, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Rally 'round the Flag, Boys!*

Emile Natan, aged 62, has died in Paris of heart failure. Born in Rumania, he was at one time head of Pathé. His best known productions: *Les Miserables* (1933), *Mayerling* (1936) with Boyer and Darrieux and *Maneges* (1949) with Signoret.

Cuttings

The Odeon cinema, Audenshaw, Manchester, is shortly to become the third cinema in the Salford diocese to be converted into a church —National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service.

We had hoped to review *How the West Was Won* this month. However, the crowds prevented us from getting in to see it again. If we manage to get in, we'll review it next month. If not, we'll feel happy the crowds are going. —Editorial comment in *Movie*.

THE DECADE

USSR

Ivan the

by Nina Hibbin

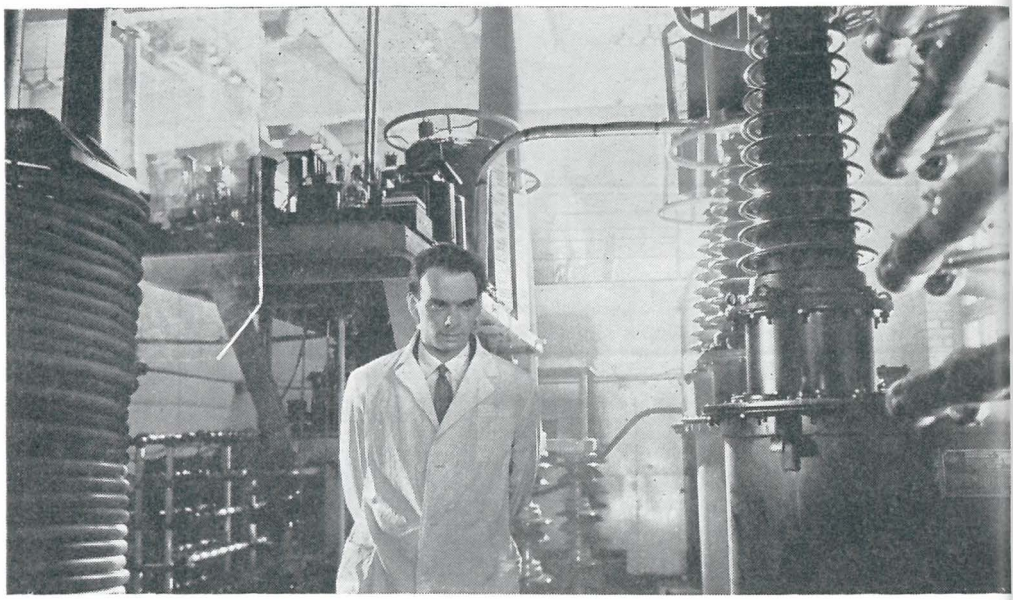
The death of Stalin opened a floodgate to new Soviet talent; but quantity of itself did not solve the problem, although it has provided standards of good and bad. Communist cinema has been more concerned with content than style, argues the critic of the London 'Daily Worker'

Over the past ten years, the Soviet cinema has undergone a dramatic transformation. In the early 'fifties, only eight or nine films a year were being made, and most of these drearily conformed to a pattern. In 1961, Soviet studios produced about 120 feature films, with a wide variety of content and style. Quality, of course, also varied; but the best of them—contemporary dramas, war films and screen versions of literary and stage classics—have succeeded in recapturing, on an up-to-date basis, the humanity and lyricism of the pre-war Soviet cinema, which seemed, a short ten years ago, to have been sunk without trace. To appreciate the scale and scope of these developments, you have to understand what went wrong before.

During the war, the Soviet film studios produced magnificent war dramas, fierce, passionate, and with a grim realism that owed a lot to the brilliant and courageous developments of front-line newsreel techniques. Victory brought peace to a country cruelly ravaged by wartime suffering, desperate to repair and rebuild. But years of intensive patriotic self-sacrifice, and the lionisation of the war leaders, led to the domination of the Stalin image. The worst effects of what has come to be known as 'the cult of the personality' were soon being felt in every aspect of daily life: it is in the realms of art that such a policy has its most tangible expression.

The watchword of the last years of the Stalin era, as far as films were concerned, was 'quality, not quantity'. Film-making was entrusted to no more than a score or so of experienced and established directors. Scripts were rigidly scrutinised by the Ministry of Culture and only those satisfying the particular requirements of the period were finally put through for production. The scripts most generally approved were those depicting the lives of famous personalities of recent or past Soviet national life, and especially those like *The Vow* and *The Fall of Berlin*, which idealised the personality of Stalin himself. Others idealised, not one personality, but Socialism itself—a rose-coloured-spectacle view of the lives of ordinary Soviet people; not as they were, but as they ought to be.

Not that there weren't, within these limits, some outstanding films, among them Stolper's *Story of a Real Man*, Donskoi's *The Village Teacher*, and Dovzhenko's *Michurin*, a biography of the great biologist. At another level Pyriev's *Kuban Cossacks*, a sort of hoe-down of the collective farm, was as lively and tuneful as *Oklahoma!*, and no less (or more) removed from life.



● *Soviet cinema is striving to relate the position of the individual against the background of an ever-changing world. Mikhail Romm's 'Nine Days of One Year', which won the major award at the 1962 Karlovy Vary festival, is the most important of the new Soviet pictures. Its star is Alexei Batalov*

But in the long run, this milk-and-honey view of life could do nothing but harm. Criticism from above grew more and more heavy-handed. Young qualified directors, emerging from the Film Institute, faced with years of work as assistant directors and seeing all their script ideas rejected, rapidly lost heart. By 1952 Soviet film production had practically ground itself to a standstill.

This era ended in 1953. It had been short, but its effects were far-reaching. It had been not so much a 'trend', as an 'anti-trend'—a formal imposition, from above, of rules and standards which prevented true trends evolving naturally from the best traditions of the past.

Almost immediately after the death of Stalin things began to change. In 1954, the Ministry of Culture announced a new building programme which included not only the modernisation and extension of the Leningrad and Moscow and Alma-Ata film studios, but also the construction of new studios in the capitals of many of the smaller republics, including Riga, Tashkent, Baku and Minsk. The aim was to achieve by 1956 an annual output of 70-80 films. The production programme which the Ministry announced at the same time abandoned the whole conception of films about 'the lives of the great'. It cast its net wide to draw in the most colourful and varied aspects of life among the working-people.

The Great Family, based on Kochetoc's best-seller *The Zhurbins* was to be about a family of ship-building workers; *The Broad Stream*, based on an Andreyev novel, was to deal with the problems of young people in factories. There were to be films about oil-workers in Baku, miners in the Donbas, collective-farmers in the Ukraine, Khurgis cattle-breeders, Azerbaijan cotton-farmers. There were also to be a number of screen versions of plays, ballets and operas.

In the event, few of the films listed proved artistically successful. While the scope and diversity of the programme was wider than ever before, the conception still suffered from an emphasis on subject-matter ('oil-workers of the Baku' . . . 'cotton-farmers of Azerbaijan' . . .) rather than on individual drama and the conflict of human personality. Technically, too, the approach was formal. Some

magnificent

of the new outlying studios, however, produced colourful and exotic local dramas and musicals which made up in vitality what they lacked in technical experience.

For this was a transitional period. As one Soviet critic put it at the time, 'Making a lot of films doesn't solve the problem; but at least it gives us standards of good and bad, and shows us where the future lies'. It was also a transition period from the technical point of view. While ordinary feature films were technically quite unremarkable, there were, as in America and Britain, a whole number of developments in wide-screen, stereophonic sound, Cinerama. There was an experiment in Moscow with 3-D cinema, using a prismatic screen which did away with the need for coloured glasses. There were presentations of all-round cinema, with a screen that encircled the auditorium. Soviet 'cinerama', with the join-lines it seems to me a little firmer and less irritating than in the American system, started off (as America did) with travelogues. One of its most popular successes has been a colourful presentation of the circus, full of exciting audience-participation effects, and with a final trick sequence featuring Popov the clown.

The most successful group of films of the middle 'fifties were the screen adaptations of the classics, which were tremendously popular with Soviet audiences. Some were no more than filmed stage performances, and their merit lay only in the high standard of the original production. Others, like Mussorgski's *Boris Godunov* (director: Stroyeva), Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* (directors: Arnstam and Larrestoy) and Shakespeare's *Othello* (director: Yutkevitch) developed new techniques for screening stage performances, and were magnificent films in their own rights. There were many outstanding screen adaptations of famous novels, including an excellent version of Ethel Voynich's *The Gadfly* (director: Samsonov), which is widely-read in the Soviet Union. Less successful were adaptations of one or two Tolstoi novels, and a heavily-sentimentalised screen version of a best-seller *The Crimson Sail*.

More recently, films like Cervantes' *Don Quixote* (1957, Kozintsev), and Chekov's *Lady with the Little Dog* (1960, Heifetz) have carried this trend to new artistic heights. Plans are now in progress for a film version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and a huge, spectacular production of *War and Peace*.

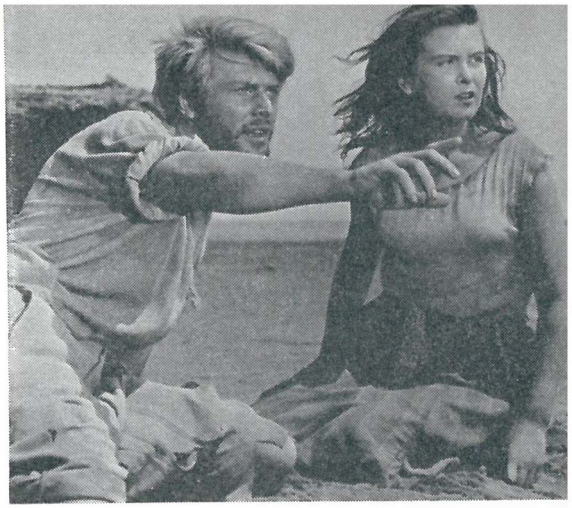
The middle-'fifties was also a transition period in relation to directors. The deaths of several of the great film-masters robbed the Soviet cinema of some of its finest talent. Eisenstein's death, in 1948, had been at the height of the 'cult' period. He had died while working on the third part of *Ivan the Terrible*, the second part of which was still under the shadow of critical dogma. Pudovkin completed *The Return of Vasili Bortnikov* just before his death in 1953. Dovzhenko died in 1956, leaving behind his two complete and fully detailed scripts for 70 mm production, *Poem of the Sea* and *The Turbulent Years*, which were completed by his widow Yulia Solntseva.

A new generation of young film-makers was emerging in an atmosphere of ever-widening creative possibilities, but it had yet to find its feet. Their problem was to apply the humanist traditions of the past to present-day society. Unlike the more established directors, they were born under Socialism. They went to Soviet schools and were brought up with a set of values that have little to do with the values of capitalism, and they took for granted a whole number of social conceptions that, for the older generation of filmgoers and film-makers, had had to be fought for with enormous suffering and passion.

Some of the older directors did, in fact, begin to make films reminding the young people of 'what your fathers went through', or 'what it was like before'. Gerasimov's impressive *Quiet Flows the Don* and Donskoi's *Mother* were two outstanding remakes that belong to this trend. Later, Raizman's *The Communist* (1958) graphically described the hardships and privations suffered by a young revolutionary worker during the wars of intervention.

The new directors tended, at first, to try their wings with remakes. Chukhrai's *The Forty-First* (1956), mistakenly estimated in the West as a 'turning-point', was in fact a remake of a novel about the Civil War in Turkestan, originally filmed in 1927 by Yakov Protazanov. It was very much a continuation of a tradition and not at all a new departure. Western critics who saw some significance in its 'candid' love-making have forgotten that in a vast and predominantly rural country like the Soviet Union (the town population has only recently caught up numerically with the country population) pro-creation doesn't need to be treated as a particularly specialised phenomena. On the whole, in Soviet films, passion hasn't been glossed over; but neither has it been inserted as an extra item to pep up the plot. Still, it is true that *The Forty-First* could not have been re-made during the 'cult' period—not because of its attitude to love in general, but because of its attitude to the woman's particular love for a man fighting on the enemy side. It also introduced an outstanding new director to Soviet filmgoers.

The developments of the middle 'fifties were given a big spurt forward by the historic 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which set the seal, so to speak, on a process of humanisation, decentralisation and developing concern for the individual which had been going on ever since the death



● *Most successful of the young Soviet directors has been Grigori Chukhrai first with (top) 'The Forty First', then with (centre) 'Ballad of a Soldier'—a major prize-winner at the Cannes festival—and more recently with (bottom) 'Clear Skies'. Chukhrai represented a national reaction to the Stalinist cult of personality*

of Stalin. In the report presented to the Congress by Nikita Khruschev, a great deal of reference was made to the arts in general, but the most detailed attention was given to films.

Soon afterwards the film industry underwent a big organisational change as part of the general national policy of decentralisation. Previously, financial and artistic control of the industry had been in the hands of the Ministry of Culture. Now each studio was given financial and artistic control of its own productions. In the larger studios, like the Moscow and Leningrad ones, the directors grouped themselves into 'production teams', and each of these was (and still is) more-or-less financially independent, responsible for its own annual budget. Another important organisational development was the setting up, at Mosfilm, of a special studio for young qualified directors newly out of film school, who can now make a certain number of films a year while still learning the trade. (The structure of the Soviet film industry was explained in detail in the Soviet Cinema issue of *films and filming*, March, 1961—*Editor*.)

The stimulation of public discussion about films, and the big organisational changes resulted in an enormous upsurge of creative energy in the late 'fifties. In no field, perhaps, can the development of new ideas be better traced—and in particular the change from the 'epic' approach to a more personalised form of drama—than among the war films.

There is scarcely a person in the Soviet Union who hasn't lost a close relative in the war. The degree of their war-time self-sacrifice and suffering is as difficult for us to conceive as, for instance, the degree of British self-sacrifice and suffering is difficult for the Americans to get hold of. It has, therefore, taken a proportionately longer time for them to be able to look back to the war in books or films in other than epic terms; and probably the 'cult' period was a contributory rather than a basic factor.

In the 'transition' period of the middle-'fifties, war films tended to be routine adventure stories with the all-conquering hero winning out against impossible odds. There are still plenty of these today; but in the second half of the 'fifties a different sort of war film began to emerge, made in the main by new directors with the war as a background to highly individual personal experiences.

Sergei Bonderchuk, previously known to film audiences as a magnificent actor, broke new ground with his first film as a director, *Destiny of a Man*, a stirring account of the rehabilitation of an ex-p-o-w through his contact with a little boy. The rehabilitation theme is developed in a recent film, also a 'first', Kulidzhanov's *When Trees Were Tall*, a deeply compassionate study of a failure of a man whose life takes on new meaning when he pretends to be the long-lost father of a war-orphaned girl. A war-orphan is the central character in *Ivan's Childhood*, a first and highly-individualised film by Tarkovsky, based on a popular short-story (and, incidentally, a major award winner at the 1962 Venice festival).

Ballad of a Soldier (written by Chukhrai and Yezhov) was a tender poem about the wastage of youth through war—a tremendously optimistic tragedy, radiant with youthful feeling. *The Cranes Are Flying* saw the tragedy of war not only in terms of loss of life, but also in the personal stresses which lead people into conduct they may later regret. It also established the director-cameraman relationship of Kalatazov and Urasevsky as one of the liveliest among Soviet production teams.

Even the epic war films have begun to take on a much more personalised character. The quality of *The Turbulent Years* does not lie only in its magnificent use of the wide screen for its grimly realistic battle-scenes. It also stems from its rare ability to project the individual emotions of its characters, without allowing them to become dwarfed by the size of the action.

It is inconceivable that any Soviet film would try, as some British and American films have done, to whitewash or glamorise Nazism. But a new step is taken in one of the most recent Soviet war films, *Peace to the Newcomer*, in which directors Alov and Maumov

forge an attitude to past enemies in a tough but essentially human way. This powerful drama of the last days of the war has plenty of rough edges, but it builds up enormous tension around the story of a Soviet officer who relectantly risks his life to help a pregnant German woman reach a hospital. It caused a lot of controversy, but it was a film that had to be made—a sharp, personalised contribution to an important and very thorny problem.

Many of the war films take a cross-section view. Best of these is *The House I Live In*, in which the directing team Kulijanov and Segal look at the lives of the people living in a block of flats during the latter part of the war—a boy who loses a childhood sweetheart; a fatherless family; a soldier so war-weary that he dozes off at the moment of the victory salute.

The conscious attempt to dramatise the lives of ordinary people is not confined to war films. It can be traced in many of the titles of the 1960-61 films, including *There was Once a Train Driver* and *An Ordinary Story* from the Dovzhenko studio in Kiev, and *Those Kind People* from the Gruzia studios. *A Simple Tale* deals with the day-to-day life of a woman on a collective farm; *Spring in Zarechnaya Street* is an enchanting story about a schoolmistress just out of college and her developing self-confidence through her love for a young factory worker.

A special aspect of many of the late-'fifties and early-'sixties films has been their sharply critical attitude to the old forms of bureaucracy and dogmatism which still exist in many places at many levels in the Soviet Union. The two main films which have tackled the whole problem of the 'cult' and its after-effects have been Chukhrai's much-discussed *Clear Skies* and Basou's *The Battle on the Road*, which poses, at factory level, the ideological battle

● *V I Pudovkin's 'The Return of Vasili Bortnikov' (1953), completed shortly before his death, represented a period of transition. The way was open to a younger generation*

● *Left: Lev Kulidzhanov's 'When Trees Were Tall' was a compassionate study of a failure of a man whose life takes on new meaning when he pretends to be the father of a war-orphaned girl*

● *Right: Sergei Yutkevitch made a colour film of Shakespeare's 'Othello' in which Andrei Popov played Iago and Sergei Bondarchuk, later to become a director, played the Moore*

which was fought out in public life from top to bottom. Both films suffered from a schematic approach and so their significance may have been lost to Western eyes; but in the Soviet Union itself they have had a tremendous impact. They deal candidly with subjects which filmgoers want to see discussed on the screen; and they have had a cathartic effect, clearing away much of what had to be said before a new and less self-conscious contemporary drama could be established.

Other films deal less directly with the problem. Underneath its engaging surface, *Kolka My Friend* is a scathing attack on the dogmatic attitudes of the old guard towards the problems of wayward youth. *The Unruly Ones* is a successful comedy approach to the same subject. It impishly satirises the fuddy-duddy attitude of an ernest Communist girl factory-worker, trying to reform two unrepentant lay-abouts who are holding up production. *The Carnival*, a first production by Ryazonov, also satirises bureaucracy.

Many of the new films are about teenagers and young children. Some, like Raizman's *If This Be Love* and Azarou's comedy *Grown-Up Children* deal with lack of understanding between parents and their teenage children. *Harvest* is about a girl a bit too fond of tumbling with the boys; *Seryosha* (shown in Britain as *The Splendid Years*) dramatises a child's view of life, as does Kalik's charming but derivative film *Follow the Sun*. A high proportion of the diploma films, made by directors during their last year at the Film Institute, like *Kolka* and the delightful but rather didactic little film *The Violin and the Roller*, deal with child subjects. Some of these films seem over-simple and too moralising to Western eyes. But conversely, most Soviet filmgoers find Western films over-sophisticated: they feel we deliberately complicate the issues in order to avoid taking a positive moral stand.

Inevitably, with the new developments in the

● *Heifetz's film of the Chekov story 'The Lady With the Little Dog' (1960) was among a group of literary films that were tremendously popular with Soviet audiences*

field of Soviet science, scientists are becoming popular as film characters; but in contrast to the films of the late 'forties, it is not famous men of science, but rank and file scientific workers, whose lives are being dramatised.

The Letter That Wasn't Sent, made by the *Cranes* team, deals with the fantastic feats of endurance of a group of geologists trapped by fire on their return from diamond-prospecting in a remote region of Asia. It is ebulliently, almost dizzily, photographed, by Urusevsky. It begins to thrash out a love-triangle relationship between two of the men and the girl (Tatiana Samoilova), but soon gives this up in favour of a straightforward but gripping man-against-nature conflict.

Nine Days of One Year, also about scientists, is probably the most important and significant of all the new films. This story of life, love and death among the boffins at an atomic power station comes more closely to grips with contemporary problems than almost any other Soviet film. It was not, however, made by one of the new young directors, but by an established film-maker, Mikhail Romm. Romm is in charge of the young directors' studio at Mosfilm, and his contact with young film-makers is apparent through his whole approach to the subject. Its basic themes—the social responsibilities of atomic scientists, and the entire business of atoms for peace or for war—has not been seriously tackled on the screen in Britain or America. Probably its nearest British counterpart can be found in the novels of C P Snow. Apart from one or two flashy bits of camera-work, it is a confident and tremendously convincing study of the 'new men' of the atomic age. It presents a very diverse interchange of opinion and outlook among the characters, who are themselves depicted in a far more diverse and complex way than in the past. Unlike most other contemporary dramas, it doesn't look back over its shoulder. It takes for granted, for instance, without attitudinising one way or another, the

● *Above left: A cross section of wartime, 'The House I Live In' (directed by Kulijanov and Segal) was a conscious attempt to dramatise the lives of ordinary people. It was a complete break from traditional Soviet film-making*

● *Above right: A sane view of the Germans' war—'Peace to the Newcomer' (directed by Alov and Maumov). The Lieut (Alexander Demyanenko) discusses with the lorry driver (Stanislav Khitrov) how to get through a road block*

young scientists' flashy clothes and jazzy parties. But it retains the simple humanistic optimism which typifies Soviet cinema.

Nine Days of One Year received a mixed reception from the Soviet critics. *Pravda* shot it down in flames. *Isvestia* praised it to the skies. *Pravda* later mitigated its criticisms with some more moderate second thoughts; and up and down the country, in local organisations, in the columns of the newspapers, in factory and on farm, the pros and cons of it are being hotly and sharply debated. For the public, which has had what Romm has described as so many 'film-hungry' years, is not only enjoying the new glut of films, but actively taking part in shaping the new trends.

Yet despite the healthy and forward-looking position which the Soviet film industry has reached, a tremendous amount of soul-searching is now going on among film-makers, film-goers and critics. For after all, they keep pointing out, the positive achievements remain only a small percentage of the 120 films produced annually, and the problem is how to raise the mass output to the level of the outstanding few. Two of the most tangible difficulties concern economics and scripts.

In a country in which film-production and distribution is nationalised, the economic factor does not affect film-making at all in the way it affects the commercial cinema of the West. On the one hand, there is adequate finance for all the films planned; on the other, there is a fairly stable return for every film made, with over 70,000 sites available for every film, ranging from huge town cinemas seating 4,000 people to helicopter services for outlying villages. Television, although tremendously popular, has not affected cinema attendances; indeed more and more people are going to the pictures, and the cinema-building programme, although vast, can scarcely keep pace with the demand.

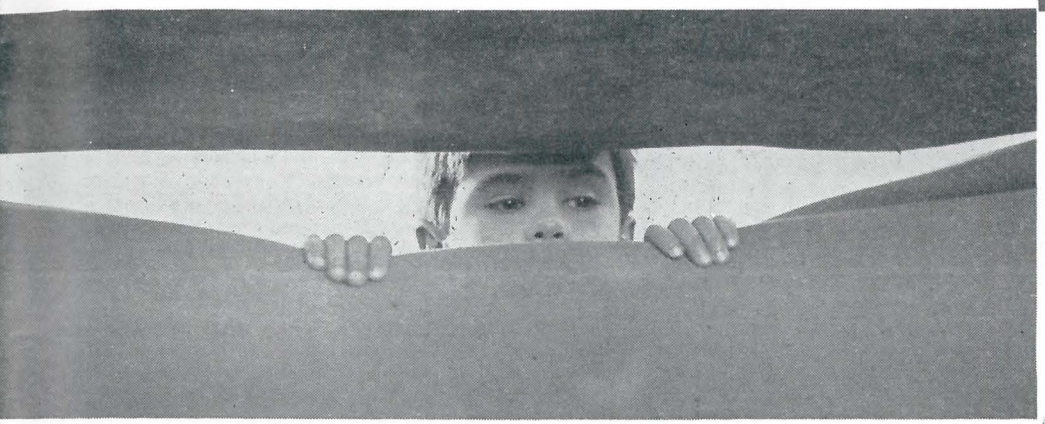
Neither, as I have indicated, is there a serious problem about the financial control of films, since decentralisation has put more control in the hands of the actual directors. With studios now balancing their own budgets, however, there is sometimes a reluctance to strike out with experimental films that may not recover their costs.

The regular salary paid to film-directors (including a six-months lee-way when not making films) gives young film-makers in particular a sense of security unheard of in commercial film-making. The additional 'bonus' (often a very considerable sum of money) awarded for films of particular artistic merit, acts as a further creative impetus. Everything, in fact, works in favour of the young film-maker who asks merely to have the creative and financial freedom to make good films.

But this system also operates in favour of complacency. It encourages 'hack' directors—the men who, although qualified, have little talent, or have lost their feel for the job—to turn out routine films for the sake of keeping their continuity of salary. The result is that far too many stereotyped films are still being made: the 'spies and heroes' yarns of the war films; the good-bad young man who redeems himself by an act of heroism; the abandoned child taken in by kind people; the local Com-

● *Tatiana Samoilova and Vasili Livanov (in his first main rôle) in Kalatazov's 'The Letter That Was Not Sent'. Earlier the same production team had made its mark with 'The Cranes Are Flying'*

● *Two films of childhood. Tarkovsky's 'Ivan's Childhood' (right) won an award at the 1962 Venice festival for its poetic description of war seen through an adolescent's eyes. Kalik's 'Follow the Sun' (below) concerns the adventures of a little boy who spends a day running after the sun and learns something about the good and bad sides of life through the people he meets*



munist Party chairman, described by a writer in the Soviet journal *Kine Art* as 'a deus ex machina, who gets humanised by doing a dance with the leading milkmaid'.

Documentaries suffer, too, by the system of payment. Often beautifully filmed in exquisite colour, they tend to be too long and wordy.

The exact balance of payment which would give the maximum stimulus to creative talent and at the same time discourage the sausage-machine type of production is very much in the melting-pot at the moment. Chukhrai in a recent article put his attitude quite plainly: 'We must create the kind of material conditions' he wrote, 'which would make the second-rate film director gradually and painlessly give up film-making and go over to some other socially useful work'.

The other major problem concerns scripts. Traditionally, Soviet directors are usually their own script-writers; and, as in Britain, the vast majority of films about contemporary subjects have been screen adaptations of modern novels or plays.

The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union recently put out a useful statement dealing with the shortage of film-scripts. Too little attention, it says, has been paid to the training of script-writers; and in particular, well-known authors have not been sufficiently drawn into film work. It particularly emphasises the shortage of good comedies, musicals, and films for (as opposed to 'about') children. It outlines a whole number of measures designed to improve the position of script-writing, including a new training-programme for script-writers, organisational improvements in the script departments of the studios, and measures for encouraging leading authors to write for the screen. It proposes, too, a new Soviet film journal, to be called *Soviet Cinema*, which will stimulate high-level creative discussion.

Whether the new measures will help to solve the script problem or not remains to be seen. Meanwhile, plans for 1962-4 are going ahead with an even greater variety of subject and style, with an aim of 200 films annually by 1965.

In the main, we should not expect to see any spectacular developments in form. A few of the young directors are mainly concerned with technical experiment, but there is little enthusiasm for the technical virtuosity of, for instance, some of the young Polish directors, or for the stylistic innovations of the French 'new wave'.

What we can expect to see is a development of approach—a further sharpening and maturing of the way in which man is depicted in relation to his social environment; and in particular, of the way Soviet man is depicted in relation to a socialist society progressing towards Communism.

★ **This is the final article in the series. Other articles have been**—*Britain by Ian Johnson: September 1962,* USA *by George Fenin: October 1962, France by Raymond Durgnat: November 1962, Italy by John Francis Lane: December 1962, Spain by Juan Cobos: January 1963.*

● *Sergei Bondarchuk is currently filming a widescreen version of Tolstoy's 'War and Peace'. Bondarchuk (centre of group below) is himself playing Pierre Bezukhov*

Blockbusters or bust?

INSIDE THE USA
by William Fadiman

The motion picture industry has undergone many transformations both in format and concept in its relatively short existence. These include the dramatic change from silent to sound pictures, a brief abortive experiment with three dimensional projection, screens of varying sizes and shapes, the introduction of colour and even a weird short-lived excursion into the use of odour, a process its detractors referred to under the unalluring name of 'smellies'. But none of these adventures in search of new areas of potential revenue were fraught with as much danger as well as promise as the recent tendency to produce what its publicists call blockbusters.

In a desperate determination to recapture a diminishing audience which has rejected the local cinema for the family living room where free television prevails, Hollywood has decided to undertake the production of a number of films to be manufactured at completely unprecedented high costs. It is the hopeful assumption that these mammoth-budgeted films will produce equally mammoth box-office returns. These are the blockbusters, stupendous in scope, ambitious in viewpoint, staggering in cost, a series of entertainment demolition bombs designed to destroy audience apathy and disinterest.

Even though the film industry is one of the few established enterprises in America whose lowliest and least informed member will be delighted to submit instantaneous answers to questions on the budget and profit of any film whatsoever, it is still possible to extract some relatively trustworthy financial figures from the welter of gossip, hearsay, rumour and distorted misinformation. These statistics, approximate though they may be, are both enlightening and alarming in connection with this new blockbuster trend.

It is estimated by authoritative sources that *Cleopatra*, starring Elizabeth Taylor, will probably cost close to 25 million dollars before the cameras grind to a halt. This is Twentieth Century-Fox's major entry in the blockbuster sweepstakes, a sum which represents almost one fifth of the company's entire annual revenue. Another production from this organisation is *The Longest Day*, reputed to involve eventual charges of almost 11 million dollars. It may be noted that this same producing firm recently reported a loss of over 22 million dollars for the year 1961, thus emphasising even more sharply the incredible gamble it is sponsoring in these blockbusters. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, not to be outdistanced in this prodigal spending spree, has an investment of some 19 million dollars in *Mutiny On The Bounty* with Marlon Brando as its leading player. It should be remarked parenthetically that the original production of this same picture in 1935 with Clark Gable as the star was made for well under 4 million dollars. Warner Brothers will probably disburse some 11 million dollars for its screen translation of the play *My Fair Lady*, and United Artists will be signing cheques for seven or eight million dollars before *The Greatest Story Ever Told* is shown on the screens of the world.

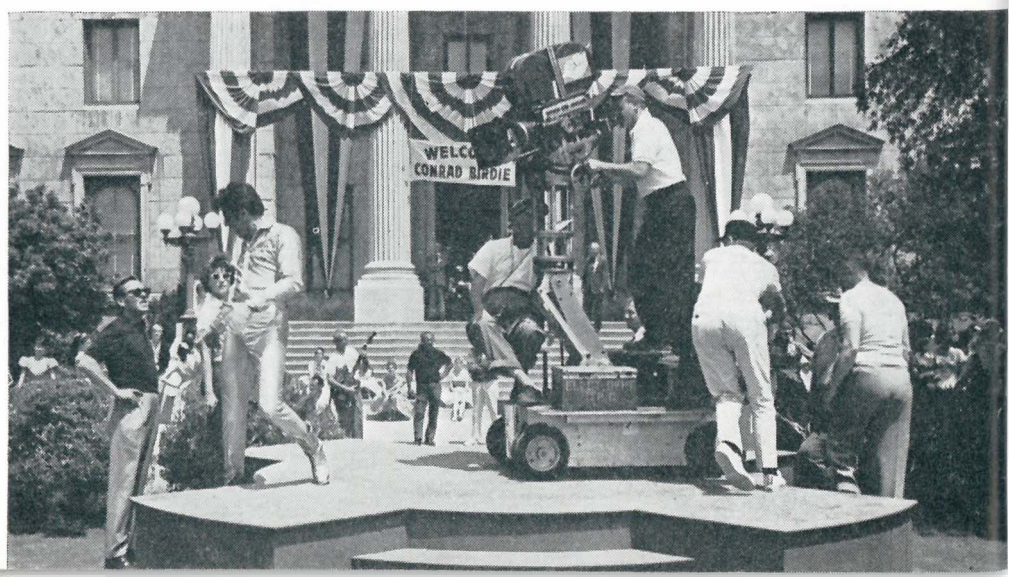
In partial explanation of the astronomical cost of these pictures, it must be observed that production charges have skyrocketed during the last ten years. Labour has demanded and received higher wages in every sphere of its activity. Substantial pensions for most employees are the order of the day. In addition, a number of 'name' actors now request and obtain 750,000 dollars for a single picture, and their salaries occasionally reach a million dollars or more as a consequence of profit percentage arrangements. The amounts earned by commercially important performers have scaled such crests that Dick Powell in a recent address to the Hollywood Press Club on the subject stated emphatically that 'actors are out of their minds'.

It is important to know that the bill for a completed film represents only one part of the final cost. That magic moment when a motion picture begins to show a profit does not arrive until the revenues have reached approximately twice (sometimes even more) the actual cost of its manufacture. The necessity of calculating the ultimate cost of a film at double its physical production price comes about from the fees for distribution, advertising and prints (the number of copies of the picture made for exhibition in different cinemas). Thus the book-keeping charge against *Cleopatra* would be 50 million dollars and it would not commence to enter the profit columns until it had passed this mark in box-office returns.

At this point it may well be remarked by the uninitiated that the gross profits of motion pictures frequently achieve heights which more than compensate for any costs involved. It is true that individual films occasionally attract large grosses, but the number is not inordinate. The film industry trade paper *Variety*, usually noted for its reliability, states that of the eleven thousand pictures released in America since 1939, only 257 of these grossed over four million dollars at the box office. Of this number 21 received either 10 million dollars or more, and of these fortunate 21 there were only seven motion pictures that acquired total receipts of over 15 million dollars. These significant seven include the box-office champion of all time, *Gone With The Wind* (41 million), *Ben-Hur* (40 million), *The Ten Commandments* (34 million). *Around The World In 80 Days* (22 million), *The Robe* (17 million), *South Pacific* (16 million), and *Bridge On The River Kwai* (15 million). These statistics may seem impressive, but they do not offer much historic comfort, for large as these totals may appear, most of them would have to be tripled, or at least doubled, to assure a sizeable profit margin for the forthcoming blockbusters.

Confronted with this problem of earning hitherto non-existent totals, the film industry hopes to solve it by an increase in admission prices. There has been considerable trade talk to the effect that Twentieth Century-Fox may charge as much as 10 dollars per ticket in the major cities of America for the showings of *Cleopatra*. The question naturally arises, and a serious and momentous question it is: will such augmented ticket prices meet with resistance from the potential patron unless the want-to-see (as Madison Avenue would phrase it) is truly extraordinarily high? As it is, the ordinary picturegoer is shunning his local cinema because of the already high admissions. In addition to the probable disinclination of patrons to pay excessive prices, there is still another obstacle to overcome. This is one inherent in the form of the blockbuster itself. These huge, spectacular films generally require a running time of three or more hours, thus making it impossible for the cinema owner to have more than one performance in an evening. This patently results in a reduction of the number of tickets capable of being purchased. Thus another question mark is raised in considering the financial fate of these blockbusters.

All of these negative factors have obviously



● *Jesse Pearson recreates the rôle he played on the stage, as the pop singer being drafted into the army, for George Sidney's 'Bye Bye Birdie'*

been weighed carefully by the film makers. It is their contention—or perhaps it is more of a faith—that if the films they present are sufficiently grandiose in scope and content, the public will flock to see them. It is a deliberate policy predicated on the belief that if they are bigger they will be better and consequently more appealing. It is a theory that equates size with profit. The motion picture executives are obviously unconcerned with the obverse of this theory, that big budgets might mean big losses in accordance with the law of diminishing returns.

Without question this new venture finds Hollywood engaged in the greatest gamble of its entire history, the results of which may determine its future forever.

Should these gigantic investments achieve the desired outcome, Hollywood may well have found the definitive and triumphant answer to the threat of television. Should they encounter defeat the whole face of the film industry may be drastically changed. Will the public pay the higher prices made necessary by these colossal expenditures? Is there an audience sufficiently large to permit these pictures to emerge without a loss? How many of these fabulously expensive films can or will filmgoers absorb?

A recent editorial in the *Hollywood Reporter* raised a dissenting voice about these high cost films when it succinctly remarked that 'the risks are so great that it is pure insanity to play such long shots . . . only a financially undisciplined business like the movies would do it'.

United States

Obviously the film manufacturers sponsoring these tremendous risks do not consider themselves 'financially undisciplined' or victimised by 'pure insanity'. They fully expect that record-breaking receipts will be the answer to all their difficulties and that the blockbusters will usher in a new era of affluence.

The emanation of these new jumbo films may signalise the difference between prosperity and poverty, between bonanza and bankruptcy. The die is cast. The chips are down. Blockbusters or bust. Which will it be?

and it could be bust

by George Fenin

In 1962 Hollywood struck rock bottom. At least the film colony hopes there is no greater depth to go. Studios made only 138 feature films, a 26 per cent drop on 1961's output and the lowest at any time since the mid-'twenties. The big gap was provided by 20th Century-Fox which made 28 films in 1961 and suspended production last year after making only three. Columbia's output was down from 25 to 16. Only one studio increased its output. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made 22 films in 1962 and 20 the year before that.

There are only six films starting in January 1963. So the prospects for a jump in Hollywood output this year are not too promising. But for those of us who believe quality and quantity are two different things, it may be a good sign.

Two significant events have just taken place regarding the infamous blacklist. Two years ago Otto Preminger had the courage to hire Dalton Trumbo for the screenplay of *Exodus*. Now Preminger has hired another talented artist who had been ostracised by the picture industry for his political ideas. Ring Lardner Junior, son of the noted short-story writer, will do the screenplay for *Genius*, from the novel by Patrick Dennis, and this will represent his first screen credit in about twelve years. It is quite possible that Lardner Junior, winner of the Academy Award in 1942 for *Woman of the Year*, and among whose credits are films like *The Cross of Lorraine*, *Tomorrow the World*, and *Forever Amber*, will be able from now on to re-occupy his proper place among the creators in the industry, following the example of Trumbo. After the breakthrough achieved with *Exodus*, Trumbo was subsequently credited for his work on *Spartacus*, *The Last Sunset*, *Town Without Pity* and *Lonely are the Brave*, all films of substantial value.

Another famous blacklisted talent, Larry Adler, whose music for *Genevieve* was nominated for an Oscar in 1954, although another man was listed as composer 'by mistake', has broken through the blockade, and his musical composition has been selected as theme song for *The Hook*, directed by George Seaton. It seems clear that with a little more energy on the part of some producers, the nefarious practice of blacklisting will be finally disposed of, since it represents merely a residual of Macarthyism of the worst kind, not to be tolerated in a free society.

An intelligent move in another direction has recently been made in Hollywood. The board of directors of the Screen Actors Guild has decided to waive wage increases in contract negotiations. This step is quite important, since it shows a reasonable attitude on the part of the actors. Anxious to get continuous work, they loathe the idea of jeopardising future contracts by increasing their demands in a world already characterised by ever-growing production costs. The example of the Guild may be followed by other unions, and it is possible that a reasonable *modus vivendi* will be reached between the producers and the labour organisations, in order to allow more films to be made in Hollywood.

The United States Information Agency, which has commissioned famous director Willard Van Dyke for a film on the status of the American Negro, seems to be grumbling because a four man crew has filmed in a cafeteria of Greensboro, North Carolina, a sit-in attempt by twenty five Negroes. In an interview with the daily newspaper *The New York Post*, director Van Dyke stated: 'This kind of sit-in demonstration shows how non-violent protest works. It shows how far the American Negro has come and how Negroes and whites work together in a common project'. Somebody at Washington for USIA has however expressed the opinion that the view of the film must be an affirmative one; bureaucracy and the realistic treatment of a truly vital situation are therefore at odds, and the release of the documentary, which will be edited by USIA, will be received with particular interest.

Few films are on the floor in Hollywood at the moment and the major studios are either silent or occupied with television programmes. Many projects are being planned, however. Frank Capra, three times Academy Award winner, will direct *Circus* and *Dear and Glorious Physician*, from the Taylor Caldwell novel. John Frankenheimer will direct *Flowers of Hiroshima*, from the novel by Edita Morris, dealing with an American and a Japanese girl mutilated by the atom bombing in 1945. An Italo-American coproduction of *Sacco e Vanzetti*, based on the famous trial of two Italian anarchists in 1927 in Massachusetts, will be directed by Richard Fleischer.

MGM plans a comic western, entitled *Too Big For Texas*. Based on a novel by James Edward Grant called 'Sheepman', it will describe in romantic terms the adventures of a Texas cattleman and an Englishman, owners of a gigantic ranch, with two girls: one English, the other American. Shirley MacLaine has already been cast in one of the principal rôles.

Deathwatch, the drama by French *homme du theatre* Jean Genet, will be filmed by an independent company headed by actor Vic Morrow, of *Blackboard Jungle*, *Cimarron* and *Portrait of a Mobster*. Orson Welles is contemplating the screenplay and direction of *King of Paris*, based on the picturesque life of Alexandre Dumas père. Another independent, Fred M Wilcox, intends to direct *The Tiger of Durga*, an original story by Robert Belcher, as well as *I Am Lucifer*, the story of the Bible as seen by the devil.

Comedian Buddy Hackett has been committed to a series of important films; he will have rôles in *Ship of Fools*, *Catch 22* and finally in Howard Hawks' comedy *My Favourite Sport*. Anthony Quinn also has a series of important pictures lined up. First, *The Visit*, from the Friedrich Duerrenmatt play, under the probable direction of Bernhard Wicki; then, *To Kill a Mouse on Sunday*, the story of a Spanish guerrillero, under the direction of Fred Zinnemann.

Among other projects of relevance are *Young Lucifer*, the story of a French rebellious youth, *The Sea Running* and *The Magician of Lublin*, all properties which will be produced by the independent Roth-Kershner company.

The film Marilyn Monroe never completed, *Something's Got to Give*, will be made after all. Doris Day has been picked for the part. The whole film will be re-cast and the original material junked.

I hear that Britain's Bryan Forbes may be filming soon for Paramount. He has been signed to write the screenplay of the Churchill biography, *The Heart of the Lion*; and it is possible he will also direct.

Peter Baker at LAS PALMAS

No one, except the British guiled into the belief that it is an island paradise for cheap winter sunshine holidays, would really want to while away more than twenty-four hours in Las Palmas. But this drab seaport in the Gran Canaria, with its two swish hotels and one soft-seat cinema, was just what the organisers of the First International Festival of New Values in the Cinema wanted. It was on Spanish territory; but it was far enough from the wrath of Franco (and God) to stand a fair chance of striking a blow for freedom of thought and action.

The blow was struck: and I had no little satisfaction at being able, as a member of the jury, to help strike it. With me, partners in crime, were the Spanish director, Luis Berlanga; the doyen of Spanish critics, Carlos Fernandez Cuenca; the director of the Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografia in Rome, Leonardo Fioravanti; the French critic, Marcel Martin; the Uruguian critic, José Maria Podesta; and the Spanish head of the German Export Union, Wilhem Petersen.

It was only after I arrived, and had thrust into my hand a swatch of official jury papers, that I realised the festival was no more 'new' than the British Film Institute's annual fund-raiser in London. There was Agnes Varda's *Cléo de 5 à 7* (which had been to Cannes), Georges Franju's *Therese Desqueyroux* (which had been to Venice) and Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's *La fille aux yeux d'or* (which had started its festival rounds in 1961). Italy sent Eriprando Visconti's *Una storia Milanesa* (seen at Venice) and sent little Eriprando with it; and the Germans entered *Der transport*, by Jurgen Roland and *Ohne Datum*, by Ottomar Domnick. Argentina entered Kohon's *Tres veces Ana* (a veteran from Mar del Plata) and Antin's *La cifra impar* (first shown in Europe at Sestri Levante). Julio Diamante's *Cuando estallo la paz* (Spain) had been seen at Venice. Ustinov's *Billy Budd* was certainly new to my colleagues; but the rest made my heart sink at the prospect there would be no discoveries.

Yet all these films were new to Spain. More important, they represented a complete departure from tradition in a country that has outlawed many of the world's finest directors and cut to pieces, or distorted by re-editing, many of the world's finest films. In one week audiences could see films about lesbians, about men who doubted the wisdom of military authority, scenes with nude women, details of abortion and, worst crime of all, films produced in Communist countries.

There were rumours that the Archbishop of the Gran Canaria would ban Albicocco's film; but he didn't. There were suggestions that the Dominican on the selection committee would be de-frocked; but he wasn't (at least he still had his frock on when we left). Indeed, the Archbishop condescended to permit the locked room in the local Nestor museum to be opened for the visitors so we could see what the islanders are forbidden to see—Nestor's coy water-boys having sex with what appeared to be hermaphrodite fish (all madly Ivor Novello-ish).

The president of the selection committee was a Madrid distributor of specialist films, Vincente A Pineda, and the festival itself was sponsored by the Gran Canaria ciné-club and presided over by Jose Antonio Rodriguez Miranda. Both men had every reason to be disappointed by the apathy of local audiences. The festival cinema was never once filled, often half empty. At least the enclosed Communist societies I have visited have shown a greater excitement about the foreign cinema than Franco's intellectually retarded masses.

Whether audiences on the mainland would have been so apathetic no one will know—unless the festival next year is staged in Madrid, Seville or Barcelona. That is, *if* there is a second festival of 'new values'. The Spaniards themselves were confident of a wind of change blowing through Franco's Spain. They argued that the country is having to prepare itself for the inevitable economic ties with the European Common Market, and part of this preparation must inevitably be a spiritual and social liberalisation.

I had in mind Zurlini's recent outburst in Barcelona. (The Italian director, furious at seeing a cut version of his film *The Girl with the Suitcase*, had publicly rejected a certificate of honour from José Maria Garcia Escudero, the newly appointed director general of cinemas and theatres.) I also had in mind the way Franco ordered all prints of *Viridiana* to be destroyed and forbade the press even to mention Buñuel's film.

Nevertheless, changes have been made. The Minister of Information, Manuel Fraga Iribarne, is widely regarded as a wise replacement of Gabriel Arias Salgado, who died of a heart attack last summer (brought on, some argue, because Franco demanded a wind of change). Escudero, who replaces the director general fired by Franco as a result of the *Viridiana* scandal, is an intellectual writer as far from the extreme Right as any public officer dares to be. He swept out the old censorship commission and has replaced it with a more liberal body, whose influence is already being seen in the cinema.

Not so long ago the censorship commission insisted that girls were added to a dance routine in a theatre production of *South Pacific* because an all-male dance implied homosexuality. Now the commission is allowing the very un-Catholic films of Ingmar Bergman to be seen; and it has shaken several Spanish producers by refusing financial awards (which is part of its function) to sentimental, hack B-pictures which, in the past, had been high on the list for subsidy.

Buñuel himself is working again in Madrid. He is preparing two subjects—*Platero y yo*, a poetic fable about a donkey by the exiled Nobel prize winner, Juan Ramon Jimenez (he died in Puerto Rico four years ago), which is being scripted with the French writer, Jean Giono. The other Buñuel project is *Divinas palabras*, a little known play by Ramon del Valle Inclan, always regarded by the Franco regime as a bad-man of the theatre. But it is of itself significant that *Divinas palabras* was staged recently in Madrid.

There are pessimists like Rafael Anzcona, who has written many scripts for Berlanga, and who believes the system is doing no more than a little window-dressing. (Berlanga's *Placido* was delayed by the censorship board long enough to prevent it being shown at the last Venice festival but, on the bright side, it has been released since in Spain.)

My own impression is that the film clubs and specialist cinemas will be able to show more controversial films, in their original language, and that films in general are less likely to suffer such heavy censorship by Franco's watchdogs. There *is* more freedom on the screen in Spain; but like freedom anywhere, it will take time for people to find for themselves the individual responsibility for using it well.

That is why, so far as cinema is concerned, there deserves to be a second International Festival of New Values.

I almost forgot to report the awards we gave this year—Best film: Varda's *Cléo*. Second best: Eriprando Visconti's *Una storia Milanesa*. Special prize, *ex aquo*, to Domnick's interesting experiment in image and the spoken word, *Ohne Datum*, and Kohon's *Tres veces Ana*. The prizes were gold and silver dogs, after which the island takes its name. And I always thought the Gran Canaria better known by its bananas and its birds!

world production guide

DIRECTOR	TITLE	STARS	NOTES
			BRITAIN
Ken Annakin	*The Snout*	Nigel Patrick	*'New wave' thriller produced by William MacQuitty for Rank.*
Clive Donner	*The Caretaker*	Donald Pleasence Alan Bates Robert Shaw	*Harold Pinter's play adapted by the author. Filming in Hackney. Produced by Lord Birkett for Caretaker Films Limited.*
Don Chaffey	*The Three Lives of Thomasina*	Patrick McGoohan Susan Hampshire	*Produced by Hugh Attwooll for Walt Disney.*
Peter Graham Scott	*Everything I Have*	Janet Munro John Stride	*Eastman colour, produced by Albert Fennell for Rank.*
Freddie Francis	*Here's The Knife, Dear —Now Use It* (*tentative title*)	David Knight Moira Redmond Brenda Bruce	*'Exercise in cold-blooded terror and suspense' by Jimmy Sangster, produced by Sangster for Hammer.*
			USA
Melville Shavelson	*Samantha*	Paul Newman Joanne Woodward Thelma Ritter, Eva Gabor	*Comedy produced by Shavelson for Paramount.*
George Stevens	*The Greatest Story Ever Told*	Max von Sydow Charlton Heston	*The story of Christ produced by Stevens for United Artists.*
Norman Jewison	*The Thrill of It All*	Doris Day James Garner	*Comedy produced by Ross Hunter and Martin Melcher for Universal.*
Andrew V McLaglen	*McLintock*	John Wayne Maureen O'Hara, Yvonne De Carlo, Stephanie Powers	*Western shooting in Tucson. Produced by Michael Wayne for United Artists.*
Laurence Harvey	*Ceremony*	Laurence Harvey Sarah Miles, Robert Walker, Jr	*Produced by Harvey for United Artists. Shooting in Spain.*
Anthony Mann	*The Fall of the Roman Empire*	Sophia Loren Alec Guinness James Mason	*Barzman-Franchina-Yordan screenplay from Gibbons, filmed in Spain in colour and wide screen by Bronston Productions.*
			FRANCE
Alain Resnais	*Muriel*	Delphine Seyrig Jean-Pierre Kerien Jean-Baptiste Thierree	*In Eastman colour. Screenplay by Jean Cayrol, the story of a provincial woman reliving a former love affair. Produced by Anatole Dauman for Argos Films-Alpha Productions (Paris) Dear Films (Rome).*
Alain Robbe-Grillet	*L'Immortelle*	Francoise Brion Jacques Doniol-Valcroze	*Writer-director Robbe-Grillet has complete freedom with this film, set in Turkey. A man loves a mysterious blonde who is killed in an accident involving a dog and a car. The man later dies the same way.*
Jean Luc-Godard	*The Rifleman*		*About a mythical country and a legendary war.*
Jacques Rivette	*La Religieuse*	Anna Karina	*Based on an 18th century play by Diderot. Co-produced by Truffaut.*
Jacques Poitrenaud	*Strip-Tease*	Dany Saval Krista Nico, Darry Cowl	*Filming in Paris. Produced for Lambor Films (Paris), Variety Films (Rome).*
Henri Colpi	*Codine*	Alexandre Platona Francoise Brion	*Panait's novel of a child's moral leadership, filmed in Rumania.*
Stanley Donen	*Charade*	Audrey Hepburn Cary Grant, Walter Matthau James Coburn	*Comedy produced by Donen for Universal, shooting in Paris.*
Robert Parrish	*In The French Style*	Jean Seberg Stanley Baker	*The love affairs of an American art student in Paris. Produced by Irwin Shaw, who wrote the screenplay, for Columbia.*
			ITALY
Blake Edwards	*The Pink Panther*	David Niven Peter Sellers, Capucine Claudia Cardinale	*The 'pink panther' is a fabulous diamond owned by an Indian Princess (CC). Produced by Martin Jurow for United Artists.*
Damiano Damiani	*La Rimpatriata*	Walter Chiari	*Produced by '22 Dicembre', the company of young Milanese directors including Olmi and Prandino Visconti.*
Luciano Salce	*Le Ore Dell'Amore*	Ugo Tognazzi Emmanuelle Riva	*A new comedy by the director of* La Voglia Matta. *Produced by De Laurentiis.*
Antonio Pietrangeli	*La Parmigiana*	Catherine Spaak Nino Manfredi, Salvo Randone	*A De Laurentiis film produced by Gianni Hecht Lucari. Shot on location in Parma.*
Rodolfo Sonego	*Il Diavolo*	Alberto Sordi	*Being shot on location in Sweden without script. Produced by De Laurentiis.*

Caution at the top

by Peter Graham

During the winter, location work becomes a hazardous business, and as a result film-making quite naturally slackens off. But winter alone is not responsible for the crisis that has hit the French film industry and seriously reduced the output of films. The reasons for this crisis are multiple and hard to pin-point, but one of the more important is that many of the producers who two years ago were swept along by the *nouvelle vague* and gave unknown directors the chance to show their worth have lost heavily in the resultant glut of films. Some films made as long ago as 1960 are only now reaching the screen, and many more remain shelved. Producers are now extremely cautious, and matters are not helped by the fact that the Government is more reluctant to part with those generous sums of money which largely made the *nouvelle vague* possible (and, incidentally, caused it to be a predominantly Gaullist movement).

Yet in spite of the crisis, well-established directors are turning out films at an appreciable rate. Some say that the public's interest is no longer focussed only on the stars, but on the director too. The stars are hardly the Olympian figures they used to be; Gabin has aged tremendously, and Belmondo, Delon, Moreau, and even Bardot are valued for their acting as much as for their presence. Vadim has done a lot to create the mystique of the director. While his last film *Le Repos Du Guerrier* is still playing on the Champs-Elysées, Paris eagerly awaits the opening of his recently completed *Le Vice Et La Vertu*.

Despite the attempts of the press to link Vadim's name with that of the Marquis De Sade, Vadim says that he used Sade's 'Justine' only as a point of departure: 'Of course it isn't just a coincidence. I did take the idea of two sisters, Juliette (Vice) and Justine (Virtue) from Sade. The action of the film, however, does not take place in the 18th century, but in 1944 at the time of the Germans' *débâcle*. Juliette (Annie Girardot) is the mistress of a German officer. Justine (Catherine Deneuve) tries to reform her. But the essential character of the story is Schondorf (Robert Hossein), a man who has complete power over everyone, and whose mere arrival makes even the strongest tremble. I have kept Sade's conception of Vice as triumphant and miserable, and of Virtue as martyrised and unchangeable. However, one will see that vice and virtue can come very close to each other'. And what does Vice think of Vadim? Annie Girardot says: 'Vadim is a wonderful director of actors. One has the feeling that nothing escapes him. He takes such a personal interest in one's performance that it's an inspiration to work with him. And he's so intelligent'.

A very different kind of director to Vadim, Henri Colpi, has just finished shooting *Codine* in Rumania. The film, which will be issued in two versions, one French, the other Rumanian, deals with the relationship between Codine, a giant of a man, rough but sensitive, and Adrien, an intelligent and introspective young boy who is despised and bullied by the other boys of the town. Adrien tries in vain to tame Codine's violent tendencies and give him the confidence of true friendship. But Codine is betrayed both by his mistress, Irene, and his friend, Alexis, and the story ends tragically. The film is produced by Samy Halfon, who already has to his credit Resnais' *Nuit et Brouillard* and *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and financed that mystery film *L'Immortelle*, written and directed by Robbe-Grillet, which is due to open soon.

At the other pole from Colpi's carefully sculpted style is the cinema of Jean-Luc Godard, well described by one French critic as '*cinéma brouillon*' ('rough draft cinema'). Godard has started to shoot *Les Carabiniers*, mainly on location in the outskirts of Paris. The story has been adapted from Joppolo by Jean Gruault and Roberto Rossellini, and the director of photography is, as in Godard's other films, Raoul Coutard. As for the subject, little can be gathered from Godard's typically Delphic remarks: 'There are six main characters. The two *carabiniers* themselves have no name. But the others are named after famous figures in the history of humanity: Lucretia (the daughter), Messalina (the mother), Michelangelo and Machiavelli (the two sons). The film is divided into four acts, which will indicate all the more clearly my aim at universality by representing in turn nature, war, paradise, and the world. The film is a moral fable, where realism is used only to aid, to reinforce the imaginary. And so it is that the action and the events in this film could take place anywhere you like, to the left, to the right, opposite, at once nowhere and everywhere.' Incidentally, the ban on *Le Petit Soldat*, Godard's second feature film, has been lifted. I'm told that it *does* have a subject.

Melville is at present shooting his third film in succession with Belmondo. After *Léon Morin, Prêtre*, they made *Le Doulos*, which is due out soon (Melville has described it as 'a

● *The value of friendship over money is the theme of Jeane-Pierre Melville's 'Un Jeune Homme Honorable' (above), with Charles Vanel and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Below: Newcomer Claude Mann with Jeanne Moreau in Jacques Demy's story of gamblers' luck and love on the Riviera, 'La Baie Des Anges'*

nocturnal western in the city'). They are now at work on *Un Jeune Homme Honorable*. Belmondo plays Michel, who is rather like the Michel of *A Bout de Souffle*: alternately cruel and tender, he is almost totally without principles. A failure as a boxer, he abandons his wife to accompany a rich businessman (Charles Vanel) who is fleeing to the USA in order to escape arrest. Although a strong friendship springs up between them, Michel is constantly tempted to steal the old man's money. They quarrel bitterly. The film ends with the old man's death and Michel's realisation, too late, that the friendship he had discovered was more valuable than the money he coveted. The film should be a treat to look at, as it is being photographed in 'scope and colour by Henri Decae, whose colour photography in *Plein Soleil* was so superb.

Now in the final stages of editing is Demy's second feature, *La Baie Des Anges*, which, to judge from the stills I've seen, has the same very personal visual elegance that distinguished *Lola*. The story is simple: Jean Fournier, a *petit bourgeois*, is completely swept off his feet by Jackie, whom he meets at a Casino on the Riviera. But whereas Jean is deeply in love, Jackie, an inveterate gambler, likes Jean because she thinks he will bring her luck. He begs her to leave with him. At first she refuses, but at the last moment she dreads being alone again, and changes her mind. Jean is being played by a newcomer, Claude Mann. Jeanne Moreau is the fey and coquettish Jackie.

Shrouded in secrecy, Resnais and his team have just returned from Boulogne-sur-Mer where they have been shooting the location scenes of *Muriel*. Jean Cayrol, the poet and novelist who wrote the commentary to Resnais' *Nuit et Brouillard*, is the author of the scenario. The theme is one that is common to all Resnais' recent films: the problem of memory and of time. Hélène Aughain (played by Delphine Seyrig of *Marienbad*) writes to Alphonse, the man she first loved when she was sixteen, and asks him to come and visit her. The film explores the inconsequential meetings and events which the characters experience over a fortnight. As well as Hélène, there is Bernard, her adopted son, de Smoke, her lover, Claudie, her friend, Alphonse, and his mistress Françoise. Resnais and Cayrol have described their film in the following terms: 'The characters belong to our time; they find anxiety and difficulty in love. The problem posed is that of freedom in passion, whether in a memory that is vanishing, as in the case of Hélène and Alphonse, or in a memory that imposes itself like a nightmare, as in the case of Bernard'. That *Muriel* will have something of the ambiguity of *Marienbad* is almost certain. 'The plot that we develop is no more important for us than any that might be guessed or suggested during the action. The story that is told can mix and lose itself in others, disappear momentarily, and then reappear in the sparkling glance of someone unknown: all is contained in all.' Whether successful or not, *Muriel* sounds as though it will be another fascinating probe into the possibilities of cinematic expression.

France

Other films being shot at the moment include Carné's *Du Mouron Pour Les Petits Oiseaux*, which brings together two veterans of the French cinema, Fernandel and Arletty, and Yves Allegret's *Germinal*, an adaptation of Zola's novel about miners. What about two of the pioneers of the *nouvelle vague*, Chabrol and Truffaut? Chabrol's *Landru* (the scenario and dialogue are by Françoise Sagan) is due to open soon, and now Chabrol is scheduled to direct one of the sketches in *Les Plus Belles Escroqueries Du Monde*. The other sketches are to be directed by the Italian Gregoretti, Godard, and the Pole Roman Polanski, who was responsible for *Two Men And A Wardrobe* and recently won the Grand Prix at Tours for his short *Mammifères*. Truffaut has been writing a book on Hitchcock and is due to start a science fiction film early this year.

And so Paris waits: waits for the financial crisis of the industry to resolve itself; waits for the numerous films of interest to make their appearance; but above all she waits for a long anticipated occasion—the opening of Welles' *The Trial*. They say that Welles the perfectionist is still retouching a film which was scheduled to be entered at Venice. Those who have already seen it affirm that it is the work of a genius.

Against the critics

by David Shipman

I had an opportunity recently of reading an interview with Francois Truffaut in which he explained the driving principles behind the *Cahiers* theories of criticism. It might be worth repeating here for two reasons. First, most of my friends in Britain are genuinely bewildered by the preferences expressed for, say, Nicholas Ray and Samuel Fuller as against Billy Wilder or Fred Zinnemann, and, secondly, these principles have been taken over lock, stock and barrel by a young (very young, I'd say) group of British critics. All right then, and one must admit that on the evidence of his own work, Truffaut must be listened to. It seems that one sees a film, and finds expressed in that film, notwithstanding its commercial limitations, the personality of the director. It therefore follows that every film of this director is going to be interesting, and Truffaut asserts that a 'bad' film by a 'good' director is more worthwhile than a 'good' film by a 'bad' director. This certainly makes the *Cahiers* choices less inexplicable and I can see that they're not so bored as I have been by some of the trash they like, though I fail to understand that, say, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (a 'bad' film by a 'good' director) is more *entertaining* than, say, *The King and I* (a 'good' film by a 'bad' director)—here I am using their criterion by picking two directors whom I would classify much the same as they do, and I might add that it's not too easy to find any directors about which I'd agree.

Truffaut says that, by and large, this manifesto—which was originally published in one of the early numbers of *Cahiers du Cinema*—came into being as a revolt against the low standard of criticism in the French press, and I agree that journalistic criticism in France was something to revolt against. It still is, for that matter, and it is sometimes heartbreaking to read rave reviews posted outside cinemas for rubbish—or, for that matter, see almost all the Paris dailies line up against films which have been liked by some of the better British and American critics. *Lolita* is a recent example of a much-admired American film which has flopped with the press here, and it was particularly saddening to see Wilder's brilliant *One, Two, Three* dismissed. True, when I saw this, the dialogue was too fast and the subtitles quite inadequate, so it wasn't surprising that I was almost the only person laughing.

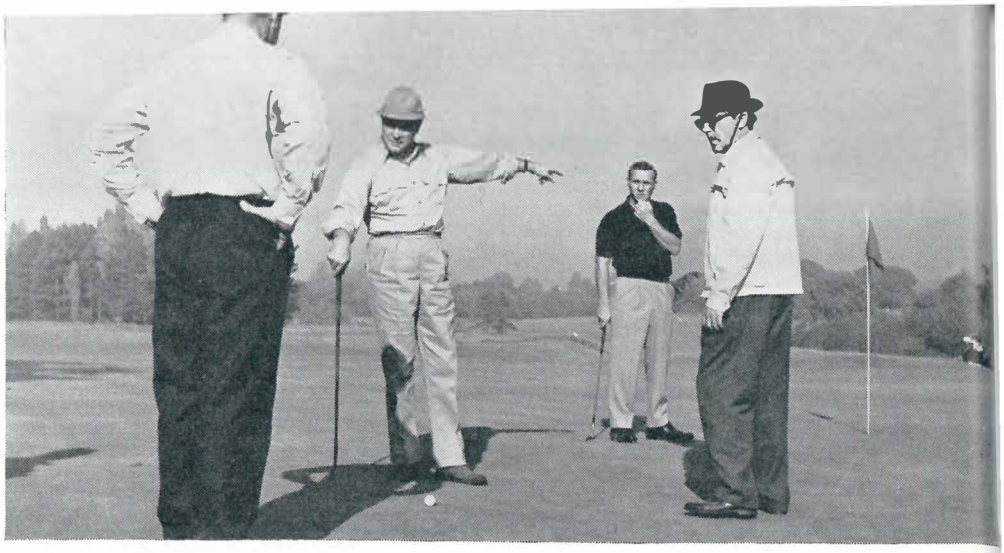
All this is a preliminary to saying that I'm horrified by the critical reception of a new French film called *Les Dimanches de Ville d'Avray*. This is perhaps a rather special case, as it was world-premiered in New York and when it opened here it was already trailing clouds of glory—one American paper even went so far as to ask what New York had done to be honoured with the premiere of this new French masterpiece (masterpiece is Bosley Crowther's description and it puts him firmly in his place).

Les Dimanches does, in fact, have almost everything the pseuds have ever asked for—a non-starry cast, an unknown director, flashy camera-work and an 'off-beat' subject. You can't get much more off beat than this story of a friendship between a man in his twenties and a girl of twelve. He is an amnesiac who thinks he killed a small girl with a machine gun (tricksy pre-credit shots) during the war in Indo-China; she is a semi-orphan living in a convent. Together they spend their Sundays walking hand in hand through the wintry woods, she wondering what their love-making will be like when she grows up and he not quite understanding the obsession; no one else understands it either so that once his girlfriend finds out it's only a matter of time before Nemesis and a gory tear-stained finale catches up with them. Hardy Krüger plays the man as a semi-lunatic, which is possibly justified, but the child (Patricia Gozzi)—who bowled them over in the States—plays more in the knowing style of Hayley Mills that that of Brigitte Fosey (*Les Jeux Interdits*).

The director, Serge Bourguignon, has come to features after a reasonably distinguished career in documentaries—his *Le Sourire* won the Palme d'Or at Cannes in 1959 for short

subjects. He has travelled much and is still only 32, and there is enough control and shape in the film to suggest that he will one day make a good film, but meanwhile he brings to mind Marcello Mastroianni's recent comment to explain his lack of enthusiasm for the French cinema: that most French film directors seem more content on impressing each other than on satisfying the public. Bourguignon has taken a gentle little story and punctuated it with dramatic climaxes: although utterly without humour, the film is absorbing until symbolism runs riot, Henri Decae's normally elegant camerawork turns sinister and the drama builds to a greater crescendo that it can bear. Bourguignon completely lacks the tact, taste and wit which made of *Une Aussi Longue Absence* and *Moderato Cantabile* two masterpieces of this same *genre*, but he has seen enough films to include here woods in winter (*Moderato Cantabile* again, *Therese Desqueyroux*, *Les Maivais Coups*) as well as the classic cliché of the new British cinema, the fairground sequence which ends in a brawl. He has said that he thought the wood and the mists would give the film a Japanese air, that their ambience was a visual equivalent of his quiet story. He was reckoning without his own touch.

A film called *La Poupée* was not un-noticed also, but although Cocteau and Chabrol spoke up for it on television and Peter Brook said guardedly that it works, it has very few admirers and after the initial fuss, the public stayed away in droves. The director himself, Jacques Baratier—whose second feature film this is (the first was *Goha*)—has expressed himself satisfied with the result, and he is on record as saying that it 'is a tragi-comedy on the universal scale, and ageless. It is not a realist film, or a typical French story, but a film of ideas, of sentiments, a collection of pleasantries on political themes rather than on politics . . . a film about liberty—both real and Sartrean, and artificial creation and the perfect woman'. It is taken from a novel by Jacques Audiberti, the dramatist, whose dialogue has a strong individual flavour, and part of my dislike of the film may spring from my difficulty in following this (though few French people find it any easier). In any case, I'm not the person to review an *avant-garde* picture, as I've disliked most of them, from the early Buñuel films to *Marienbad*, finding most of them amateurish, repetitive and barren. Some have succeeded through sheer surprise (comic invention is the great virtue of Louis Malle's *Zazie*) but after half an hour of *La Poupée's* charade-like bludgeoning, I ceased to care about anything on the screen, and the social comment hasn't an iota of the individuality and debatable profundity of *L'Age d'Or*. The setting is a South American republic looking like the suburbs of Paris, and the chief characters are a revolutionary and a corrupt general (two surprisingly tentative—though perhaps not in the circumstances—performances by the normally impressive Zbigniew Cybulski) and the man-made woman (Sonne Teal, an American female-impersonator). It is the use of Teal which has made this film a talking-point, but the result is ludicrous instead of frightening or funny and it is therefore unlikely that the experiment will be repeated.



● *Director Gordon Douglas (left) leaves it to the experts, Bob Hope and Arnold Palmer, for a golf-course sequence in 'Call Me Bwana'*

Fantasies up north

by Peter Cowie

John Schlesinger's version of *Billy Liar* promises to be a skilful marriage of the whimsy that distinguished Danny Kaye's day-dreams in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* and the realism and tough sentiment that made Schlesinger's own *A Kind of Loving* such a success. Joseph Janni is again his producer and the screenplay is by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. The film has been shot at Shepperton and on location in Bradford for Anglo-Amalgamated release in the late spring. *Billy Liar* tells of a boy's fantasies and dreams of success when in reality he is no more than an undertaker's clerk. Billy (Tom Courtenay) suffers from a complete lack of understanding with his parents (Wilfred Pickles and Mona Washbourne), and has a series of girl-friends of which only one (Topsy Jane) comes near to sympathising with his plight. The closing scene will show Billy's hesitation on the station platform as he tries to summon up the courage to travel to London in search of a career as a scriptwriter.

Schlesinger works closely with his script-writers, but remarked: 'I don't regard the script as the Bible. I improvise a lot.' He showed a rare enthusiasm for his producer: 'Joseph Janni is the man who gave me my chance and as far as I am concerned he is the one producer I am interested in working with at present'. He feels that *Billy Liar* is a more difficult film to make than *A Kind of Loving*. 'You need to be painstaking in every small detail' he says, 'and in this particular film the people are all slightly extraordinary, larger than life'. Despite this, his documentary work (Schlesinger was with BBC Television for some time and then achieved international recognition with *Terminus*, his half-hour study of Waterloo Station) has proved useful to him, 'especially in learning to be flexible'. It has also made him keen on location work, and in fact has helped him with the comedy side of *Billy Liar* —'For documentaries the story must be told in entirely visual terms'. His immediate plans are uncertain, but Schlesinger is keen to make a film with Janni 'about money and position —the dishonesty in so many personal relationships and in the image of themselves that people give to the public'.

Joseph Janni, who belonged to the same Ciné Club in his youth as Lattuada, Castellani, and Ponti, feels strongly that one has to give the audience the chance to be perceptive and make up its own mind about the implications of a film. 'In this country' he said, 'the relevant point of a story on the screen is conveyed in the dialogue and not in visual terms. On the continent they are far nearer to the silent film in this respect than we are'. He thinks that the spreading of the Common Market may induce a lot of small-minded producers to make co-productions purely in order to secure massive distribution. 'Neo-realism was born out of social and economic conditions', he says, 'and you can still make a neo-realistic film without shooting in the streets. It's what you have *observed* prior to shooting that matters'. Janni believes that so many working-class films have succeeded in Britain during the past few years because they are to a large extent autobiographical.

'Billy Liar' himself, Tom Courtenay, so good in *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* and *Private Potter*, thinks that this is his biggest rôle to date. 'Billy's a hopeless, and yet innocent and rather sweet character' he says. 'Still, I do want to get away from my Northern accent in future'. He intends to return to the stage for a while this summer. 'Schlesinger' he told me, 'is meticulous', and on one shot Courtenay had to go through three rehearsals and then eight takes before Schlesinger was satisfied.

At Pinewood, shooting on the Eon Production *Call Me Bwana* has been completed. It stars Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg and Edie Adams and is directed by Gordon Douglas. In this unashamed farce, which will probably go out on Rank release in April or May,

Bob Hope plays Matt Merriwether, a spurious writer assigned by the Pentagon to recover the nose cone of an American moon rocket that has veered off course and plunged into the African jungle. Anita Ekberg, whose last two films were directed by Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita* and *Boccaccio 70*), plays a glamorous spy intent on thwarting Merriwether's efforts.

From the start the atmosphere on the set was free and easy. Edie Adams, widow of Ernie Kovacs and well known in the United States for her television work, said that her part had been changed so much she could not recognise it from the rôle in the original script. 'I was meant to be a white huntress who meets Bob on his arrival in Africa; now I find I'm a kind of agent who accompanies him in the plane'. Edie Adams has recently starred in Stanley Kramer's *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, which she called 'an epic comedy—rather Mack Sennett-y in its approach'. She admires Kramer's ability to handle a large cast of talented stars—'He's like a big conductor' she says, 'and he doesn't attempt to play for everyone'.

Lionel Jeffries, who has developed into one of Britain's leading character actors within a few years, leaps busily from one film to another and has just finished making *The Wrong Arm of the Law* with Peter Sellers. He recalls *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, where he starred so powerfully as the incensed Marquis of Queensberry, with affection. 'I'd like to have stayed in that kind of part, but I just haven't had the chance. Nobody ever offers me anything but comedy scripts'. In *Call Me Bwana* he is a staid, strawhatted missionary—'a sort of Albert Schweizer type'. Off set, his accent is completely different to the rasping, domineering one that distinguishes him in his screen rôles: 'I can't remember an occasion when I've used my real voice in a film'.

Gordon Douglas has been directing comedies (and a good handful of melodramas like *The Charge at Feather River* and *The Fiend who walked the West*) since his days in association with Hal Roach and his Laurel and Hardy films. This is his first assignment in a British studio, and he plans an outdoor feature in Canada next. He tries to avoid a fancy technical style 'because then the set-up becomes more important than the scene itself. I try to remain as honest as possible in all departments of filming' he says, 'and I like to allow the actors to play it their way as much as possible'. Certainly *Call Me Bwana* promises to be the most riotous of farces. 'This picture is even more hazardous than working with Bing Crosby', remarked Bob Hope, although it is 'a truly visual comedy, with lots of sight gags instead of funny lines'. Hope flew home early to the States before embarking on his annual Christmas tour of US Military bases in the Pacific.

Call Me Bwana was scored by Monty Norman (composer for *Expresso Bongo* and *Dr No*, Eon's first production), and photographed by Ted Moore in Eastman colour. Arnold Palmer made a short guest appearance as a golf professional Hope meets in the jungle.

Eon's next production will be *From Russia With Love*, the second in their Ian Fleming series starring Sean Connery as James Bond. Terence Young will again direct and Bernard Lee will probably play M, Bond's secret service chief.

Harold Pinter's play, *The Caretaker*, is being filmed on location in an old North London house. The production ran into financial difficulty when its American backers withdrew over objections to Pinter's screenplay. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton came to the rescue by putting up money, and other backers, including Leslie Caron and Peter Sellers, have brought the total up to the £40,000 required.

Britain

Donald Pleasance, Alan Bates, and Robert Shaw are the sole cast members (they had been willing to work without salary rather than abandon the project). The producer is Lord Birkett, son of the late judge, and the director is Clive Donner, whose last film was *Some People*.

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton are themselves filming at Elstree in *The VIP's* an original screenplay by Terence Rattigan. The story takes place in a fog-bound airport where Taylor is deciding whether to leave her husband for her lover. Anthony Asquith is directing this Anatole de Grunwald production.

Horizon Pictures, after its success with *Lawrence of Arabia*, is going to shoot in the coming months a comedy about British business. Jack Lemmon and Peter Sellers are being sought for leading rôles. Norman Spencer will be producing on behalf of Sam Spiegel. The title of the film is *Dangerous Silence* and it will be directed by American Robert (*Saddle the Wind*) Parrish.

George C Scott, who played so convincingly in both *The Hustler* and *The Power and the Glory*, will appear opposite Peter Sellers in Stanley Kubrick's fantasy, *Dr Strangelove, or How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Love The Bomb*, which will go before the cameras at Shepperton soon, for Columbia release.

Out with the cliches by Kobita Sarkar

The history of foreign film production in India is an erratic one. Though American films have a large market here, relatively few films have been made on or about India. In the earlier ventures, the exotic aspects of the country to the exclusion of its inherent qualities were the prime interest of the foreign producer—an attitude that has not been entirely abandoned even today, as for instance the recent *Tarzan Goes to India* film proved. Usually stock shots were used for the background in films like the earlier version of *The Rains Came*, and Indians were invariably portrayed by foreign stars—complete with swarthy complexions, and strange costumes in which they looked distinctly uncomfortable. Indians were generally shown in a somewhat equivocally ethical light, and many of these films were heavily censored before being released locally for fear of their prejudicial tinge offending national susceptibilities. Foreigners preferred to make films with an Indian background rather than genuine films about India, and intended them for the international market and incidentally for those of the Indian audience who habitually frequent English-speaking films. Later, after they had exhausted possibilities of international exploitation, they were dubbed into Hindustani and received a new lease of life in the Indian market.

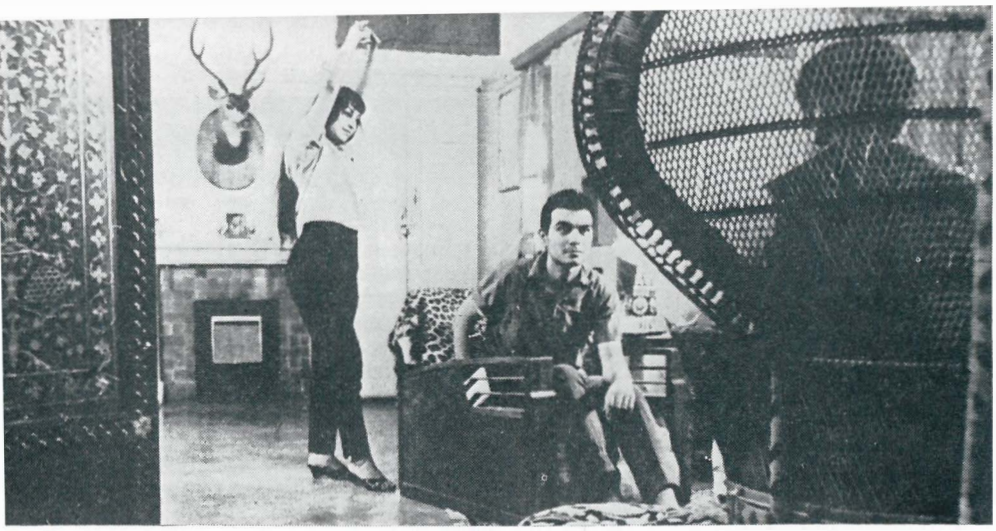
India

There have been too, remarkably few co-productions in the sense that Khwaja Ahmed Abbas' venture *Pardesi* was a few years ago.

Jean Renoir's *The River* was perhaps the first significant break with the traditional film maker's attitude. Renoir had a vital approach and a sensitive understanding of the country. Even though the main characters were foreigners living in India, the real interest of the film lay in his subjective outlook which was expressed by his dwelling on a wealth of pictorial detail.

The recent Indo-American venture, *The Householder*, is more in the Renoir tradition than the big business one, and is all the more significant. Even the characters in the story are Indians. Ismail Merchant, a young Indian who has been living in America for the last few years after graduating from Bombay University, has produced what is perhaps the first film about Indian life which, though studio-rooted in outlook, is greatly different from the local commercial output. It is more akin to the film making of say, America, and is an important and genuine venture in co-production. The film has eliminated most of the conventional clichés which have so long hindered the artistic maturity of the Indian cinema, and the people rather than the country (unlike the emphasis in *The River*) are the main interest.

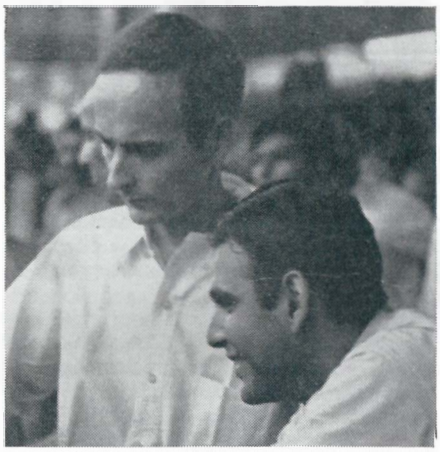
Before embarking on *The Householder*, Merchant worked on television in the United States and co-produced a short film, *The Creation of Woman*. This film was nominated for an Academy Award. His aim in *The Householder* was to produce a film about India which would measure up favourably to international standards



● *Above: Ernest Castaldo as the American who lives with a group of eccentrics, including a beatnik (Jabeen Jalil) in 'The Householder'. An Indo-American venture it is directed by James Ivory and produced by Ismail Merchant (below)*

and yet be acceptable locally. A chance meeting with James Ivory, an American director, who had already made an interesting documentary *The Delhi Way*, led to the collaboration. *The Householder* is adapted from a novel by Ruth Prawar Jhabwala, who has already achieved an international reputation for her stories of Indian life. Though they are written in English, they are such genuinely Indian stories in their theme, outlook and observation that they must be so classified. She has also written the screenplay for the film. Subroto Mitra is the cameraman of the film while the music is by Ustad Ali Akbar Khan, one of the foremost exponents of clasical Indian music. The film is in two versions—Hindi (title *Gharbar*), and English.

The story is very simple, perhaps even flimsy. A young college professor, Prem, and his wife Indu, whom he has married in the traditional way, without first knowing, and certainly without understanding her, set up house and have the usual series of misunderstandings. When she becomes pregnant, he finds the prospects of the added strain on his already meagre financial resources too heavy, and he turns to his mother for help. With her arrival the trouble increases, for she finds fault with everything that Indu does, till finally Indu leaves and returns to her parents. It is then that Prem realises that he is fonder of her than he had himself been aware. In his misery he turns to an American friend, Ernest, to console him. Ernest, who is in search of another type of 'mystic East' which will help him find himself, lives with a weird bunch of eccentrics, and advocates non-attachment. Finding this unsuitable at the moment, Prem permits another Indian friend of his, Raj, to take him to a *sadhu* (holy man), whose counsel is fairly similar to Ernest's. Fortunately Indu herself has a change of heart and returns to give him courage to ask the principal of the college for a rise and the landlord for a rebate on his house rent. Though neither venture proves successful, the fact that Indu is on his side (all the more with his mother having been got tactfully out of the way), enables him to face life more philosophically.



All the parts, except for the foreigners, are played by Indians, which is itself an innovation. In the English versions they have spoken their own rôles. Shashi Kapoor as Prem is one of the most interesting new stars on the horizon of the Indian cinema, having had some stage experience before joining films. Leela Naidu as Indu is also a relative newcomer. Ernest Castaldo, as Prem's American friend has an extravagant manner that is well in keeping with the exuberance of this type of individual in real life. The choice of the minor characters seems particularly fortuitous, for some of the individual performances have a gem-like quality. Durga Khote as the bullying, insinuating mother-in-law is admirable, and Jabeen Jalil as a westernised female beatnik has a nerve-racking spontaneity! Pahari Sanyal, a matinee idol of a couple of decades ago, has now acquired a distinctive quality as he has become a character actor. He was delightful in Ray's *Kanchenjunga*, as a rather absent-minded bird-watcher. Here he is an equally effective *sadhu*.

While the theme has apparent similarities to the conventional Indian film story, and seems to teeter at times on the brink of the conventional denouement, it just steers clear of them, increasing the film's interest and authenticity. The disillusioned hero, when he goes to Ernest and finds the female beatnik, would, in the Indian film, for instance, seek consolation from her. In *The Householder* Prem is shocked by her behaviour, which would be the more likely reaction in actual Indian life from a person of his milieu and social experience, unaccustomed to such uninhibited displays of self-abandonment. There is, again, none of the stark black and white division of character between villain and hero and heroine that is part of the time-honoured commercial film tradition. Nobody is particularly 'good' or 'bad'. They are just human. More important, the heroine instead of submitting to all manner of ill-usage is spirited and fights back instead, which is a new conception altogether. Since the length is reasonable this has done away with the need for sub-plots, and the interminable singing (there is only one relevant song), that account so largely for the shapelessness and lack of form and precision of the average Indian film and of which foreigners complain constantly.

The film does not penetrate the layers of deep philosophy, one of the aspects of the country which has perennially intrigued the world at large. Nor does it delve deep into the lower poverty-stricken stratas which the neo-realist movements have popularised. Its level is somewhere between the two; of genteel poverty in a middle-class setting. It has, as a whole, a rounded character that is a truer reflection, if largely on the surface, of the current social-economic scene; in many ways a very difficult strata to define. Prem is a plausible underpaid professor anywhere in the world. His specific environment conditions the specific differences as a human being, and his perplexity and inhibitions are often the result of his natural social prejudices. Of particular interest are the minor characters and the details that highlight their daily life, for they are drawn with remarkable insight.

In the context of the Indian cinema, *The Householder* is a vastly important film. For having chosen a familiar story, the makers have avoided successfully the standard clichés, and as a consequence have given a fresh re-appraisal of reality which has a significance for the world at large.

The treatment is really that of the more intelligent American studio-made film, and it will be interesting to see its repercussions on the local scene. For the average successful commercial director will not be able to dismiss the film as 'too highbrow' or too alien, as he has done to some of the finest Indian films, since the outlook is not as radically different as was the case in, say, some of the earlier neo-realist films of Ray. Should the film on the other hand prove even mildly successful at the box-office, there is no doubt that the average Indian film maker will have to question, if not revise, those traditional beliefs and well-worn clichés to which he has been adhering as his constant standby.

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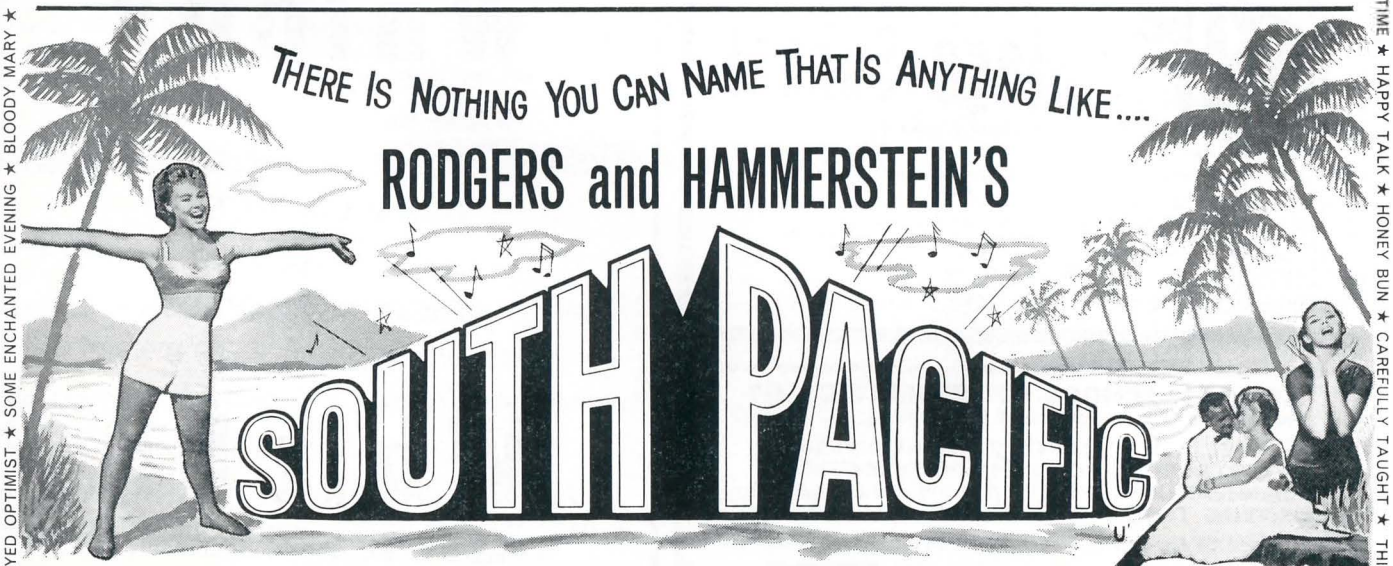

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LETTERS

write to 16 Buckingham Palace-road, London SW1

I was astonished to read a report in your magazine concerning the proposed British Film Festival. I would like to correct one or two statements you make.

You do suggest that the Association of Cine and Television Technicians is attempting to organise a festival, which is incorrect. Representatives from the majority of the whole film industry have set up a small sub-committee—arising from a proposal of the producer/director section of ACTT. This sub-committee does include the film unions. The British Film Institute, in common with other sections of the film industry, was approached and sent a representative to the ad hoc meetings held at the Board of Trade. When you said that the 'top men investigating the proposal appear to have discussed everything except the obvious—*why* have a festival in Britain at all?', you are, of course, misinformed. Indeed, the reasons 'why' have been the major factors in attempting to organise the festival.

It has been generally agreed by the sub-committee: (a) It would be good for British films to have a festival. (b) It would illustrate the British way of life. (c) There would be a valuable exchange of ideas between top level film makers: and (d) It would be good for the box-office as nationally there would be a stimulated interest in films.

Also, of course, this festival could form the basis of the industry's answer to all the Jeremiahs who are busy forecasting that the British film industry is dying on its feet. The motive hardly arises out of envy of Cannes or Venice, or to have an excuse for 'free drinks for the boys on the ratepayers expenses', a suggestion hardly expected to come from such an august magazine as *films and filming*.

ALAN SAPPER
British Film Festival Committee
2 *Soho-square, London W* 1

'In Camera' in December did not report ACTT was 'attempting to organise' the festival but referred specifically to representatives of 'the British film trade associations'. We were advised by the BFI that it had not been consulted, had been at the original ad hoc meeting but did not have a representative on the organising committee. An official of the British Film Producers' Association, which *is* represented on the sub-committee, expressed doubts about the reason for the festival. We are delighted that the committee is certain about what it wants to do; we applaud its objects; and we hope it gets the cash to carry them out. We also know that cash and prestige seldom go hand in hand, so we still rate the festival's chances of getting off the ground at fifty-fifty—*Editor.*

North Ignored

Those unfortunate yokels who do not live in or around our privileged metropolis do, contrary to popular belief, have souls which can be stirred by the same type of films which are exhibited at the National Film Theatre and the comparatively numerous specialised cinemas in London. Realising the extreme financial limitations of such bodies as the British Film Institute, we still feel that improvements on the present situation could quite easily be made.

Could the BFI exhibit unobtainable archive films and specially imported festival films in densely populated regions (for example the Midlands, industrial areas of the North?) This might involve the hiring of a local cinema. Such a venture could be partly organised and financed by the local film societies in the relevant group of the Federation of Film Societies. As far as our own society is concerned, we would be only too pleased to assist in a project of this nature, should one be held in our area.

I B CHANNELL *President*
CHRIS ARME *Hon Sec*
Leeds University Union Film Society

That horse opera

Surely somebody has made a mistake in awarding Anthony Mann's *El Cid* the title of Best Western of 1962, as stated in January's *films and filming*? Charlton Heston as Rodriggo Diaz de Bivar is no cowboy nor are the Moors, indians.

P. BLOOD
'Broxholme', The Park
Huyton, Nr. Liverpool

We still think *El Cid* was the Best Western of them all. It had us sitting on the edge of our seats from start to finish—*Editor*

Second features

While not entirely agreeing with *films and filming*'s attitude towards second features, I cannot help but comment on Anthony P. Strong's letter (January). In one small paragraph he insists on having 'value for money', and in the next phrase admits to the general mediocrity of second features. He then summarises that paragraph with a reference to the latter as 'an irreplaceable part of cinema entertainment.'

I feel sorry, and somewhat abashed that he should quite glibly discard the documentary and cartoon. Surely people like John Grierson, John Schlesinger, Paul Rotha, and many more are not filmmakers to be treated so lightly?

C. DAVID LOCHNER
26 *Bassett-road*
North Kensington
*London W*10

I was extremely interested to read your editorial 'Insults!' (December) about bad second features. I hope your editorial will have some effect and might help some frustrated, talented young people with something to say, to give them a chance to say it on celluloid.

Have you seen UNESCO's Report about

next month

Days of Strife and Nights of Orgy—*Richard Whitehall puts the Roman Spectaculars in the arena*

The Defiant One—*how Stanley Kramer changed the face of Hollywood, by Peter Cowie*

Intolerant Giant: CHARLES LAUGHTON—*the contribution to cinema of Britain's finest exile, by Douglas McVay*

Have the British a Sense of Humour? *asks Ian Johnson in a feature that will surprise you*

The face of '63 No 2 — USA—*by George Fenin, parading in words and pictures the people making the best of the new year's films*

'Methods of encouraging the production and distribution of short films for theatrical use'? It is reassuring to note the efforts being made by governments and the film industry all over the world to encourage the making of short films . . . 'to encourage quality, whether technical or artistic, thus contributing to the recognition of talent among young people'.

Some British documentary films are being released in many countries, as well as awarded international festival prizes, yet still they cannot get any release in Britain.

Your editorial referred to the ACTT and the NFFC protests: but as you know no attempt was made by anyone in the film industry to act upon John Terry's suggestion with regard to a prize system for worthwhile unsponsored films.

THÉODORA OLEMBERT
Triangle Film Productions Ltd
15 *Oslo Court, Prince Albert-road*
London NW8

I was not sure whether you advocate stopping the production of British second features entirely, or just raising their standard. (Insults—December.)

There is a strong cry at the moment, particularly from the British Film Institute, advocating the use of shorts and documentaries to fill the programme. I hope not. It is infuriating enough trying to follow a short in some art-houses, where the sound is rivalled by the chatter of 'intellectual' patrons (they don't do anything positive, like heckle, they just chatter). Can one imagine trying to follow shorts in the local flea-pit on a Saturday night? The attitude of this country towards the short film, is that it is an extension of the advertisements; and, such is the sponsorship set-up, usually it is. There are very few films with the impact of, say, *Terminus*, to catch the interest of the largely escapist provincial audience.

What then is the answer? Shorts would not really help the film industry. Some training ground for future first feature men is essential—particularly in Britain. Would it not be possible to alter the present rental 'allowance' system, so that the budget of seconds could be raised to around £30,000? For, at the moment, the only seconds worth seeing are American, where they are made with no 'first' or 'second' in mind—or so it seems.

DAVID K ROLFE
19d *Addison-road*
London W14

Cheated

In your review of *It Started in Tokyo* (December) your critic stated that the film had been cut. This was pretty obvious as the story was a chaotic mess and Agnes Moorehead was never even seen.

Furious at this butchery, I wrote to the local cinema who passed it on to Warner-Pathé Distributors. The latter has written me an apologetic letter confessing that the film had to be cut owing to its length. I don't think this is good enough and I don't see why the distributors should be allowed to get away with it. I have been cheated into seeing half a film.

In order to stop this butchery of films so as to fit them into an already long programme, I think every filmgoer seeing this production should write a letter of protest to Warner-Pathé which seems determined on driving people back to the TV screens where films can be seen butchered and in comfort because TV does not have perpetual ice-cream sales.

N EVANS
38 *Anson-road*
Tufnell Park, London N7

Error or intention?

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner absolutely amazed me. One or two of its effects would hardly do credit to a second rate B picture. The points I have in mind are the sequences where the sound from the previous scene runs into the following scene (such as the riot sequence noise during the Governor's meeting). Artistically, I agree that considerable effect can be produced by coupling a train's whistle with a girl's scream, but in the sequence mentioned above I am convinced that it was purely an error in dubbing and editing. Other instances spring to mind, particularly the ending where the picture seemed to run out of sound altogether.

The above mentioned effects may have some significance to Tony Richardson, I hope they have, but they left me with the impression of a good but shoddily finished film. I also hope in passing, that after the undoubted success o this film, the director will be able to afford a steady tracking camera, or maybe it was the projectionist?

V W B DAVIES,
17 Mulberry Court, Goring-road, Worthing, Sussex

Good reason

One excellent reason why Douglas McVay (Hamlet to Clown, September) never caught up with Olivier opposite Garbo in *Queen Christina* is that John Gilbert played the part!

G G PATTERSON
10 *Bowden-street, Toronto, Ontario*

More of Nora

When Nora Gregor filmed *La règle du jeu*, she had not been credited to only two films, as Richard Whitehall said in his article A Renoir Masterpiece (November).

The Austrian actress had also played in some other silent pictures, like *Staerker als der Tod* (1922), *Irrlichten der Tiefe* (1923) and Czinner's *Der Geiger von Florenz* (1926).

She also had played in five German talkies: Joe May's *und das its die Hauptsache*, with Harry Liedtke (1931), Geza von Bolvary's *Was Frauen träumen*, with Gustav Froehlich and Peter Lorre (1933) and three German versions of Hollywood films: Jacques Feyder's *Olympia*, with Theo Shall (German version of *His Glorious Night*), Frank Reicher's *Wir schalten um auf Hollywood*, with Heinrich George and Dita Parlo (German version of *The Hollywood Revue of 1929*) and *Mordprozess Mary Dugan*, directed by Arthur Robinson, with Egon von Jordan and Lucy Doraine (German version of Bayard Veiller's *The Trial of Mary Dugan*). Five German talkies in all.

Nora Gregor did not make any picture in 1950, as Richard Whitehall wrote, as she committed suicide in Viña del Mar (Chile) in 1949.

ALFONSO PINTO
Junkerngasse 27
Bern, Switzerland

Release puzzle

Pip Megrah (January letters) assumes that *Judgment at Nuremburg* and *Advise and Consent* were given a limited showing in North East and South London because they proved uncommercial in North West London. But these films did not 'flop in Fulham'. The ABC, now Fulham's only cinema, refused to show *Judgment at Nuremburg* and the nearby Gaumont in Hammersmith turned down both films. So the decision to suppress them was made before they were ever generally released. That's only half the mystery. I saw the Kramer film in Richmond and the Preminger in Shepherd's Bush and on both occasions the cinema was packed. So the other cinemas not only deprived their audiences of two intelligent and adult films but also deprived themselves of some worthwhile takings. And that does puzzle me.

M D PHILLIPS
115 *Rannoch-road*
London W6

Error

It now seems that the British Censor is conniving with the industry in giving nudism a bad name. The latest nudist film, *Naked Freedom*, is advertised in London with an X certificate. In my opinion they should all have a U—they are so funny.

DORIS GREGORY
Harrow-road,
London NW1

The British Board of Film Censors states it has not amended its policy. All nudist films are given an A certificate. Gala Films states that *Naked Freedom* was advertised as an X film in error and the error has been corrected. We agree; they should have a U—Editor

Wanted — a competitor

When the Arts Theatre in London came under new management some people thought it would be a dreadful 'carry-on'. The new film policy sounded interesting. The National Film Theare could do with the stimulant of competition. Instead, the whole thing seems as though it were a damp squib. So far we have been able to see three films to the NFT's twenty. And what happens Sundays, when many of us would like long winter sessions of films? Virtually nothing. Come on, Arts. Do what you said you would do.

JOHN LEAR
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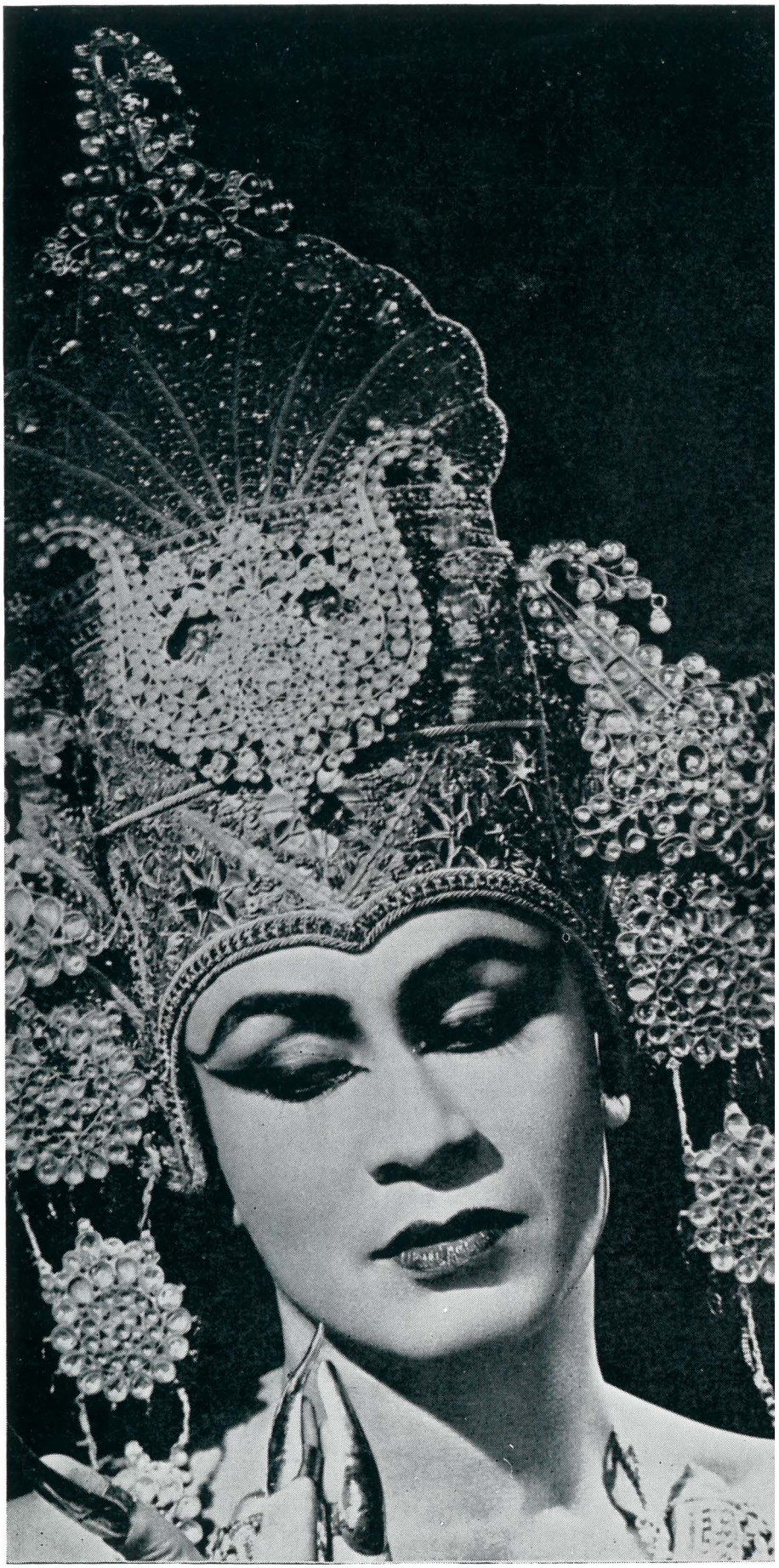
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